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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1993 • $5.95

Holiday Anniversary Issue

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS THE ASTUTE STEVE MARTIN

20 Q. WITH THE PASSIONATE SEAN YOUNG

THOSE DOLLS ARE BACK!

TOAST THE NEW YEAR WITH A ROUSING ENCORE FROM THE BARBI TWINS

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SECRETS OF A PARTY ANIMAL BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

JOHN UPDIKE • ANDRE DUBUS • COLONEL DAVID HACKWORTH • PETE HAMILL • BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN • DAVID MAMET • ETHAN COEN

PLUS: THE 1992 PLAYMATE REVIEW AND A FLAMBOYANT YEAR IN SEX

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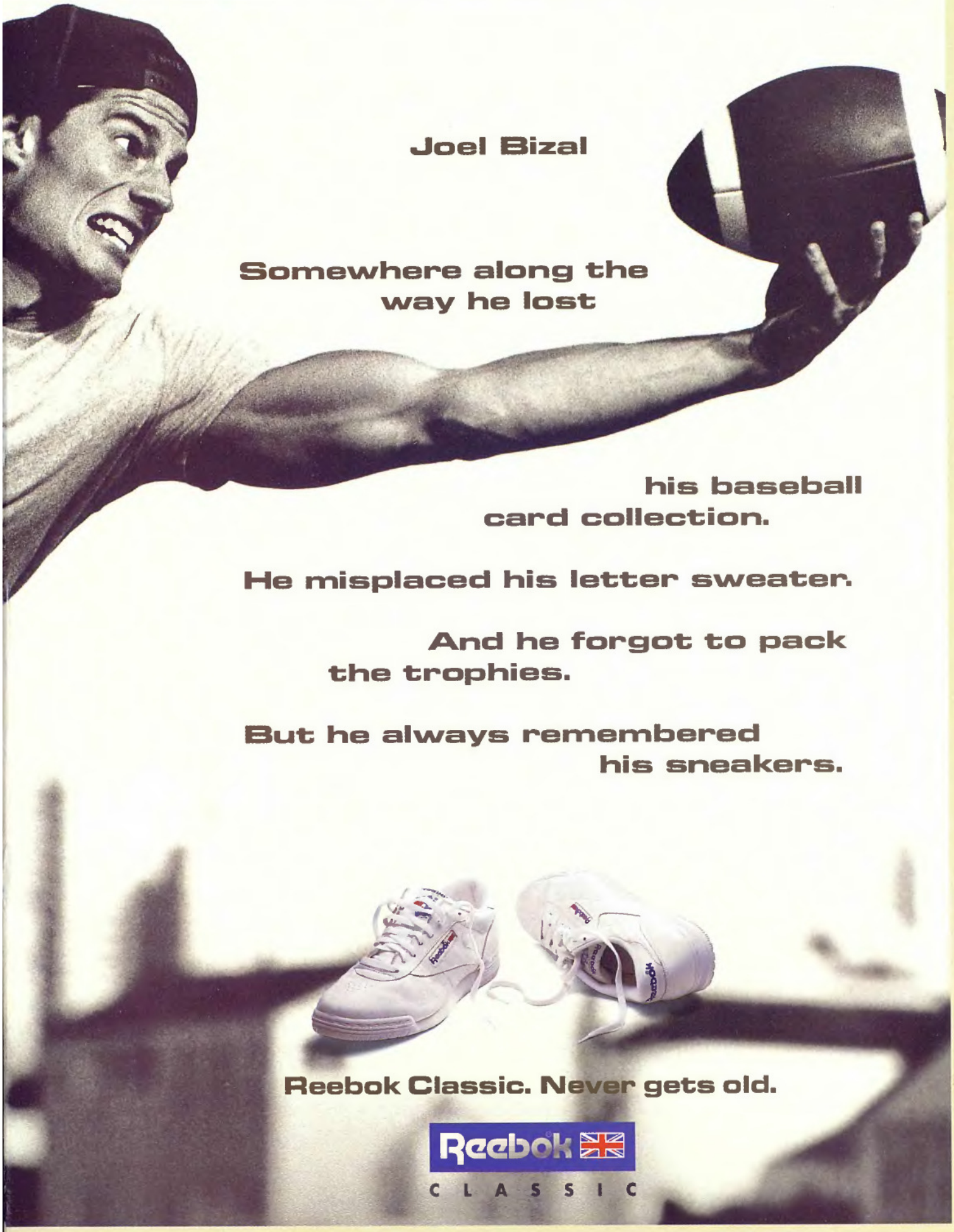
Joel Bizal
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PLAYBILL

CHANGE IS our founding birthright, the promise of the American dream: When in the course of human events you get bummed out by the way things are, hey, dude, change 'em!

Consider recent change—or *The Age of Turnaround*, to use the term of author **Geoffrey Norman.** Turnaround means doing a 180—socially, culturally, politically. Outmoded landmarks (the Berlin Wall) vanish, old ideas (big is best) are tested and found wanting. That's turnaround. **Kevin Pope** supplied the artwork. Other writers in this holiday issue echo a similar theme. **Bruce Jay Friedman,** in *My Prague*, found the city enjoying newfound fame as the Paris of the Nineties. Change is on the mind of **Colonel David Hackworth,** author of *Nuke the Pentagon*. Hackworth quit the Army after 25 years (he's the most decorated living soldier). His verdict on the Pentagon—and you read it here first: Let's convert America's biggest boondoggle into a hospital for the criminally insane.

Or take gender madness. Please. And while you're at it, consider the self-righteous, that sad, shrill army of prudish misanthropes who march not for the right of free expression but for the legislation to destroy it. Now comes Carping Kitty, University of Michigan law professor **Catharine MacKinnon,** who would throw laws at the First Amendment until it went away, as author **Pete Hamill** exposes in *Woman on the Verge of a Legal Breakdown*. The artwork is by **David Levine,** who won the Gold Medal for Graphic Art awarded in 1992 by the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

More on the sex wars—fictional, this time—with *Bluebeard in Ireland*, **John Updike's** sharp-eyed story of married tourists on a doomed excursion. The illustration is by **David Hodges.**

Sex—and warfare of a kind—is the subject of *Gates of Eden*, which marks a roguish debut in PLAYBOY for **Ethan Coen,** well known for movie collaborations with brother Joel in *Blood Simple*, *Raising Arizona* and *Barton Fink*. **Donald Colley** did the artwork. *The Colonel's Wife*, by **Andre Dubus** (illustration by **Chuck Walker**), completes January's fiction list.

Playwright **David Mamet** (he wrote the screenplay for the film *Hoffa*, which opens this month) gets personal with *The Watch* (artwork by **Pat Andrea**), an evocative memoir in which youthful disappointment paves the long road to understanding. The lifelong mission of **William F. Buckley, Jr.,** is to scatter his civilizing mantras among the socially needy, and he does so with typical panache in *Querencia*, a subtly witty guide to finding the comfort zone at holiday get-togethers.

Less than subtle—by her own admission—are recent career moves adopted by the explosive actress **Sean Young.** The sound you hear in the *20 Questions* posed by Contributing Editor **David Rensin** is the sound of Sean going ballistic.

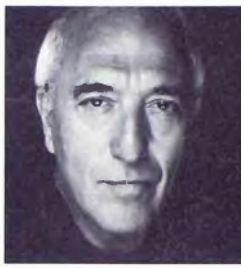
Quite the opposite is this month's interview with **Steve Martin,** who tells Contributing Editor **David Sheff** why the wild and crazy guy is a character Martin keeps under lock and key. Being stuck in a role—that of a black man—is also a concern of novelist **Trey Ellis,** this month's guest essayist in *Mantrack*.

We rejoin the celebrity circuit in *Bonehead Quotes of the Year*, **Larry Engelmann's** annual review of famous faux pas, all guaranteed genuine—unlike the you-missed-'em invitations to *Holiday Parties of the Rich & Famous*, dreamed up by stand-up comedian/writer **Robert S. Wieder.** Also this month: *The Year in Sex*, *Playboy's Playmate Review* and **Echo Johnson,** our resonant choice for Miss January 1993, plus *Twice More, with Feeling*, a boisterous reunion with the **Barbi twins,** whose debut in September 1991 led to a blizzard of happy reader mail.

Which brings us to our Caribbean yacht adventure, *Hoist Anchor and Happy New Year*. Champagne, anyone?

NORMAN

POPE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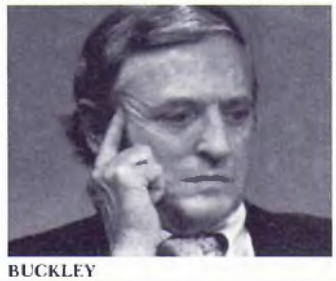
BUCKLEY

ELLIS

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PLAYBOY

vol. 40, no. 1—january 1993

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COVER STORY

The ultrasexy Barbi twins, Shane and Sia, are back with a twice-as-nice New Year's toast. Our cover was produced by Senior Photo Editor Jim Larson, designed by Senior Art Director Len Willis, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. The Barbi twins' hair was styled by Jonathan Setaro for Cloutier. Their makeup was by Daniel Blanco for Cloutier. Our Rabbit admits that he enjoys being pinned down.

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SISTER SOULJAH

In the preface to the *Playboy Interview* with rapper Sister Souljah (October), Robert Scheer says that she is "pedantic sometimes, but nasty, never." This guy must have an extremely high nastiness threshold. Scheer repeatedly asks her if she has ever met any "good white people" and her answer is "I haven't met them." That statement reflects an odious racist attitude. Whether such vitriol comes from Sister Souljah or David Duke, it stinks.

Too many black—and white—people buy into Sister Souljah's inflammatory rhetoric as serious social commentary. It's loud, it's aggressive and it sells records. However, Scheer neglected to ask Souljah, who castigated the entire white race for not spending every hour of every day in atonement for the sins of the past, whether she was putting her record and concert profits back into the black community or just living large.

Dennis G. Doss
Stuart, Virginia

Perhaps you skipped the portion of the introduction that mentions the fact that Souljah has founded and funds a camp for homeless children.

I applaud you for giving pages to a diversity of views: Betty Friedan in September's *Playboy Interview* and Sister Souljah in October's. However, while we need to respect their views, we are not compelled to remain silent on them.

The editors of PLAYBOY should condemn the view of Sister Souljah that "good" white people are hard to find. We cannot argue with her when she says that she has never met any good white people; she may not have. But the underlying implication that she is a good person, that she knows what goodness is in another person and that this goodness is in short supply among white people is hugely arrogant and self-righteous.

James Martin
St. Louis, Missouri

Sister Souljah's critics are right on the money. She's a callous, egotistical radical who is guilty of the same stereotyping that she herself despises. I can only hope people like her and her white counterpart, David Duke, don't transform the Nineties into the decade of hate.

Stephen S. Choolfaian
Ossining, New York

CRY INCEST

Congratulations to PLAYBOY for having the guts to publish Debbie Nathan's excellent article *Cry Incest* (October), in which she dares question the current fad of incest accusations by celebrities and celebrity wanna-bes.

I find it hard to swallow Roseanne Arnold's tale that her parents molested her when she was six months old.

Tragically, many innocent people accused of molestation are serving long-term jail sentences, thanks to cockamamie therapists. It's about time these dangerous mind manipulators were put out of business.

Jackie Starmer
Redondo Beach, California

Debbie Nathan's article suggests that the failure to remember is a valid reason to discredit the possibility of traumatic child abuse. Denial is one of the most powerful forces operating within a family where abuse has occurred, permeating the minds of all involved, including the victim, until any chance of normal family relationships is destroyed.

As a survivor of sexual abuse, I am thankful that I don't remember every incident of my abuse; the ones I do are hell enough.

Lisa Scott
Seattle, Washington

I was absolutely appalled by Debbie Nathan's *Cry Incest*. It seems to suggest that almost every person who has had a memory of sexual abuse is a liar.

Four years ago, at the age of 20, I had

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a sudden memory of being molested by a cousin when I was nine years old. I had totally blocked the incident out of my mind. It sure put some perspective back into my life. Nobody, including myself, had known why I turned from a happy-go-lucky nine-year-old into a depressed ten-year-old, an alcoholic 11-year-old, began using drugs at 13 and hooked up with an abusive boyfriend at 14.

Since the memory of the molestation came back, I've dealt with it the best I can. I've had a lot of ups and downs over the past four years, but the biggest slap in the face was Nathan's article.

(Name withheld by request)
Porterville, California

Nathan replies: Read the article again. In suggesting why some incest memories appear to be false, it never implied that all—or even most—aren't true. There are people who say public discussion of the difference isn't worth it, that it hurts "survivors." I disagree. Incest is a serious social problem. Ultimately, confusing reality with fantasy will only trivialize the problem.

I was almost as surprised by Debbie Nathan's bellwether article as I was when I read my daughter's letter in June 1989 accusing my husband and me of having abused her—and her three siblings—since their early childhood.

In meticulous color and detail she described the abuse she alleges occurred when our local coven got together in our living room to have intercourse with our children and to murder infants and elderly persons.

The letter required us to make a full confession of our misdeeds or we would no longer have contact with her or with our grandchildren. We were instructed not to make any telephone calls. We made two. One was to our son-in-law, who claimed it must have happened since our daughter remembered it all under hypnosis. The second was to our daughter, who became hysterical and informed us her therapist calls us "monsters" and spends "two thirds of my hour locking the doors so you can't get in." Our daughter also informed us that copies of her letter were filed with the family lawyer and with the police.

We have experienced three years of hell. We expect the sheriff will arrive at our door any day with a warrant for our arrest. We watch what we say—about everything.

Early this year, we discovered the False Memory Syndrome Foundation and found we are not alone. There are many parents who are suffering and dying a little every day because we don't know what has happened to our children.

What is consistent among the parents we have contacted is that the accuser is a daughter who has for some reason sought the help of a therapist or counselor. *All* the therapists or counselors refuse to allow their clients to contact their parents unless the parents abide by the conditions included in the initial accusation. The credentials of the therapists or counselors or facilitators or validators that we have been able to track down are nonexistent or are questionable at best.

The point of my letter is to thank PLAYBOY for having the courage to do what no other magazine would do: to take the lid off a can of worms that has serious potential for damaging the mental health profession as well as for inflicting more harm on the already fragile psyches of many vulnerable women and men.

Thank you, Debbie Nathan. Thank you, PLAYBOY.

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Worth, Texas

TIFFANY SLOAN

I've seen many beautiful women in PLAYBOY, but none comes close to comparing with Miss October, Tiffany Sloan (*Tiffany's a Gem*). Having read PLAYBOY since I was 13, it's nice to see Playmates who are younger than I am, and Tiffany is the most gorgeous 19-year-old I've ever seen. She makes my 20-year-old heart jump. I would do anything to have a chance to be stranded in the wilderness with her.

Jason Owchar
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

After reading your interview with Sister Souljah, I was tempted to write in response to it, when I was pleasantly surprised to discover that one of my former students, Tiffany Sloan, was your featured Playmate of the Month.

Good for you, Tiffany! You deserve every bit of fame and good fortune that's going to come your way. You have definitely come a long way since seventh and eighth grade, and I'm sure you have lots of friends here in Bullhead City who are extremely proud of you.

It's wonderful to see a student who has made such success.

Paul Bowers
Bullhead City, Arizona

My family has known Tiffany Sloan for several years, and she is just as nice as she is beautiful. She has a unique ability to make everyone she talks with feel important, probably because she has a sincere interest in people. My 11-year-old daughter, who briefly appears in her video, now wants to be a Playmate of the Month when she's older because her friend Tiffany is one. My nine-year-old son now wants to be a cinematographer because Tiffany took time out of a photo session to dance just for him so that he could videotape her.

If personality plays any part in your selection of Playmate of the Year, Tiffany should win, hands down.

Ronald D. Morrison
Fort Mohave, Arizona

THE RETURN OF CARRY NATION

I have never read such an elegant and beautifully venomous critique as Camille Paglia's *Guest Opinion*, "The Return of Carry Nation" (PLAYBOY, October). She's right on target. Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin are horrors of feminist perversity, and Paglia seems to thoroughly enjoy her thrashing of the pair. I, for one, want more Camille Paglia.

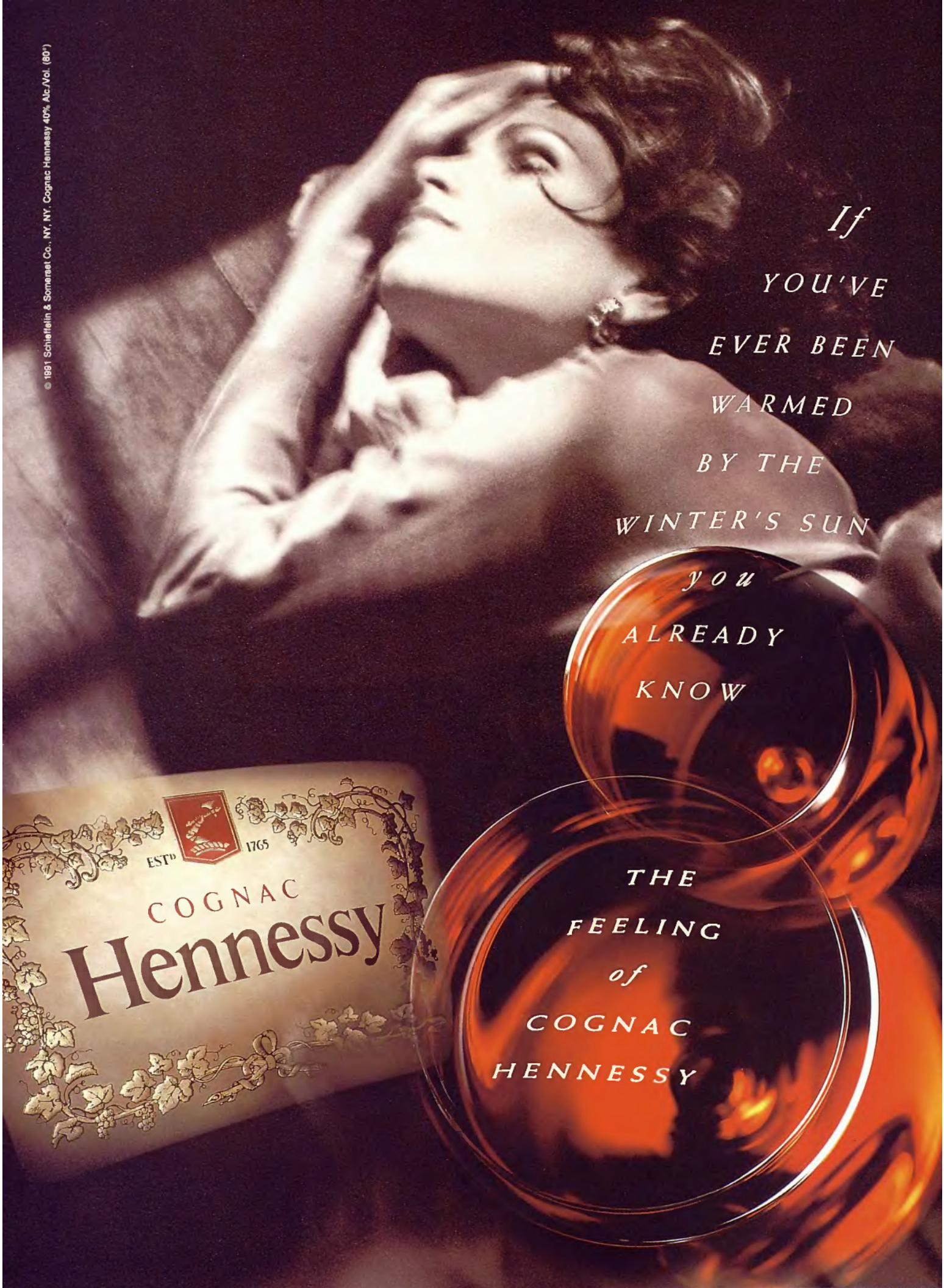
Arthur E. Buffington
Pompano Beach, Florida

There is one element of Camille Paglia's rant against Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin that I find disturbing. This is Paglia's repeated invocation of Dworkin's being Jewish as a hook on which to hang mockery and contempt. She writes that Dworkin is guilty of "let-it-all-hang-out ethnicity" and "self-lacerating Jewishness"; that her writing is "*kvetching* . . . buckets of chicken soup spiked with spite"; that she "spouts glib Auschwitz metaphors"; and that she is a "fuming dybbuk." There is plenty to loathe and fear about Dworkin, but this does not include her religion—or at least, it should not. That it apparently does for Paglia undermines her otherwise persuasive essay.

Charles Ardai
New York, New York

CORRECTION

The September 1992 issue of PLAYBOY includes an article entitled *La Cosa Nostra Takes the Big Hit*. The article states that Peter Chiodo had testified about his involvement with the International Brotherhood of Painters and Allied Trades. Chiodo did not testify about activities with the International Union. His involvement was limited to District Council Nine, in New York City.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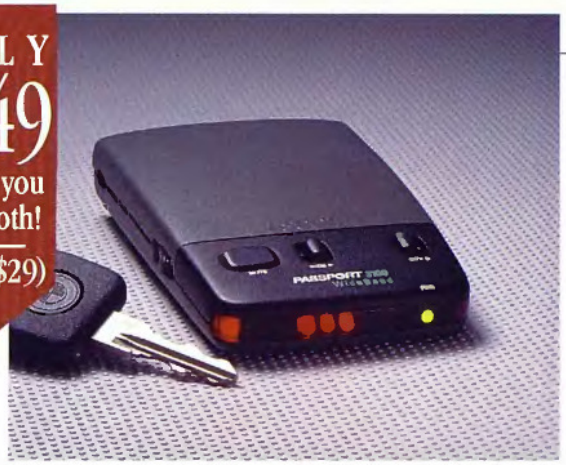

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

PARTY OF THE MILLENNIUM

Unlike survivalists waiting for the end of the world, the Millennium Society has devised a sensible—but expensive—way to greet the advent of the year 2000 on December 31, 1999. The society is a charitable group that plans to stage the largest New Year's Eve party in history. "It will probably be a combination of the closing ceremonies of the Olympics, Live Aid and Woodstock," says the society's chairman, Edward McNally. The organization plans to charter the Queen Elizabeth 2 to ferry celebrants to the party site at the Great Pyramid of Cheops. But there are additional plans to party closer to home. "We hope to stage a seminal celebration in each of the world's twenty-four time zones," says McNally, currently the district attorney in Anchorage, Alaska. "The whole world is invited."

The Millennium Society began on a much smaller scale, founded in 1979 by a group of Yale buddies who, inspired by a classic O. Henry story, agreed to meet again in 20 years. Since then, 6000 people have paid $19.99 to join the club and another two dozen have donated $1999 to the group's scholarship fund. "They're only buying the right to buy a ticket," explains the club's executive director, Carol Treadwell. "Our feeling is, as 1999 approaches, people are really going to want to get on that boat."

SMOKEHOUSES

According to *The Seattle Times*, some federal agencies are planning to erect hundreds of outdoor shelters—similar to those at bus stops—to protect employees who have to go outside to smoke. Such protection, it is estimated, would cost about $8000 a unit.

FIELD OF STREAMS

British sculptor Helen Chadwick, 38, creates Piss Flowers—bronze casts of her own urine streams that fetch $2000 even in this deflated art market. She described the artistic process to the British publication *Guardian* this way: "I would build a mound of snow with a good density and then urinate in the middle of it. Then I would get a man to encircle my urine with a stream of his own. The shapes would be like petals with a series of droplets." She then makes a plaster cast of the dribblings that is used to build a mold for the bronze casting.

GIVING SOME SLACK

For those of us who don't get family values, the Church of the Subgenius is thankfully still preaching the virtues of Slack. Part stand-up comics, part Zen masters, the Subgeniuses are Dallas-based cultural misfits united against what they call the CONSPIRACY—Cliques of Normals Secretly Planning Insidious Rituals Aimed at Controlling You. To better understand just how Slack saves, we bought tickets to their recent revival meeting in a Chicago theater.

Our first taste of Slack came from a Subgenius pamphlet entitled *Eternal Salvation—or Triple Your Money Back*: "True Slack is Something for Nothing. It is a kind of direct perception, unfettered by so-called common sense. It's not exactly laziness, but a kind of active sloth." But after listening to various attempts at expressing the inexpressible, we felt a giddiness that, as we look back on it now, prepared us for a minirevelation. A voluptuous sister of the church stood and said, "The curve is mightier than the sword." Suddenly, everything started making sense.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

NOT PRO BONO

Even revolutionaries need good PR. Otherwise such gems as the *Handbook for the Positive Revolution*, by Edward de Bono, might go unnoticed. A recent ad for the book claimed, "The hand is the symbol of the new Positive Revolution. The thumb is for effectiveness. The index finger points the constructive way forward. The longest finger represents human values. The ring finger is for self-improvement." De Bono, billed as "one of the world's few creative and constructive thinkers," is also the author of *I Am Right You Are Wrong*. Guess which finger we're holding up.

CHILD'S PLAY

After receiving complaints from Cincinnati-area teachers and parents about the violent image of its Savage Mondo Blitzer dolls, Kenner Products is changing the names of several of the toys. "While the figures are based on zany fantasy characters," a Kenner spokesman noted, "it appears that some consumers are concerned with the choice of names selected." The more vile characters were dubbed Snot Shot, Puke Shooter, Loaded Diaper, Bad Fart and Projectile Vomit. We feel safe to add that test-market sales exceeded company expectorations.

CATCH OF THE DAY

Hands down, the most unusual item at a recent baseball auction was "a vial of thick liquid extracted from the mucous membrane of Ty Cobb shortly after his passing." The fluid came with a

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Americans improperly dispose of more than 400 million gallons of oil a year—about the size of 35 Exxon Valdez oil spills.

QUOTE

"We have gone through this before and we'll be back. After all, we have a solemn duty to provide limes for all the gin and tonics in the world."—HAROLD KENDALL, FLORIDA CITRUS GROWER, ASSESSING THE DAMAGE OF HURRICANE ANDREW

FRED NELSON

PHONUS INTERRUPTUS

According to *Men's Health*, percentage of men who let their phone ring unanswered while they are having sex: 60; percentage of women: 65. Of those who answer, percentage of men who continue to have sex while talking on the phone: 12; percentage of women: 20.

AS THE WHEEL TURNS

Average acceleration time from zero to 60 miles per hour for American six-cylinder cars in 1975: 15.7 seconds; for 1991 models: 11 seconds.

•

Average acceleration time from zero to 60 miles per hour for American eight-cylinder cars in 1975: 13.4 seconds; for 1991 models: 10.6 seconds.

STUBBLE TROUBLE

According to Gillette, number of whiskers on the face of the average American man: 30,000.

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Number of inches whiskers grow per year: 5.5.

•

Number of feet of facial hair a man will grow in his lifetime: 27.5.

•

Number of hours he will spend shaving during his life: 3350.

SINGLE AND PROUD

In a recent survey, percentage of single men who felt they were happier than their married friends: 59; percentage of single women: 57.

•

Percentage of men who said that being single is a lot easier than being married: 70; of women: 60.

WORKING GIRLS

According to Charles R. Mann Associates, percentage of officials and managers in the U.S. in 1980 who were women: 25.1; in 1990: 36.

A SPORTING LIFESTYLE

The amount of money that the typical professional athlete—earning $2.5 million a year—pays annually in taxes: $834,000; amount spent on real estate: $600,000; on mutual funds and annuities: $450,000; cars: $150,000; cash investments: $141,000; agent fees: $125,000; insurance: $50,000.

CHANCES ARE

According to *What the Odds Are*, by Les Krantz, the odds that an American has performed a striptease for his or her spouse: 2 in 3; shared a shower with a lover: 9 in 10. The odds that a man has fantasized about his wife: 9 in 10; his friend's wife: 2 in 3; his secretary: 2 in 5.

•

The ratio of American adults who prefer having sex in the missionary position: 6 in 10; with the woman on top: 1 in 4; with the lights off: 6 in 10; with their spouse only: 8 in 10.

•

Of American cities with the largest numbers of single people, the odds that any passerby is single in Washington, D.C.: 2 in 3; in Detroit: 1 in 3; Los Angeles: 1 in 4; Philadelphia: 1 in 4; Chicago: 1 in 5; Houston: 1 in 6; New York: 1 in 7. —BETTY SCHAAL

certificate of authenticity; bidding started at $30,000. The stuff is prized by pitchers, we're told, who use it to improve their sliders.

FEELING SHEEPISH

University of California researcher Anne Perkins studies a not-so-wild but woolly subject—the sexuality of sheep. "It's very difficult to look at the possibility of lesbian sheep," she noted in *New Scientist*, "because if you are a female sheep, what you do to solicit sex is to stand still. Maybe there is a female sheep out there really wanting another female, but there's just no way for us to know it."

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

Philadelphian John Hudak has started a trend that isn't going to grow by word of mouth. He and a small group of friends from the Silent Meeting Club assemble at various locales and then purposely refrain from speaking to one another. Hudak, the founder, feels that many people are obliged to speak when they have nothing to say and thought it would be nice "to have a group of people where you wouldn't have to talk." It's called a movie theater, John.

WESTERN LIT 10001

Perhaps *Beverly Hills, 90210*, the epitome of pimplevision, gets big ratings because of the zip code in its title. If so, maybe we could turn today's square-eyed youth into rabid page turners by adding actual zip codes to the titles of poems, stories and novels. Hey kids! Check out this cool stuff to read:

Winesburg, Ohio, 44690.
Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, 89109.
Walden, 01742.
Washington Square, 10012.
Hawaii, 96761.
Last Exit to Brooklyn, 11231.
The Bostonians, 02114.
Coming of Age in Samoa, 96799.
And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street, 10012.

WOMB-LINERS

There's an excellent example of provocative copywriting—or feminist metaphysics—inside the package for Reality, a female condom. The instruction booklet reads: "Packet holds one Reality. Take out Reality and look at it closely. . . . Take your time and push Reality up to where you can feel the bone. If Reality is slippery . . . let it go and start over. Will Reality bunch up inside the vagina? Will I feel Reality once it's in place? What do I do if Reality does not stay in place during intercourse?" We don't know what it's like for you gals, but for us, reality rarely stays in place during intercourse.

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MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

EVER SINCE *Radio Free Europe*, for which I had unalloyed love back in 1983, my love for R.E.M. has been decidedly alloyed by . . . I don't even know. Maybe I found them a tad too delicate to rock and roll. And I just didn't like them, OK? Upon release of their latest album, ***Automatic for the People*** (Warner), I am forced to change my mind. I suddenly like them again a whole lot. Here their minor-key Appalachian song structures, starting spare and building in lush crescendos with the string arrangements of John Paul Jones, set the standard for contemporary folk music. Maybe that's why I converted: R.E.M. does folk music better than rock and roll. Michael Stipe's ruminative lyrics need a meditative setting. Although Peter Buck's guitar offers plenty of hooks and nifty chord progressions to hold your interest, I found myself trancing out through the whole album. In that state, you may want to check out Stipe's explorations of mortality. When was the last time you heard a song about parents' dying, as in *Sweetness Follows*, strike exactly the right resonance in your unconscious? I used to think Creative Writing 101 whenever I was able to discern Stipe's lyrics, but now I think the guy is a poet.

FAST CUTS: AC/DC, ***AC/DC Live*** (Atco): World's greatest riff-rockers have released a two-CD version (more than two hours) and a one-CD version (70 minutes) of their live show that ranks up there with Kiss's *Alive!* and the Who's *Live at Leeds* as the best live albums. Get the longer one. The extended renditions of *Jailbreak* (14:43) and *High Voltage* (10:32) are the most revelatory.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Diving back into the static and turmoil of real life doesn't so much piss you off as remind you how angry you already were. So when I returned on Labor Day from a month in the country, I turned to Motörhead's ***March ör Die*** (WTG/Epic) and Ministry's ***Psalm 69*** (Warner/Sire) for relief. These years, no other rock-and-rollers compete so fearlessly with the traffic, the telephone and the scumbag who just jimmied your trunk.

Led by grizzled campaigner Lemmy Kilmister, Motörhead epitomizes metal-as-hard-rock: a guitar attack with no room for pop niceties or artistic foofaraw. After floundering in the early Eighties, Motörhead sustained its tense, tuneless rant for four straight albums. If *March ör Die* lets up, it's only by comparison with 1986's *Orgasmatron* or 1991's *1916*. New songs such as *Stand*, *Bad Religion* and *Hellraiser* make their point like a bare-knuckle knockout.

R.E.M. does folk.

Songs of Freedom from Bob Marley, R.E.M. explores mortality and Prince is back.

Ministry is a studio-concocted duo-plus that's equally brutal but less reassuringly human. Its music is always cold, but *Psalm 69* is frozen. However, the craft Al Jourgensen and Paul Barker put into their latest opus eventually hits home. Even the eight minutes of surgical waste that is *Scarecrow* thrill and chill. Buzzsaw percussion, oratorio, grandeur, synth sludge and George Bush and the Butthole Surfers all serve a naysaying post-metal sensationalism that is contrived to cauterize your rage. Or maybe just magnify it—but Ministry doesn't give a fuck. That's why it will get you.

FAST CUTS: Luna^2, ***Lunapark*** (Elektra): Dean Wareham isn't mad, he's just prematurely weary—and he makes sweetly acerbic music out of it. Dennis Robbins, ***Man with a Plan*** (Giant): In a Nashville crowded with freeze-dried hunks, this is one country boy who isn't just rowdy by the numbers.

VIC GARBARINI

Alice in Chains is the ultimate Seattle grungemaster. Imagine Black Sabbath–meets–Hendrix in Neil Young's basement: riffs, tight modal harmonies and warped crunchola chords crossed with searingly intense lyrics centered on addiction and death. On ***Dirt*** (Columbia), the band's remarkable sophomore album, Alice dives into the abyss with the clear intention of finding the light on the other shore. *Them Bones*' locomotive riff deals with exorcising fears about mortality. Then there's the four-song cycle told from an addict's point of view, which shows him going through various stages of denial, confrontation and eventual self-revelation. Even Lou Reed would be proud. On *Dirt*, Alice proves that the juxtaposition of enlightened lyrics and stark, brutal music can produce catharsis.

FAST CUTS: Alice's haunting hit *Would?*, found on both *Dirt* and the *Singles* sound track, is a play on Andrew Wood (get it?), lead singer of the seminal Seattle band Mother Love Bone, who died of a heroin overdose shortly before the release of his band's first album. Inevitably, *Apple* is being rereleased, packaged with the band's earlier EP and titled ***Mother Love Bone*** (Mercury/Stardog). *Mother* reveals MLB to be a harder-edged proto–Pearl Jam, with Wood's vocals recalling early Axl Rose. Included is its only real masterpiece, *Chloe Dancer/Crown of Thorns*, which can also be found on—you guessed it—the *Singles* sound track.

DAVE MARSH

The records Prince has given us after *Purple Rain* still lack a climactic moment, or even a focal point. His new album, ☥ (Paisley Park/Warner), does little to clarify what he's after: The music ranges from utterly splendid (most of the fast tracks) to somewhat sappy (most of the slow ones). But in spite of these quibbles, Prince is singing and playing with renewed purpose and playfulness. Indeed, ☥ marks the first time since *Purple Rain* that all his ranting and prancing will eventually culminate in something spectacular, or at least coherent.

The title, the most mystical, mystifying and maddening album title since Led Zeppelin's runic fourth LP, suggests that Prince continues to play tug-of-war between sex and salvation—or, rather, continues his quest to fuse the two. But the music makes greater demands: *Sexy MF* ranks with his best provocations, not because it's so raunchy (though that helps) but because it extends his repertoire of funk beats and licks, particularly with the guitar and horn charts. At the same time, Prince now makes his songs more explicitly personal—particularly the opening *My Name Is Prince* and *The Sacrifice of Victor*, the first song in which a child of the forced-busing generation attempts to show us the scars. Prince

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Bobby Brown *Bobby*	5	7	7	7	6
Bob Marley *Songs of Freedom*	8	9	10	10	10
Motörhead *March ör Die*	7	7	7	8	8
Alice in Chains *Dirt*	5	8	8	6	7
R.E.M. *Automatic for the People*	7	10	8	4	9

EXPLETIVES NOT DELETED DEPARTMENT: For the first time in its history, publishing giant Time Warner is letting the words fall where they may—in print. **Quincy Jones'** hip-hop publication *Vibe* features rap stars uncensored. Yo, **Henry Luce.**

REELING AND ROCKING: **Graham Nash, John Lee Hooker** and **Les Paul** are among 30 artists interviewed for a documentary on **Bill Haley & the Comets** that the producers hope to release in theaters. . . . Filming is nearing completion on a musical starring **Nick Nolte, Julie Kavner, Joely Richardson, Tracey Ullman** and **Albert Brooks** called *I'll Do Anything*. It will include songs by **Prince, Sinéad O'Connor** and **Carole King.** . . . **Little Richard's** forthcoming movie, *The Pickle*, is just one of a number of his new projects, which include commercials, a children's LP and the college lecture circuit. Good golly!

NEWSBREAKS: Hit record producer **Jim Steinman** has tried his hand at writing a TV series. *Pandora's Box* is about a nationally televised dance show and features story lines about the host and the dancers. Steinman will produce music for the series. . . . A musical about singer **Patsy Cline** appears headed for New York. *Always . . . Patsy Cline* is a two-woman, two-act play about Cline and a Texas fan that features 17 songs, including *Crazy* and *Walkin' After Midnight*. . . . To celebrate their 40 years together as a team, **Jerry Leiber** and **Mike Stoller,** the songwriters best known for the likes of *Jailhouse Rock* and *Chapel of Love*, have established music scholarships for young composers and musicians in New York and L.A. . . . Yet another **Presley** sighting: **Lisa Marie, Elvis'** daughter, is recording songs for a debut LP. She is said to have a strong R&B voice. . . . Hot on the heels of **Jerry Garcia** ties comes a clothing line designed by **Jack Casady** and **Jorma Kaukonen** (**Hot Tuna** and **Jefferson Airplane**). Caps, denim vests, shirts and shorts are first up. . . . **Curtis Stigers** and **Al Green** cut a duet of the **Temptations'** *Don't Look Back*, which will probably show up on Green's next LP. . . . We don't know about you, but the idea of **Kiss** and **Bob Dylan** writing songs together gives us a major chuckle. We don't yet know where the songs will turn up, but we do know the Kiss tour has been described as "bombs and lasers up the wazoo." . . . Have you kept time on cereal boxes with pencils long enough? Get **Levon Helm's** video *Drums and Drumming* from Homespun Tapes (call 800-33-TAPES). . . . **The Boss** taped his *MTV Plugged* gig, and if he goes ahead with plans to release the disc, it will be in your record store any day now. . . . A new **Lynyrd Skynyrd** CD is due out early this year. . . . Former **Free** and **Bad Company** singer **Paul Rodgers** is working on a disc tribute to **Muddy Waters.** Expect some big names to lend musical support. . . . **Tina Weymouth** still hopes for a **Talking Heads** reunion because "life is full of very surprising twists and turns." . . . **Roger Taylor** of **Queen** says there is enough fresh material for one more LP because **Freddie Mercury** "was determined to work up to the last minute." . . . Finally, the last word on **Ozzy Osbourne's** retirement comes from the great Oz himself: "Who wants to be touring at forty-six? I screwed all the groupies when it was safe. . . . It's time to go home." —BARBARA NELLIS

falters only when he tries to articulate his meaning of *Revelation*, or writes florid love lyrics. Those drawbacks mean this might not be one of his half-dozen best albums, but it definitely ranks that high among all recent releases.

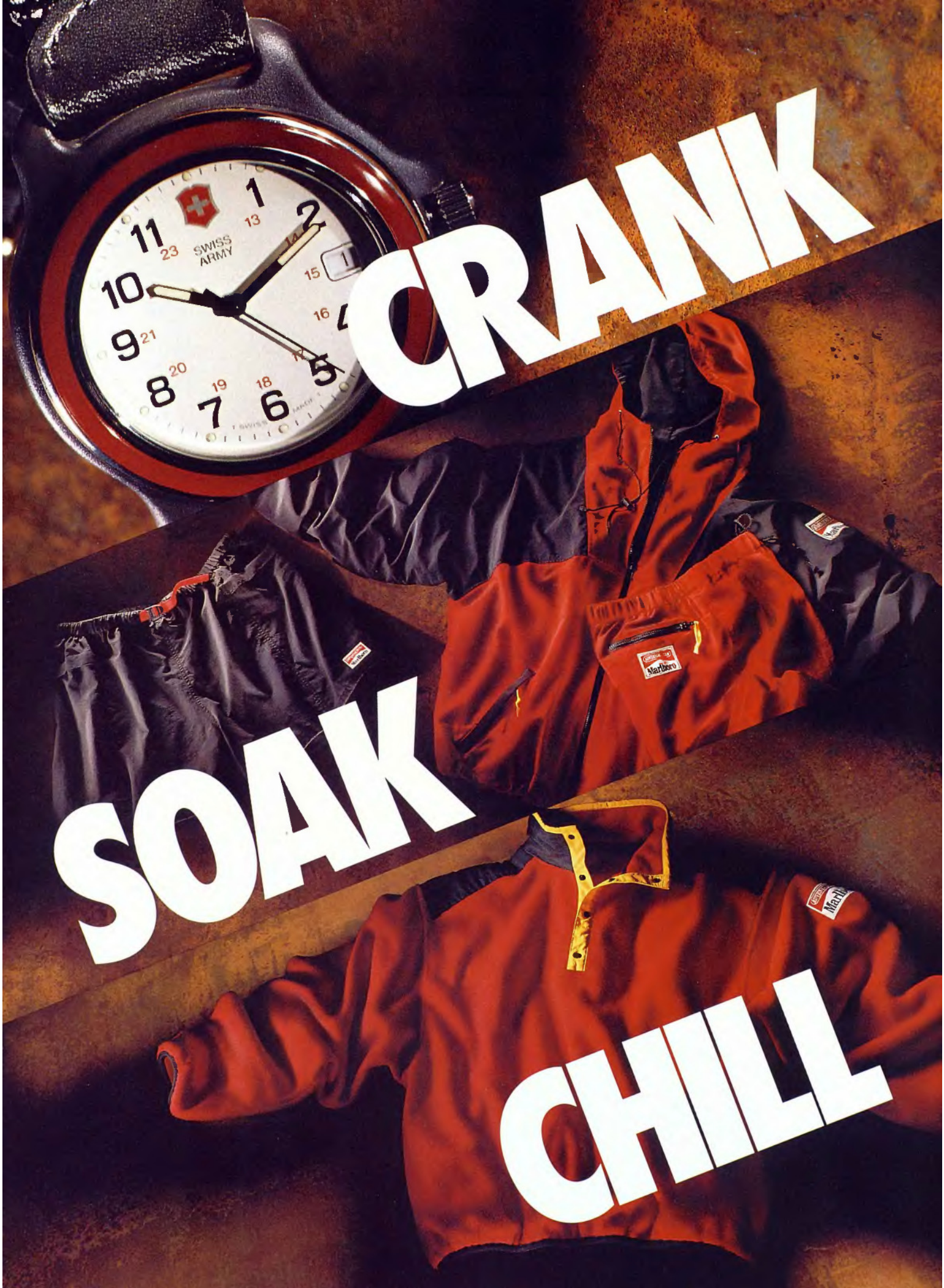
FAST CUTS: Bob Marley's **Songs of Freedom** (Tuff Gong/Island): At last, a multidisc set without a hint of padding. This collection of early Jamaican singles, blockbuster international hits and the odd rarity or three enhances Marley's already enormous stature as the first giant of both reggae and world music. *Songs of Freedom* shows him as a dignified rocker, sensual singer-songwriter, profound soul man, master of the Caribbean inversion of the Yankee backbeat and, in *Redemption Song*, a man whose eloquence transformed a parochial world view into a universal vision of humanity. Marley's rarely heard early music ranks with the best reggae, rock and soul of the late Sixties. Nothing else offers such an overview—and few other contemporary compilations are as likely to leave listeners gaping with awe.

NELSON GEORGE

Bobby Brown's *Don't Be Cruel* was a vibrant, even rude, breakthrough effort that announced the former New Edition member as an exciting proponent of new jack swing. It also showcased the burgeoning producing talents of Teddy Riley, L. A. Reid and Babyface. Four years later, Brown is a brand-name star with a famous wife (Whitney Houston) and a few extra pounds on him.

Bobby (MCA) isn't a band record. It reunites the Boston native with Riley for seven cuts and the LaFace team for three, so there's a high level of production professionalism and booty-shaking beats. Yet, where *Don't Be Cruel* was inspired, *Bobby* feels flat. The blend of Brown's reedy, raw vocals and these state-of-the-art producers is competent, but most of the record sounds sadly mechanical. Remarkably, it's Brown's self-produced tracks, *College Girl* and *Storm Away*, that project the most personality on a recording that is otherwise too slick.

FAST CUTS: Freddie Jackson is the most underappreciated performer in black music today. On album after album, he delivers hit records, mellow production and a sweet, breathy style that's distinctive and warm. Jackson isn't dangerous, which is why critics don't care for him. But, as his **Time for Love** (Capitol) confirms, no matter what the trends, Jackson makes consistently pleasing music by staying true to his upscale R&B style. The Arif Mardin–produced *All I'll Ever Ask*, featuring Najee's saxophone, is one beautiful song and performance.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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE MOVIE VERSION of Josephine Hart's short but sizzling novel ***Damage*** (New Line) oozes upscale passion. Producer-director Louis Malle works from a literate screenplay by David Hare, with Jeremy Irons once more on a roll as the seemingly detached British M.P. who ruins his political hopes in reckless trysts with the mysterious young woman his son intends to marry. Rupert Graves wins instant sympathy as the naive lad, Martin, with Juliette Binoche enticingly enigmatic as the amoral fiancée who seems supercool about boffing her future father-in-law. "Damaged people are dangerous," she warns to no avail. "They know they can survive." After the love triangle reaches its tragic point of no return, however, Miranda Richardson makes her Oscar-worthy move, playing Irons' betrayed wife in an outburst of blind fury that shatters the mood of restrained sexual tension. A master at stylishly mounting scandalous tales, Malle shows family values reduced to rubble in his brilliant *Damage*. ¥¥¥¥

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The people gathering to ring in the New Year in one of England's stately homes are ***Peter's Friends*** (Goldwyn). Onetime intimates in an amateur musical troupe, they reunite to pool their neuroses about success, failure, sex, alcoholism, parental angst and selling out to Hollywood. *Peter's Friends* makes auld lang syne a delicious, slyly malicious parlor game for grown-ups. Co-authored by comedian Rita Rudner and her husband, Martin Bergman, the movie occasionally zeroes in on Rudner, playing a TV sitcom star from America, whose caustic, hard-drinking husband (Kenneth Branagh) is one of the original musical gang of six. Branagh, England's multimedia star, also directed—with a far frothier touch than he showed in *Henry V* or *Dead Again*. Branagh's gifted wife, Emma Thompson, puts teeth into her role as a sexually needy spinster. Peter himself is portrayed by Stephen Fry as an amiable, well-bred lout who more or less backs out of his closet to host a highly civilized weekend of wit, wooing and revelation. ¥¥¥

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Another bravura bundle from Britain is ***The Crying Game*** (Miramax), by writer-director Neil Jordan, who earned his reputation for bristling originality with *Mona Lisa* and *The Company of Wolves*. This time, Jordan outdoes himself in a perverse romantic thriller about IRA terrorists (Stephen Rea and Miranda Richardson are the main Irish zealots) who take an American soldier (Forest Whitaker) hostage. Unlikely to survive, the soldier persuades his softhearted captor (Rea) to take back a message to Dil (Jaye Davidson), the sexy beauty presumably waiting for him in a London bar. After the initial shoot-'em-up action, everything that happens in *The Crying Game* is fresh, mesmerizing and tailor-made to shake up audience expectations. There is dramatic dash as well as mordant humor in the pairing of Rea and Davidson, a couple caught up in a wickedly ambivalent double cross you won't soon forget. ¥¥¥½

Binoche and Irons causing damage.

Some Brits in flagrante;
others celebrate auld lang syne;
and the Irish do dark deeds.

•

The few grains of truth embedded in ***Becoming Colette*** (Castle Hill) produce little more than a crop of candy corn. Mathilda May portrays the celebrated French novelist—one of her major claims to fame was writing *Gigi*—as a virginal country girl about to discover the naughty pleasures of marriage, Paris and joie de vivre. Klaus Maria Brandauer co-stars as the the rakish husband who takes author's credit for Colette's published diaries, with Virginia Madsen as the worldly actress who becomes her first lesbian liaison. Directed by Danny Huston (son of John Huston, and Madsen's husband) with more attention to vintage flavor than to verisimilitude, the movie is a void populated by colorful top-rank actors in search of an author. ¥

•

The current cult of celebrity worship may have its definitive manifesto in ***Painting the Town*** (Zeitgeist Films). Written by Richard Osterweil, who appears solo for most of this documentary self-portrait, the movie is a confessional by an artist who obsessively crashes parties, charity balls, art shows or funerals for the rich and famous. "When you're going someplace to which you're not invited, it gets very scary," says Osterweil, who drives a New York cab or checks coats to keep himself solvent while painting and indulging his fondness for luminaries. He has in fact screwed up his nerve to attend memorials for Chairman Mao, Richard Rodgers and Roy Cohn, to name a few. *Painting the Town* is frank, funny and about as significant in the scheme of things as a party favor. ¥¥

•

The downtown spontaneity of ***In the Soup*** (Triton) made it a 1992 favorite with film festival audiences from Sundance, Utah, to New York. Director Alexandre Rockwell's black-and-white comedy about a would-be New York moviemaker (Steve Buscemi) and his misadventures with a madly eccentric small-time crook (Seymour Cassel) also won Sundance's Best Film award, while Cassel was named Best Actor. Cassel, as the irrepressible Joe, agrees to finance Buscemi's script but deals in sex, drugs and burglary with such zeal that he makes real life look like much more fun than "just making movies." That pretty well sums up Rockwell's subject, which dissipates into chaos—but not until the winsome flavor of the piece has been established by Cassel, Buscemi and Jennifer Beals (Rockwell's wife, first spotlighted in *Flashdance*) as a sultry Hispanic neighbor. By the time you realize it's coming apart, *In the Soup* compensates for every plothole with what-the-hell irreverence and charm. ¥¥½

•

Keith Carradine has the title role in ***The Bachelor*** (Greycat), based on a Viennese novel by Arthur Schnitzler. Beautifully photographed by Giuseppe Rotunno, whose work has enhanced epics by Fellini and Fosse, the movie is an elegant, leisurely drama about a man defeated by being indecisive. Carradine is perfect as the prudish but discreetly passionate young doctor who dillydallies while everything he wants slips away from him. The beautiful young woman (Kristin Scott-Thomas) he hopes to marry gets tired of waiting in her country manse while he amuses himself in town with a beautiful mistress (Sarah-Jane Fenton). The woman who seems likely to finally claim him is an acquisitive, cunning widow—played bewitchingly by Miranda Richardson (see *Damage* and *The Crying Game*)—who does double duty in early scenes in Africa as the doctor's

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OFF CAMERA

It has been a big year for **Rita Rudner**—stand-up comedian, movie star, co-author of the *Peter's Friends* screenplay (see review) and of a hot-selling book, *Naked Beneath My Clothes*. When we found her at home in Los Angeles between tour dates, Rudner noted, "I never know where I'll be performing next until they hand me the plane ticket."

Her age is "thirty-seven and holding." Originally a dancer, she wasn't sure she could do comedy when she came to New York from Miami at 15 and appeared in such Broadway musicals as *Promises, Promises* and *Annie*. "I studied comedy—going to the Museum of Broadcasting, watching Buster Keaton and Preston Sturges movies. My role models are Woody Allen and Jack Benny."

She was performing stand-up when she met her husband, Australian-born Martin Bergman, at Catch a Rising Star. He booked her at the 1984 Edinburgh Festival. Now married four years, they co-wrote a cheeky BBC-TV variety show that made her a star in England. Bergman had gone to school with actress Emma Thompson, Kenneth Branagh's wife, which begot the friendship that blossomed into *Peter's Friends*. She doesn't mind critics' calling it a British *Big Chill*. "Just so they don't call it a British *Heaven's Gate*," says Rudner. "It was so easy. We were all friends—everyone sleeping with the person they were supposed to sleep with and nobody doing drugs in the basement."

The Rudner–Bergman team has another movie script in the hopper, currently titled *Moon Valley*. "There is a role for me, though that's not a prerequisite." To date, she's not big on homemaking or motherhood. "We're so busy we'd have to leave the kids . . . if we had any. We seem to produce scripts."

suicidal sister. Director Roberto Faenza's costume piece has the tasteful air of a Merchant–Ivory production and reeks quality. That, folks, is to be taken as a compliment. ¥¥¥

•

For everyone who ever wondered what Hugh Hefner is really like, David Lynch and Mark Frost, the fun folks who gave us *Twin Peaks*, have provided a slightly skewed answer certain both to please and to provoke. ***Hugh Hefner: Once Upon a Time*** (I.R.S. Media) is an intimate profile of the man and his era. Director Robert Heath had complete access to a gold mine of compelling material: The film opens with glimpses of Hef's precocious and irreverent childhood scrapbooks, teases us with a high school attempt at a science fiction film, then delivers a look at the prototype of PLAYBOY—a college humor magazine founded by Hef that featured a Coed of the Month. Clearly, the fantasies of the child fueled the adult's inner fire. The film provides a fascinating psychological backdrop for the more familiar images—the pipe, the pajamas, the publishing empire. Narrated by James Coburn, the film captures the adventure of one man's rebellion against the puritan repression of his time. Vintage TV clips chronicle Hef's confrontations with the religious and political establishments. Home movies show the more personal side—travels with Barbi, the Mansion parties, his wedding to Kimberley. But *Once Upon a Time* is more than an episode of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. The film gives an unflinching account of the hounding of Hefner's personal assistant Bobbie Arnstein, the bizarre spin the press and Peter Bogdanovich put on the murder of Playmate Dorothy Stratten and the censorious machinations of the Meese commission. Not to give away the ending, but the good guy wins. ¥¥¥½

•

Spectacular locations in Vietnam and Malaysia are about evenly matched with Catherine Deneuve's dazzling screen presence in ***Indochine*** (Sony Classics). Set in the restless period when French Indochina was a political hotbed, the movie stars Deneuve as the glamourous owner of a rubber plantation. Her affair with a handsome naval officer (Vincent Perez) hasn't really ended when he gets involved with her adopted Vietnamese daughter (Linh Dan Pham). After much travail, the young couple become fugitives and wind up having a baby as they tour the countryside with a theatrical troupe of undercover leftist rebels. Never mind. In French with subtitles, this overlong but engrossing drama isn't always easy to follow—though Deneuve is clearly a national treasure in any language. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Bachelor (See review) A guy who just can't make up his mind. ¥¥¥
Bad Lieutenant (Reviewed 12/92) It's Keitel's one-man horror show. ¥¥¥
Becoming Colette (See review) She deserves better than she gets. ¥
Bob Roberts (10/92) Politics pinned to the wall by Tim Robbins. ¥¥¥½
Close to Eden (12/92) Absolutely splendid. But would you believe Inner Mongolia? ¥¥¥¥
The Crying Game (See review) Irish terrorists and major surprises. ¥¥¥½
Damage (See review) From the book, brilliantly directed by Malle. ¥¥¥¥
Ethan Frome (12/92) Wharton's book filmed with a seething Neeson. ¥¥¥½
Glengarry Glen Ross (10/92) Mamet's play, played to the hilt. ¥¥¥
Hugh Hefner: Once Upon a Time (See review) The life and times of Mr. Playboy. ¥¥¥½
Husbands and Wives (12/92) More fine urban angst from Woody. ¥¥¥¥
Indochine (See review) Deneuve gives the place a true touch of class. ¥¥½
Intervista (12/92) Fellini looks back con brio, as usual. ¥¥¥¥
In the Soup (See review) On the loose with some cinemaniacs. ¥¥½
The Last of the Mohicans (12/92) You don't want to miss Day-Lewis on the warpath. Rating upgraded. ¥¥¥¥
The Lover (11/92) Quiet French schoolgirl learning it all. ¥¥¥½
Martha and I (Listed only) She's his German wife under the Nazi yoke. ¥¥
Mr. Saturday Night (11/92) Pure Crystal and plenty of fun. ¥¥¥
Night and the City (11/92) De Niro and Lange light up the dark side. ¥¥¥
Painting the Town (See review) A party crasher on the go. ¥¥
Peter's Friends (See review) Brisk Brits bring in the New Year. ¥¥¥
The Public Eye (11/92) Behind his camera, Pesci takes New York. ¥¥¥
Reservoir Dogs (12/92) A grueling caper with no survivors. ¥¥¥½
A River Runs Through It (11/92) Redford hooks a real winner. ¥¥¥¥
Traces of Red (12/92) A good old-fashioned murder mystery. ¥¥½
Under Siege (Listed only) Steven Seagal proves his seaworthiness. ¥¥¥½
Unforgiven (11/92) Eastwood brings back the classic Western. ¥¥¥½
Venice/Venice (12/92) Neither here nor there with Henry Jaglom. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Although she's Deanna Troi on TV's *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, actress **Marina Sirtis** favors videos that are down to earth. "I like romantic stories," she says, "such as *Steel Magnolias* and *Terms of Endearment*—even though Brent Spiner, who plays Data on the show, tells me I only like movies that people die in." Other Sirtis faves include the original *Wuthering Heights*, with Laurence Olivier, *Gone with the Wind* and *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. "But you see, people die in those, too." For "stupid enjoyment," Sirtis goes for *Grease*, and when she's with her guy, it's *Terminator 2* and surfing movies. But doesn't the Enterprise's enchantress ever watch science fiction? "Back in England, I used to look at *Star Wars*. But that's just because I had a crush on Harrison Ford." —JOHN CHAMPION

VIDEO SIX-PACK

a vcr new year: firsts for the first

The Jazz Singer: Hollywood's first talkie is virtually silent—save the priceless crooning of Al Jolson (MGM/UA).

The Greatest Adventure: The Story of Man's Voyage to the Moon: Orson Welles narrates the history of space flight, culminating in that "one small step" (Vestron).

Mount Everest: American Firsts: Features first American women to tackle M.E. and first men to hang-glide off its slopes. From TV's *Spirit of Adventure* series (MPI).

The Challenge of Niagara Falls: History of the falls' appeal to daredevils includes tale of first man to survive over-the-edge barrel ride (IVN).

In Search of Amelia Earhart: She was the first woman to try winging it around the globe—then she disappeared. Theories still fly (Pyramid).

The Beginning: Inspirational treatment of the earth's First Family—starring Adam, Eve and the boys (Paulist Press).

—TERRY CATCHPOLE

VIDBITS

MPI Home Video has you covered—indoors and out. This year it will serve up 194 episodes of ***The Frugal Gourmet,*** PBS' popular cooking's-a-cinch series hosted by kitchen whiz Jeff Smith; and the four-tape ***Complete History of Golf*** tells you everything you may (or may not) need to know about the game—from its 12th century tee-off to today's multibillion-dollar industry. . . . Couch potatoes no longer need drift through vid store aisles with the whining mantra, "Whaddya wanna see, honey?" From Random House comes ***The 1993 Must-See Movies*** desk calendar, a 365-page flick-a-day renter's companion featuring cinematic factoids and thumbnail reviews (e.g., "*Jaws:* the blockbuster that put Spielberg on the map and single-handedly ruined family beach vacations everywhere"). One comment: Yes, *Miracle on 34th Street* is the perfect Christmas Day rental. But *Viva Las Vegas* on January first?

YESTERDAY'S NEWS

Nightline makes for stirring drama—major news events reported as they are unfolding. Why does it work on video? Lots of hindsight and no commercials.

Freeing of the Hostages (1981): Ron's January surprise, same night as his gaudy inauguration. Surreal twist: lady reporters in formal gowns.

Student Protest in China (1989): Democracy movement before the massacre. Heartbreaking—and still inspiring.

John Lennon Murdered (1980): The last indignity: a eulogy by Geraldo Rivera.

John Belushi's Career (1982): Better: praise from Milton Berle. But no drug talk—this was pre-autopsy.

Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker (1987): Jim and Tammy vs. Falwell at height of PTL scandal. A little scum around the font.

What Constitutes Sexual Harassment? (1991): The Clarence Thomas hearings spark a good discussion. Bummer: no John Doggett clips.

Assassination Attempt Against President Reagan (1981): Sorry, Al Haig—Nancy was in control.

Midnight Deadline (1991): Saddam blew off Bush's ultimatum. Swell vigil, but no rockets over Baghdad.

Louis Farrakhan (1984): Flaying Jews and denying it.

Yasir Arafat (1988): Slaying Jews and defending it.

Jackie Robinson (1987): Amid anecdotes, Dodgers vet Al Campanis says black players don't want to be managers and black swimmers lack buoyancy. He was canned after the show. —JAMES HARRIS

(All tapes $19.98, from MPI.)

LASER FARE

Escapism, anyone? From MGM/UA comes a pair of behind-bars classics. Stanley Kramer's ***The Defiant Ones*** (1958) stars Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier as convicts shackled together and on the lam. And Paul Muni is the in-again-out-again prison escapee in the pre–Production Code ***I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*** (1932). Both discs, $35 each, include films' theatrical trailers. . . . All that jazz: Pioneer's eight-disc ***Montreux Jazz Festival*** pays homage to the annual rites held on the banks of Lake Leman. Best sets: hipsters Ray Bryant and Tommy Flanagan (*Vol. 2: The Piano Masters*) and the incomparable Joe Pass (*Vol. 8: The Jazz Guitar*). Completists may want all eight discs; novitiates can sample with impunity.

—GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***Batman Returns*** (Bat's back, but the Cat's where it's at—Pfeiffer's feline steals it); ***Lethal Weapon 3*** (bad cops gun for Glover and Gibson; buildings crumble, houses burn, Mel scores); ***Patriot Games*** (Harrison Ford shields kin from psycho terrorists; great action, not quite Clancy).
COMEDY	***Housesitter*** (conniving flake Goldie Hawn seizes Steve Martin's dreom house; nice Thirties feel); ***Sister Act*** (Whoopi hides from Mob in convent; nun stuff's a riot, script doesn't have a prayer); ***Prelude to a Kiss*** (Alec Baldwin loves Meg Ryan—even if she is an old man; lovely messoge).
DRAMA	***Far and Away*** (Irish immigrants Cruise and Kidman pitch tent in 1890s America; rich vistas from Ron Howard); ***Incident at Oglala*** (did the FBI jail an innocent Native American? Redford probes the injustice); ***The Babe*** (worts-and-all biopic of sultan of swat; John Goodman is dead-on).
WORTH A LOOK	***Newsies*** (the 1899 N.Y. paperboys' strike—song and dance from Disney); ***Shadows and Fog*** (Woody's uneven but OK tale of a strangler on the loose when the circus comes to town; with Mia and Madonna); ***The Return of Spinal Tap*** (rock legend's 1992 Break Like the Wind reunion tour; direct to vid).

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

NOBODY REALLY wants to see Madonna spread out underneath the Christmas tree, do they? Well, if you insist on sharing the Material Girl's unusual erotic fantasies for the holidays, open up ***Sex*** (Warner)—with photographs by Steven Meisel—and pop the accompanying CD into your player. As usual, Madonna is on to something: This is clearly the year of the book-and-CD combination.

The Complete Beatles Chronicle (Harmony), by Mark Lewisohn, doesn't have a CD, but it does document practically every day in the life of the Fab Four from their origins as a Liverpool skiffle band in 1957 to Paul's announcement in April 1971 that the party was over. Fans will find the exhaustive discography of ***The Beatles: The Ultimate Recording Guide*** (Facts on File), by Allen J. Weiner, another welcome addition to the Beatles shelf. ***Linda McCartney's Sixties*** (Bulfinch) is a happy, eclectic portrait of many rock legends of that decade in addition to the Beatles.

Another book-and-CD multimedia package is presented in ***My Twenty-Five Years in Fleetwood Mac*** (Hyperion), by Mick Fleetwood, with a never-before-released song on disc. The photographs in ***The Jazz People of New Orleans*** (Pantheon), by Lee Friedlander, are so vivid and joyous you don't need an accompanying CD—the music just bubbles off these pages.

There are two CDs included with Rick Smolan's photographic journey across the Australian outback, ***Alice to Ocean*** (Addison-Wesley)—but only one contains music. The first is a Kodak Photo CD of Smolan's images, and the second is an Apple interactive CD with images, narration and movie segments. Another superb travel adventure book—just a book—is ***Nowhere Is a Place: Travels in Patagonia*** (Sierra Club), with text based on talks to the Royal Geographical Society by Bruce Chatwin and Paul Theroux.

That grand old underwater adventurer Jacques-Yves Cousteau has passed the scuba tanks on to his son, Jean-Michel, whose latest book, ***Cousteau's Great White Shark*** (Abrams), with Mose Richards, is a fascinating combination of scientific study and dramatic underwater photography. Another extraordinary book about ocean life is ***Seven Underwater Wonders of the World*** (Thomasson-Grant), by Rick Sammon, which takes us beneath the icy waters of Lake Baikal in Siberia and into the submerged crevices of Darwin's Galápagos Islands for lessons in marine conservation. Divers also will not want to miss ***The Greenpeace Book of Coral Reefs*** (Sterling), by Sue Wells and Nick Hanna, with its haunting pictures of these "underwater rain forests," or David Doubilet's spectacular ***Pacific: An Undersea Journey*** (Bulfinch). From oceans to rivers: Sports artist Arthur Taylor's paintings accompany text by James E. Butler for ***Penobscot River Renaissance*** (Down East).

Bountiful books.

The best of the holiday books make great gifts.

Two new gift books illuminate the majesty of one of America's greatest national monuments. ***The Grand Canyon*** (Hugh Lauter Levin), by Letitia Burns O'Connor, features four-foot-long panoramic foldouts among the 190 color photographs. As his last project, a great nature photographer leaves us a fitting tribute in ***Eliot Porter: The Grand Canyon*** (Prestel/ARTnews).

This is a stellar year for sports books, including two by *Sports Illustrated* photographer Neil Leifer. ***Sports*** (Collins), with an introduction by Roy Blount Jr., is a magical collection of Leifer's 150 best shots of athletes around the world; ***Muhammad Ali: Memories*** (Rizzoli) documents 30 years in the life of the great champ, with Leifer's incomparable photographs. In addition to the moving autobiography, ***Magic Johnson: My Life*** (Random House), with William Novak, and Bob Greene's intimate biography of Michael Jordan, ***Hang Time*** (Doubleday), basketball fans will be looking for the big-picture celebration of ***America's Dream Team*** (Turner), with 275 color photographs and text by coach Chuck Daly with Alex Sachare.

LeRoy Neiman captures the excitement and color in ***Big-Time Golf*** (Abrams) with both lavish, high-style acrylics and scorecard sketches. ***The Historical Dictionary of Golfing Terms: From 1500 to the Present*** (Michael Kesend), by Peter Davies, traces the extraordinary vocabulary of the 500-year-old game. ***The Guinness Book of Golf*** (Canopy/Abbeville), by Peter Smith and Keith Mackie, takes an analytical approach to the players and the international history of the game. A tribute to the history of the Negro Leagues in baseball is offered in ***When the Game Was Black and White*** (Abbeville), by Bruce Chadwick.

Topping the list of entertainment gift books this year is ***A Day in the Life of Hollywood*** (Collins), edited by Lena Tabori. It's a colorful, star-studded tour of Tinseltown at work. Movie stars in more formal poses are the essence of ***Shooting Stars: Contemporary Glamour Photography*** (Stewart, Tabori & Chang), by Ricky Spears. Of course, if you want a collection of classic Hollywood glamour portraits created by the master of the form, get ***Hurrell Hollywood*** (St. Martin's), by George Hurrell, which features 140 unforgettable pictures in duotone. Herb Ritts calls it like it is, ***Notorious*** (Bulfinch), with three dramatic eight-page gatefolds. And ***Those Lips, Those Eyes: A Celebration of Classic Hollywood Sensuality*** (Birch Lane), by Edward Z. Epstein and Lou Valentino, shows us what sex appeal meant in the golden age of movies.

In honor of the 50th anniversary of the making of *Casablanca*, Aljean Harmetz has written ***Round Up the Usual Suspects*** (Hyperion), which documents the making of the film with wit and scholarship. ***Casablanca: Behind the Scenes*** (Fireside), by Harlan Lebo, covers some of the same territory in a paperback original. Frank Miller's ***Casablanca: As Time Goes By*** (Turner), with 275 photographs, has been reissued in paperback. And there's even ***The Casablanca Cookbook: Wining and Dining at Rick's*** (Abbeville), by Jennifer Newman Brazil, Vicki Wells and Sarah Key. In fairness, we must note that it is also time for the 30th anniversary pictorial history of ***Lawrence of Arabia*** (Doubleday), by L. Robert Morris and Lawrence Raskin.

Theater is paid respects in a dazzling contemporary collection of photographs and famous actors' memoirs in ***Broadway: Day & Night*** (Pocket), "presented by" Ken Marsolais, Roger McFarlane and Tom Viola. And two giants of the Broadway musical are given a thoughtful tribute by Ethan Mordden in ***Rodgers & Hammerstein*** (Abrams)—a book that is filled with pictures from *Oklahoma!*, *South Pacific*, *The King and I*, *The Sound of Music* and other R&H hits.

The most astonishing book of dance photography in this or any other year is Lois Greenfield's ***Breaking Bounds*** (Chronicle), with text by William A.

Ewing. Greenfield catches movement and energy in mid-air—these are pictures of people flying. A comprehensive dance survey that accompanies an eight-part PBS series is ***Dancing*** (Abrams), by Gerald Jonas, which runs the gamut from Cambodian ritual to Michael Jackson. Philip Trager evokes the work of 34 choreographers in ***Dancers*** (Bulfinch), and Annie Leibovitz focuses on Mikhail Baryshnikov in ***Dance*** (Smithsonian).

Although Matisse has the big MOMA exhibit, Gauguin has the big books this year: ***Gauguin*** (Flammarion), by Françoise Cachin, ***Gauguin: Letters from Brittany and the South Seas*** (Clarkson Potter), edited by Bernard Denvir, and ***Gauguin's South Seas*** (Universe). Each offer different aspects of the painter's career. Matisse is hardly forgotten, however: The huge MOMA/Abrams catalog of the exhibit, by John Elderfield, and the reissue of Matisse's ***Jazz*** (Braziller) should keep his paint from peeling. The gorgeous volume ***Claude Monet: Life and Work*** (Rizzoli), by Virginia Spate, is a definitive work that contains more than 300 illustrations from his paintings. Calloway Editions has created yet another lavish book, ***Two Lives*** (HarperCollins), which juxtaposes Alfred Stieglitz' photographs with Georgia O'Keeffe's paintings.

It appears as though every photographer who ever clicked a shutter has a book this season: ***Karsh: American Legends*** (Bulfinch), by Yousuf Karsh, ***Photographed by Bachrach*** (Rizzoli), by Douglas Collins, ***Form: Horst*** (Twin Palms), ***Mapplethorpe*** (Random House), ***If We Shadows*** (Thames and Hudson), by David Bailey, ***Cornell Capa: Photographs*** (Bulfinch), ***Atget's Seven Albums*** (Yale), by Molly Nesbit, ***Double Exposure, Take Three*** (Morrow), by Roddy McDowall, ***Public Appearances*** (Vendome), by Lord Snowden, and ***Pola Woman*** (Schirmer/Mosel), by Helmut Newton, an endlessly fascinating combination of fashion and erotica.

For food fanciers, we are at extremes this season. It's either ***Real Beer and Good Eats: The Rebirth of America's Beer and Food Traditions*** (Knopf), by Bruce Aidells and Denis Kelly, or ***Champagne & Caviar: A Connoisseur's Survival Guide*** (Capra), by Arthur von Wiesenberger. For those more interested in recipes for the funny bone, try Penn and Teller's hilarious ***How to Play with Your Food*** (Villard).

Finally, everyone will tingle with joy at the sight of the carnival of colorful illustration in ***The Sign of the Seahorse*** (Abrams), by Graeme Base, the *Gnomes*-like fantasy of ***Dinotopia*** (Turner), by James Gurney, and the dark, brooding illustrations in ***The Widow's Broom*** (Houghton Mifflin), by Chris Van Allsburg. Make someone happy this holiday season with a book.

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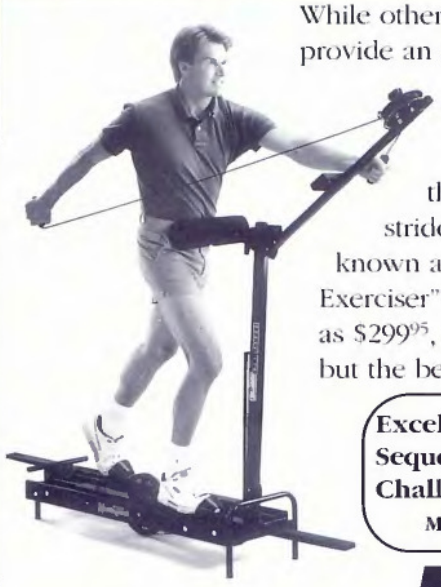

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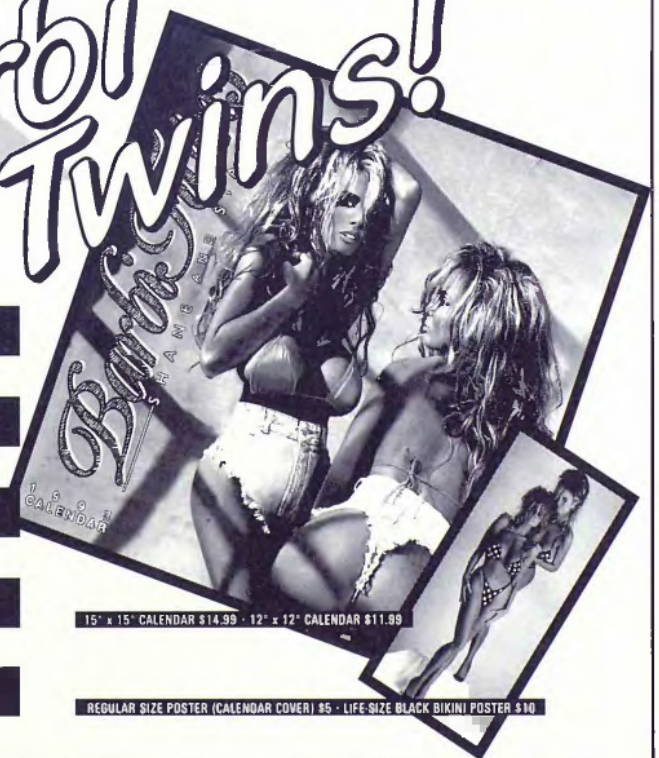

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MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

COED BOOT CAMP

Despite the brutishness of the Tailhook sexual harassment incident, there is some good news for men and women serving together in the Navy. In Orlando, Florida, where the Navy has its only coed boot camp, men and women seem to bring out the best in one another. While less than one percent of segregated boot-camp grads earn top honors, Orlando boasts 38 percent who make the grade. There are other benefits as well. "The males don't have the camaraderie that females have, and the females bring them out of their shells," says one petty officer. "The females lack that killer mentality, but when they're training with the males, it comes out." Adds one male recruit, "They helped me with my homesickness. They sort of replaced my sisters." Of course, cleverness is allowed to go only so far. "We look for who is studying with whom, who's ironing clothes with whom, and if we see a pattern, we stop it right there," says one commander. "Romance is simply not tolerated."

STEVE DINNINO

TRAVEL TIP OF THE MONTH

"For those into male bonding, the Real Man's Mid-Life Crisis Tour offers a 15-day guided tour through Thailand. The tour is heavy on typical vacation treats such as sampling the local cuisine, shopping for exotic items and sport fishing. At the start, there's a quick visit to Bangkok's Kangaroo Bar, which is renowned as one of the world's five sleaziest bars. The trip is studded with excursions to macho attractions such as the bridge on the River Kwai, where 8000 prisoners died during World War Two, and a glimpse of the infamous Golden Triangle, the source of much of the world's illicit drugs. The tourists also go to a Thai boxing match, where the slugging takes place with feet and hands, and visit other meaningful cultural attractions such as massage parlors, nude beaches, back-alley fleshpots and the world's sixth and seventh most sleazy bars. Cost for the two-week getaway: $3500."—CHARLES DOWNEY, *Stabbed with a Wedge of Cheese*

ANGELLA DASKALAKIS

WHEN IS A MIATA LIKE A WOMAN?

"When you ask American men what is sexy, they talk about the curve of the hip and thigh and leg. They like the rear three-quarter view," explains Tom Matano. True enough, but why does Matano care? Simple—he's the top U.S. designer for Mazda, and he uses that information to help him and his crew design new cars. "I like to take new designers to restaurants where they have a lingerie show, models walking around during lunch, and I ask them to remember how the light falls on the curves of the body," he told *Automotive News*. "Then I take them out on the freeway and we watch the cars go by, and I ask them, What is the view you see most of other cars? The three-quarter rear." Apparently, Matano has solved more than a design mystery: He's also found a foolproof way to get his co-workers to join him for lunch.

HEALTH UPDATE

Average sperm counts worldwide dropped from 113 million in 1938 to 66 million in 1990, according to scientists at the University of Copenhagen. Such a drastic decrease over such a short time suggests environmental rather than genetic causes, says Professor Niels Skakkebaek. It may be linked to an alarming rise in testicular cancer, which is three to four times more prevalent than it was a half-century ago.

WHY AMERICA ISN'T ALL THAT BAD

In South Korea, the government has decreed that adultery is a crime punishable by one year in prison, plus fines.

THE ONE-MINUTE BOOK EXCERPT

"I'm glad I found out my man was a jerk before I got too involved. But I was still angry about the energy I wasted on a pointless relationship. There are a lot of jerks out there, and a lot of women who are furiously trying to please them, even though it's hopeless.

"All the books I was reading were devoted to making relationships work. Who reads those books? Women. There were no books that told the truth I had learned—that some men simply aren't worth the effort. So I started a project to get other women talking about their 'jerksperiences.' I got a post-office box number. Then I called my local newspaper. Letters from women across the country flooded into my post-office box.

"I had hit a nerve. It was very comforting to realize that I definitely was not the only woman who'd had a jerk in her life. I wanted to share the stories of the hundreds of women who had contacted me so other women would see that there are jerks out there. I thought if I described some typical jerk behavior, women would recognize it and stop driving themselves crazy trying to please men who could not be pleased. Almost every woman has had a 'jerksperience' in her life.

"Stop blaming yourself when things go wrong in your relationship. Because maybe he's just a jerk."

—CAROL ROSEN, *Maybe He's Just a Jerk*

THE RETURN OF THE WOMAN DRIVER

Before it was politically incorrect to do so, comics had a field day with women drivers. You remember the jokes: Women are slow, bumbling and indecisive; they cause, but are rarely in, numerous accidents. But as the reputation of women drivers improves, some recent research indicates their actual driving has gotten worse. Studies show that while male drivers' fatalities dropped by ten percent from 1975 to 1991, women's fatalities increased 53 percent. Carol Popkin of the University of North Carolina's Highway Safety Research Center is quick to point out that women's total traffic fatality rate is still a quarter of men's, but she admits, "My suspicion is that women have different driving skills." As we all know, different isn't always better. The mystery is: Why have women suddenly become more dangerous on the road? Is it difficulty with spatial relationships? Lack of aggression? PMS? Too much Michael Bolton on the radio? Not according to Patricia Waller of the University of Michigan's Transportation Research Institute. She puts the blame for the rise on women who drink and drive, noting that alcohol packs a bigger wallop in women: "We may have equality under the law, but [not] physiologically." Especially affected have been 30- to 39-year-old women, who came of age in the late Sixties, when, claims Waller, "feminism seemed to encourage adopting men's bad habits."

STEPHEN TURK

GEORGANNE DEEN

LIP SERVICE

"When I see women eat with men, they pick. But then you get five women at a table and the pastry cart is upended."

—JAY LENO

"I for one was grateful when Kirstie Alley, in accepting her Emmy Award, thanked her husband 'for the big one.' Size *does* matter to us. So does shape. Length and width and degree of curviness matter. They all describe a penis that may wind up standing (or not) for the man himself."

—WRITER LESLEY DORMEN IN *Glamour*

"I still have problems as a result of growing up in Catholic Ireland, brought up to believe that sex is something dirty. As a result of being told that sex is a sin and dirty and wicked, I understood that the woman's body was something to be ashamed of, so I'm not comfortable with my body. In the church, you're not brought up to be proud of being a woman."

—SINÉAD O'CONNOR

"Music has always seemed streaks ahead of any other art form or any other form of social expression. After air, food, water and fucking, I think maybe music is the next human necessity."

—KEITH RICHARDS

WHO LIVES ALONE, WHO STAYS HOME AND WHO'S IN SHAPE

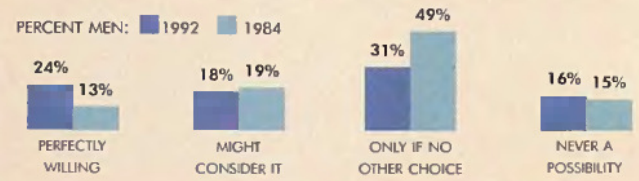
HOME ALONE

The tough economy has forced many men to live with their parents or find roommates to help share expenses, but one tenth of adult men live alone. Do they like it? Not necessarily. According to a recent Roper survey, only 42 percent of lonely guys prefer solo living, while 50 percent say they're forced to live alone because of current circumstances. But that doesn't mean they think they'll be finding live-in companionship any time soon: 50 percent predict they'll live alone for the foreseeable future and only 27 percent describe their current condition as temporary.

HOME NOT ALONE

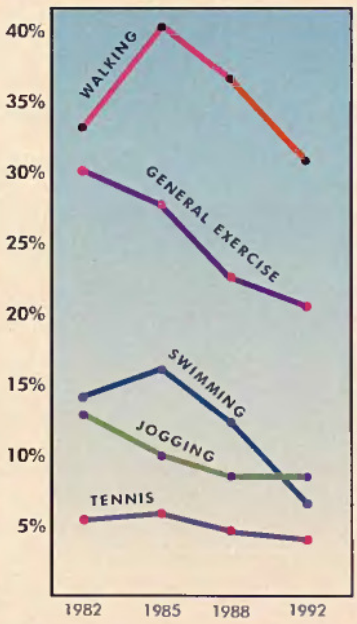
Some men are home alone, others are home taking care of the kids. But there aren't many actual househusbands. Only one percent of men take care of the home while their wives go off to work, but the conservative I'd-rather-die-than-stay-home-with-the-kids attitude is slowly softening.

WOULD YOU BE A HOUSEHUSBAND?



THE SHAPE OF OUR SHAPES

The fitness boom has now been around about a decade, and what do we have to show for it? Washboard stomachs? Well-defined pecs? Longer lives? Turns out we're less active now than we were ten years ago. Comparing current data to polls conducted during the past decade, it's easy to see how American men got caught up in the fitness fad only to slide back into their usual couch spud behavior. Fewer men say they enjoy working out and 33 percent admit they do no exercising at all—the largest number of lard butts Roper has discovered over ten years. The antifitness craze shows up everywhere: The number of adults taking vitamins is dropping; same with men buying warm-up suits, riding stationary bikes or lifting weights.



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MANTRACK

"How does it feel to be a problem?"—W.E.B. DU BOIS

GUEST OPINION

BY TREY ELLIS

Du Bois was putting words into the mouth of a white questioner. No one ever actually came out and asked him to back them. No one has ever actually come out and asked me, either, yet I know that many are itching to. I know I would be. Black men are this nation's outlaw celebrities. It doesn't matter what other modifiers also describe our individual essences—mechanic, police officer, left-handed, Virginian, kind, gangbanger, tall—"black man" overrides them all and makes us all, equally, desperadoes. My friends and I sometimes take perverse pride in the fear the combination of our sex and skin instill in everyone else: The taxis that bolt past us as our arms wave high over our meticulously coiffed heads, the receptionists who mistake us for suit-wearing bike messengers, the cops who clutch their .45s when they see us saunter out of Häagen-Dazs. Imagine the weird power you'd feel if you were a bank teller, a postal worker or a postmodern novelist who is able to make a cop quake with fear and call for backup. Unfortunately, these expectations can get to us after a while. Listen to black comedian Franklin Ajaye: "I was walking down the street last night and this old white couple kept looking back at me like I was going to rob them. . . . So I did."

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A PROBLEM?

Don't get me wrong. I know that black men commit a disproportionate number of America's crimes. In fact, I need to know that, since murder at the hands of another black man is the leading cause of death in my age group. Ironically, black men have more right than anyone else to run and hide when another black man heads our way on the sidewalk. Yet we don't (most of us, anyway) because we bother to separate the few bad from the legion of good.

American society as a whole, however, tars us all with the same brush. We have become the international symbol for rape, murder, robbery and uncontrolled libido. Our faces on the news have become synonymous with anger, ignorance and poverty.

Increasingly, America seems to be painting us into two corners. In one, we are the monsters they've always said we were. In the other corner, we're fine, but all those other black men are monsters. We are anointed honorary whites, so long as we abandon every trace of our ethnicity.

Black conservatives such as Shelby Steele espouse individual liberation through assimilation. In one way, he is absolutely correct. It is irrefutable that if we African Americans abandoned our culture, stopped griping and joined the melting pot, we would be better off. The catch is the very real limit to our ambition. If we play by Steele's rules—work hard, scrimp, save and study—then one day we just might become the vice president of the United States. Therein lies the rub. In this land of opportunity we can be promised riches, a degree of respect and respectability. But we know we are still barred from the highest corridors of power. It's a crippling message. How can you expect someone to dedicate his entire life training for the Olympics if all he can hope for is a silver medal?

Drug dealing and other criminal activities are the only pursuits that offer us unlimited possibilities. Since we are already vilified anyway, goes the twisted logic, at least the sky's the limit in that arena. I'm not making excuses for the black criminal—I despise him for poisoning and shooting more of my people than the cowardly Klan ever did. But we need to understand him as a human being if we're ever going to save him, or at least save his younger brother or son.

When black folks mention slavery, the rest of America yawns. But our country, with its history as the home of the slave, has yet to reconcile its reputation as the land of the free. Slavery was as evil an act as ever committed by anyone on the planet. Nazis, the Khmer Rouge—that's not the sort of company Americans like to keep. It may seem like ancient history to whites, but it doesn't to blacks. Today's problems have deep roots, and until we understand the dark side of our history, our nation will never pull itself out of its current racial morass.

If, in American popular culture, black signifies poor, ignorant and angry, then white signifies upper-middle class, educated and moderate. From *Ozzie & Harriet* to *Home Improvement*, upper-middle-class white households are passed off as average white families. The lives of white folks are cleaned up and idealized. Popular culture assumes you will attend some sort of college, own a home and marry the mother of your child. You are defined by the richest, handsomest, smartest and kindest of you. We are defined by our worst. Although 75 percent of black men never have anything to do with the criminal justice system, we are looked on as anomalies, freaks of nature or, worse, thugs-in-waiting.

Sadly, black people are starting to believe the bad press. If we string two sentences together, other black folks say, "Oh, my, how well-spoken he is." If we are married to the mothers of our children, Delores Williams, a black activist in Los Angeles, hands us a certificate and invites us to an awards banquet. So little is expected of us that even our half efforts are wildly and inappropriately praised.

Finally, and curiously, some of the stereotypes that make us seem the least human—and the most animalistic—also make us seem the most male. We are famous around the world for our physical and sexual potency. And what is more at the essence of stereotypical machismo than bulging muscles and big dangling balls? Although we hate being America's villains, it's not always all bad. In America, villains have always been perversely revered.

Trey Ellis is the author of "Platitudes." His forthcoming novel, "Home Repairs," will be published in June by Simon and Schuster.

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By ASA BABER

JOE CARDILLO

PRUDES AT SEA

Howie Mandel gave a concert to an audience of Naval Academy midshipmen in Annapolis, Maryland, this past August. At one point during his manic routine, Mandel invited the women in the audience to step up on stage and "perform oral sex," as the Associated Press so delicately stated it. In other words, Howie asked for a blow job. Which is vintage Mandel.

If you have seen his act, you know that Mandel captures a certain kind of crazy male humor. But his humor is also what gets him into trouble. Male humor—direct, bawdy and unashamed—is under siege today, and what happened to Mandel at Annapolis proves it.

If you claim that you are shocked by Mandel's invitation as reported by the AP, let me ask you three basic questions: (1) Breathes there a man with soul so dead who doesn't think frequently about the glories of oral sex? (2) If you were giving a concert at Annapolis and had some adoring female fans out there, would not the wild and crazy part of you want to say exactly what Mandel said? (3) If you deny both of the above, have you looked in a mirror lately?

Let's admit what Mandel admits: As men, we are a perpetually horny bunch of guys. We love sex and we love to laugh about sex.

But I can hear the voice of the prude as I write this. The voice of the prude wants to stifle our male humor. It wants to make us live by the standards of the most puritanical and prim.

"So, Ace," the voice asks, "you admit that in matters of sexual humor, men are often immature and juvenile?"

Absolutely.

"And that men are rude, crude and beyond salvation when they joke about sex and love?"

No question about it.

"So when Howie Mandel does his routine, you want people to simply sit back and enjoy his lewdness?"

Mandel is a comedian. If you invite him to perform, give him room to work. Those who are offended can leave the hall. But don't make your standards our standards.

There is only one way to deal with the folks who would censor male humor. And that is to get in their collective face and be blunt about it. Call their bluff—or give up your right to laugh at sex.

Still, the voice of the prude is everywhere. The academy superintendent was shocked by Mandel's performance. "As superintendent, I apologize to everyone in the audience," Rear Admiral Thomas C. Lynch said in the academy newspaper. "No one should be subjected to that brand of humor at this great institution."

Commander Mike John, an academy spokesman, added his own support to the admiral's remarks. "If we hadn't already cut a check for the concert, we wouldn't have paid [Mandel]," he was quoted as saying.

In addition to fearing for the future of male humor, I now also fear for the combat effectiveness of the Navy. If Lynch and John are training our young men and women to be Navy and Marine officers in battle, our country's future may be at risk.

Clearly, the academy is schooling an exquisitely polite and politically correct group of naval leaders—but if the men at Annapolis shrink before the likes of Howie Mandel, are they not too pure and sweet for the grit and grime of war?

My guess is that the officers, staff and midshipmen of Annapolis will probably take the shaming of their commanding officer and his spokesman without protest. Those who go along, get along.

Between rumors of sexual shenanigans during the Gulf war and the dark publicity about the Tailhook Association convention, maybe the Navy is running scared. Whatever the case, censoring Mandel's humor is counterproductive.

Most likely, there will be no faculty-student petition demanding that Admiral Lynch retract his puritanical pose. There will probably be no editorials in the academy newspaper praising Mandel as a comic and celebrating his brand of humor. There will be no public talk of diversity of thought.

No, the midshipmen at Annapolis will suppress themselves. They will condone their superintendent's morality, and they will hope thereby to avoid all confrontation with him. (They will not stop fantasizing about oral sex, of course, but their public pose will be that of the neutered humanoid—a pose very few of them are comfortable with.)

Sadly, today's Americans (especially men) tend to shut up and guiltily beg for pardon whenever they are scolded about their love of sexual laughter and play. They know that a smile or chuckle or guffaw at the wrong moment can lead to charges of high crimes and misdemeanors. It has come to this: Inappropriate humor can get you sued or fired . . . or threatened with nonpayment!

I don't know about you, my fellow American men, but I am really tired of our hushed reactions to those people who would shut us up and clean up our act. I happen to be a man who has refused to be quiet in the face of censorship and harsh judgments for many years now, and I want some company.

I need backup. I need close air support and naval gunfire. How about it, Navy midshipmen? Are you ready to take back your humor? Soon, sometime soon, roll out a big banner in the dining hall that says FREE HOWIE MANDEL. Give him a cheer. Let your voices be heard. Kick some ass. Take some names.

Mandel is your brother, not your enemy. He has the courage to say what most of you guys think. Don't go along with those who spurn him. Make some noise.

It won't be easy and it won't be pretty, but you'll feel better after you do it, I promise. And you'll strike a blow for freedom, for laughter, for blow jobs—and for our right as men to proclaim our universal love of sex and pleasure.

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

In the Irish night, the moon looked smudged and insecure through the microscopic mist. My face and raincoat were soaked. I had a huge scarf tied around my head, looking like my own Jewish grandmother as I stood at the edge of the lake in a quiet valley surrounded by the hulking mountains of Connemara. I heard a dog bark from a farmhouse a mile away. The 18-year-old boy put his arm around my waist. "Kiss me," he said.

I don't like the way things shaped up with this Woody Allen thing. When the news first came out, I didn't want to be one of the knee-jerk feminists booing during *Husbands and Wives*. I was prepared to be magnanimous, prepared not exactly to forgive but to feel compassion for the self-destructive behavior of our beloved tortured genius. I wanted everyone to pity the man, not to ostracize him.

What I wasn't prepared for was the elasticity of our collective unconscious. Somehow, society has stretched itself to absorb Woody's problems. Somehow, everybody thinks it's OK that he's sleeping with his ex-girlfriend's daughter. In fact, it's more than OK. Woody has made old men with young girls downright trendy.

Jesus. If Mia had done the same thing, she would have been the object of everyone's ridicule. People regard older women who have young lovers as predatory and pathetic. Whereas geriatric men with college girls are studs. Men get every fucking break.

Just before I went to Ireland, I accompanied my comedian friend to a Malibu party. There was this guy there (I'm not mentioning names, but he was a famous activist in the Sixties and then became a chic lefty politician). Dogs and children romped in the waves as bodybuilding caterers served turkeyburgers. Mr. Activist picked up the phone and dialed. "Could you please bring the dog over now?" he said and paused. "I know you're sick, but I'd really like you to bring the dog over now, please."

Moments later a pretty girl with runny eyes and a red nose arrived with a panting yellow Lab. "You're not mad at me, are you?" she asked the activist.

"Goddamn it," I said to my friend. "You know why men like younger women?"

"Because of their petal-soft flesh and perky breasts?" he asked.

"A young woman is the perfect status symbol for men to show off to their friends. Plus, they think it will be easier to boss a young girl around. They're right. Grown women don't take as much shit from men as young girls do."

TATJANA MIKIMANIC

NATURE IS A BITCH

"Although some guys want total control," the comedian said, "other guys want a woman to have adventures with and tell everything to and fall down laughing with."

"That makes me feel better," I said grudgingly.

"Of course, if she's a twenty-two-year-old leggy supermodel, so much the better," he added.

Not that I blame men. OK, I do, but only because I am a bad sport. It's biology's fault. Nature is not a feminist. If nature were a feminist, women would have no biological clock and no menopause. Instead of being born with all the eggs we'll ever have, women would produce new eggs until we were 80, giving birth would be a breeze and there would be no such thing as a stretch mark. Men would run out of sperm when they were 50, whereupon everyone would approve as we dumped our flabby husbands and scooped up young dudes and started a whole new life, a whole new family.

But nature doesn't care about women, nature cares only about the perpetuation of the species. Nature is a bitch.

On the way to Ireland I stopped in London to visit Louisa. We lay on the floor of her flat stuffing ourselves with cream cakes and discussing why men chase babies. I told her my theories of status and power.

"I don't think it's that," Louisa said. "I think men fear aging, which means they fear death, which means if they find a young popsy without crow's-feet, they think they'll live forever."

"But it doesn't work that way at all," I said. "When I was with the Kiwi, who was eleven years younger, I felt old and silly. If anything, being with him underlined my fears of aging, my fears of death."

"Which," said Louisa, "simply proves you are not a man."

In Ireland I looked up my friend Jenny. Jenny had had a fairy-tale romance with her boss, 15 years older. She was the most ecstatic bride, going from a low-paid clerk to Lady of the Manor with a glamourous, dashing husband. We arranged to meet in a pub.

Jenny arrived, thin as a stick. "I'm leaving him," she said, puffing greedily on a cigarette. "All he wants to do is hang around with his old friends and play bridge. He never wants to go out dancing or anything, and it's gross when he wants to have sex. He has so many love handles he needs a bookmark to find his shorts.

"If he'd only do things at the spur of the moment, just once in a while, I could take it. But he's so careful, so bossy, so dull. I'm young. I need fun! I need excitement! In twenty years he'll be dead and I won't be pretty anymore!"

"And here everyone thought you were Cinderella," I said.

Jenny put out her cigarette. "If there's one thing I've learned, it's that there's no such thing as happily ever after."

There was a baby cook at my hotel in the paralyzingly beautiful Irish countryside. His face wasn't even fully formed. I didn't feel right about going out with him, but what the hell. I didn't want to kiss him, but what the hell.

The real mistake was sleeping with him. I felt the chasm of the decades between us. He was so far away I felt I was sleeping with another species. It was like bestiality. It was really funny.

I am definitely not a man.

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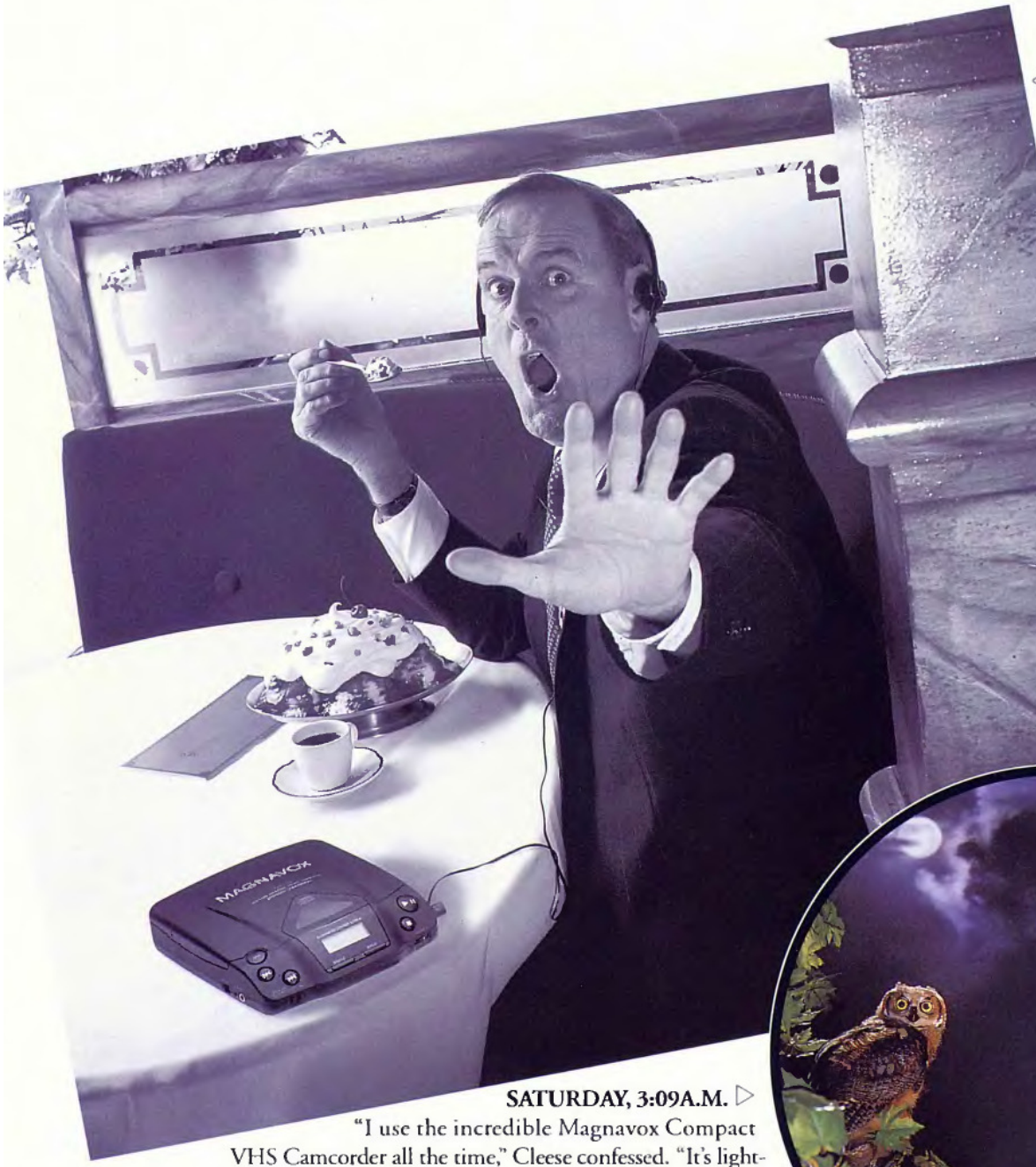

◁ **SUNDAY, 1:10 P.M.**
Mr. Cleese is caught with his secret love: the brilliant Magnavox Portable CD Player. Apparently he has fallen under the spell of the Bitstream conversion that gives pure digital sound, and the fact that it's also a Car CD Player with an anti-shock mechanism. This photograph also shows that Mr. Cleese is one of five people in the world who actually likes butterscotch ice cream.

SATURDAY, 3:09A.M. ▷
"I use the incredible Magnavox Compact VHS Camcorder all the time," Cleese confessed. "It's lightweight. Has an 8 to 1 power zoom lens. And with a 1 lux sensitivity, I can shoot this annoying owl who appears by my window every night." When we asked the owl about Mr. Cleese, he said, "Who?"

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△ **MONDAY, 6:48 P.M.** This shocking series of photographs proves that the Magnavox CD Radio Cassette Recorder is so incredible that it inspires everyone, even Mr. Cleese, to carry it everywhere. Perhaps it's because the CD Radio Cassette Recorder has digital tuning, auto reverse, and a turbo bass generator for greatly enhanced bass reproduction. When asked, Mr. Cleese summed it up brilliantly: "Hey, Dude, it's totally awesome."

TUESDAY, 10:42 P.M. ▷ This photograph exposes the ingenious Magnavox 27" Stereo Color TV for what it really is: a brilliant, state-of-the-art television that comes with a Universal Remote, Stereo Sound and–when hooked up to the clever Magnavox Hi-Fi VCR–features a color Smart Window™ that allows Mr. Cleese to watch the game and practice his Russian Folk Dancercizes ...at the same time!

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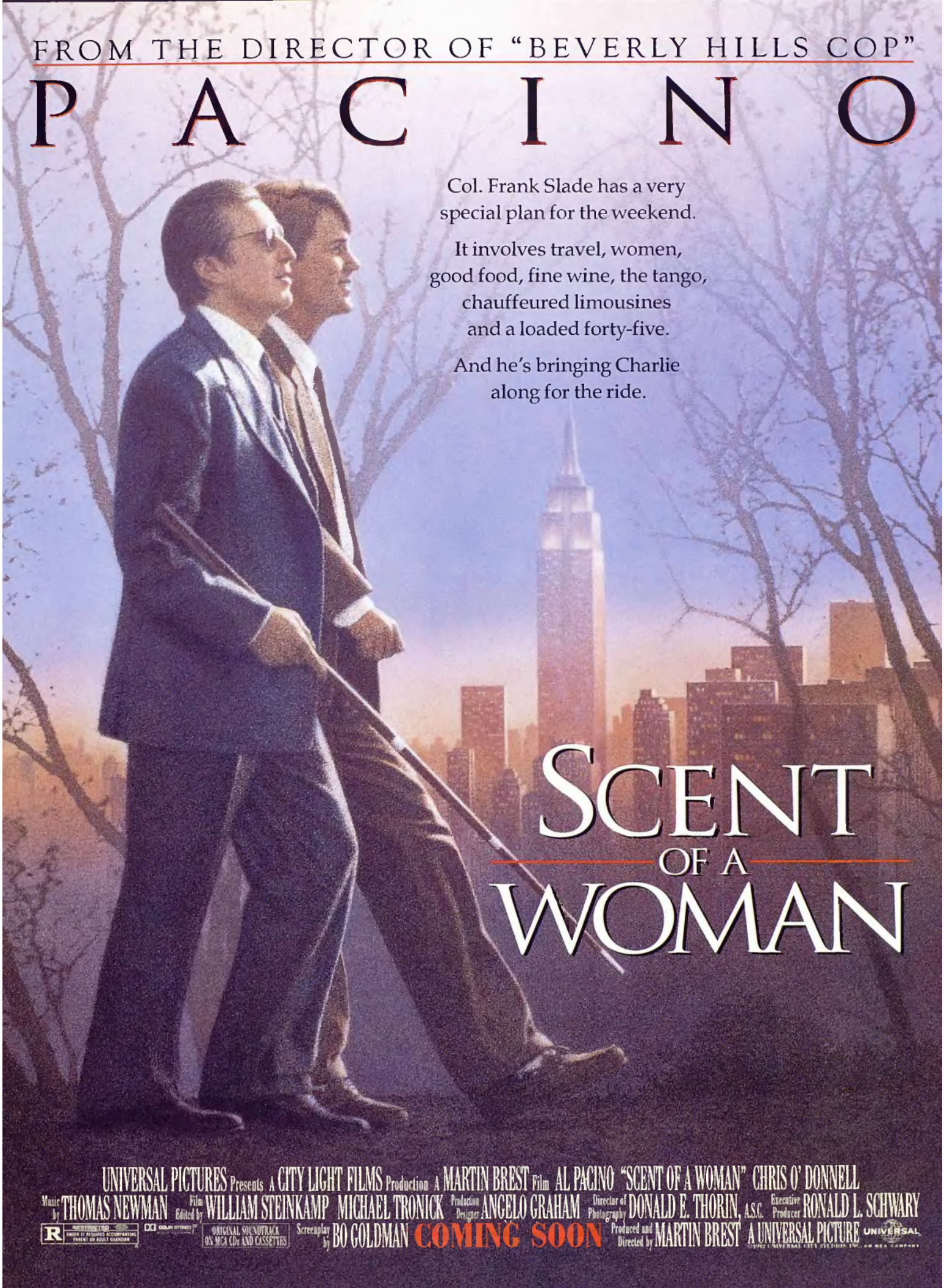
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Every day I see attractive women who arouse me sexually. My girlfriend knows and doesn't mind, saying, "I don't care where you get your appetite. Just come home for dinner." But by the time I get home, even my sexy lover has trouble turning me on. Maybe I'm too tired. Maybe all those sexual zings during the day deplete me. What do you think?—W. T., Forest Hills, New York.

We think you should try hanging on to those daily turn-ons by "simmering" them, a technique sex therapist Bernie Zilbergeld describes in his recent book, "The New Male Sexuality." Whenever you're aware of a sexual feeling, get into it. Take some time and imagine in detail all the hot fun you'd like to have with each woman who turns you on. Then let the fantasy go. An hour later, return to it and relive it. Continue replaying your fantasies every hour or two, but as you leave work, substitute your real lover for your fantasy ladies. You might also call her and let her in on your imaginings. Simmering keeps feelings of arousal bubbling until you and your love are ready to connect.

Frequently, after coming, I experience a tightness in my chest that lasts about 15 minutes. I don't smoke. I'm not ill. And my wife and I do it in the same house, in the same bed, with the same sets of linens we've used for years, so I don't think I'm allergic to anything. After two years of postsex chest tightness, I asked my doctor about it. He didn't have a clue. Do you? Could sex cause it?—G. N., Tampa, Florida.

Researchers say the symptom is similar to exercise-induced asthma, the postathletics chest tightness and shortness of breath that many top athletes experience, among them, Olympian Jackie Joyner-Kersee. Of course, lovemaking isn't nearly as strenuous as an Olympic track event, but it can produce the symptom you describe, which typically clears up within a half hour. Consult an asthma specialist, who may give you a prophylactic medicine to use before having sex.

Being an avid scuba diver, I used to make a yearly pilgrimage with my buddies to exotic dive sites in Hawaii or off the Florida Keys. Now I want to turn my girlfriend on to the sport, but I need to find someplace where she doesn't have to rough it. I'd also like a place where she can earn her certification—she's not into spending her free time after work at the bottom of the local community pool. Any suggestions?—P. N., New Haven, Connecticut.

You're actually a short plane ride from a few places that boast modern resort-style accommodations above the waterline and that are close to pristine reefs below it. Marina Del Mar, on the island of Key Largo, is a 30-minute boat ride from the only living coral reef in the continental U.S. To add a more foreign flavor to your trip, consider Palmas Del Mar on Puerto Rico, or the Hyatt Regency on Grand Cayman. At both hotel complexes, shallow and deep dive sites are a bit closer (five to 20 minutes away), and the wildlife of Grand Cayman is stunning: Stingrays and turtles abound. The newest resort is Club Med's Columbus Isle (reputedly, Columbus first landed here 500 years ago) on the largely uninhabited island of San Salvador in the Bahamas. Unlike other Club Meds—with their singles' scenes and dormitory-type atmospheres—Columbus Isle was built specifically for couples. Coral reefs and wrecks start 300 feet offshore, and other dive sites are less than half an hour away. All of the above offer PADI or NAUI certification courses for beginners. They are great places where your girlfriend doesn't have to worry about her next meal—she can just worry about learning how to dive. And then you can take her to Belize for your next trip.

Combining sex and television, my girlfriend and I give each other long, slow hand jobs as we watch our favorite shows. After caressing her between the legs, I insert a finger or two, which makes her squirm with what I thought was delight. But recently she confessed discomfort when I go "low and inside." What am I doing wrong?—A. C., Hermosa Beach, California.

Inserting those fingers. Some women like it low and inside, but your girlfriend is clearly not one of them. Despite what you may have seen women doing with dildos and cucumbers in X-rated videos, few women insert anything when masturbating. Many women prefer gentle caresses of the pubic hair, vaginal lips and clitoris.

One of my fantasies is to pick up a woman in a bar and have her join my wife and me in bed. My wife says that no one does that. I don't imagine ménages à trois are common, but surely some couples must try it. Any idea how many?—T. L., Boulder, Colorado.

A lot fewer than have the fantasy. In a recent survey by Kinsey Institute sex researchers at the University of Indiana, three percent of married men and one percent of married women admitted having tried a threesome. The vast majority said they'd done it only once.

Having hooked up a video printer to my television set, I am now considering adding a photo CD player to the mix. The question is, will I be able to make prints from the CD?—F. W., Chicago, Illinois.

Yes . . . but. Video printers can reproduce any image on the television screen, including those from a photo CD, but only at current TV-quality resolution. Compared with what you'd get if you went to a photo finisher, that's significantly inferior (about 458 lines of resolution versus the equivalent of 1048). Of course, if you're interested in printing only wallet-sized photos of your girlfriend, a video printer is a convenient and quick alternative.

Taking the advice PLAYBOY gave in the June 1992 fashion feature, I purchased a washed-silk suit and a selection of silk shirts. Now I need to know how to clean them. Any advice?—G. R., San Diego, California.

You've gone six months without washing them? To maintain the suede texture of washed silk, your best bet is to hand-wash the suit and shirts yourself. Use cool water with a mild detergent such as Woolite, and then either lay the garments flat or hang them up so they retain their shape while drying. If hand-washing is too much of a hassle, you can machine-wash silk. Just stick with the gentle cycle for the best results.

My wife and I have our best sex after fights. The sex is fantastic, but I worry that we're picking fights just to have fun in bed afterward. Is this a problem?—J. E., Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Only if one of you gets hurt. Anger and sexual arousal both involve powerful emotions. They cause a buildup of physical and emotional excitement and ultimately lead to its release. After arguments, some couples feel closer and more intimate, which is why

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

fights can be preludes to great sex. If that's how it is in your relationship, then your spats may be a mutually satisfying part of your foreplay. But beware if fighting always precedes lovemaking, if physical violence occurs during your fights or if there are feelings of increased emotional distance afterward. These suggest a need for professional counseling.

My girlfriend and I plan to travel abroad extensively during the year. How can we get information on vaccinations, health precautions and other travel advice?—T. E., Baltimore, Maryland.

*There are several numbers that come in handy when you're looking for consistent, reliable information: The Centers for Disease Control's International Travelers Hotline, 404-332-4559, provides information on diseases, vaccinations and food and water precautions for any number of countries. The Aviation Safety Institute, 800-848-7386, gives advice about airport security and flight safety. Travel advisories on crime, health and politics in foreign countries are available through the State Department's Citizens Emergency Center, 202-647-5225. For an update on weather conditions in a specific area, call 1-900-*WEATHER, *and for 95 cents a minute, they'll tell you when the plains of Spain are mainly wet with rain.*

Although I've been lucky to have many of my college friends live in the same city as I do, it seems I never see any of them. Do you have any suggestions for getting friends together without throwing a big bash every few weeks?—P. S., Miami, Florida.

Try creating a supper club—what you might call a salon with an appetite. A dozen friends alternate keeping the good-old-boy (and girl) network alive by hosting a Sunday evening meal and sharing conversation and commentary. The host provides the food and liquor, so there's no scrambling around Sunday morning by the guests to find a good bottle of wine or red peppers for the salad. And there are no expectations of grandeur; pasta is perfectly acceptable if you put some effort into the sauce. Each week's host also can invite a few "ringers" to network or stimulate conversation. Another alternative: Meet once a month at a restaurant famous for its Sunday brunch. We've even heard arguments that such gatherings have become "the sex of the Nineties." We wouldn't go that far. But it is a regular meal.

Sex in the nude is fun, but lately my wife and I have discovered the special turn-on of doing it clothed—not just in pajamas or lingerie but fully dressed in business attire. We've been wearing loose clothes for easy access: boxer shorts and pleated slacks for me, and for her, billowy blouses, front-closing bras and flared skirts with stockings instead of panty hose. Any suggestions for doing it dressed?—B. R., Creve Coeur, Missouri.

Why limit yourself to business attire? Try doing it in baggy warm-up suits, stretchy beachwear, old gardening duds or the costumes you wore to your last masquerade party. We can imagine a wonderful evening spent digging into each other's closets for clothes to model and test for easy access, especially anything you no longer wear. Try cutting out pockets and crotches. That way you can reach a hand through in a crowded elevator.

I like the look of faded jeans, but they're more expensive than unwashed denim. Is there any way to get that used look without having to pay for it?—R. R., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Try this: Fill your washing machine with hot water. Add two cups of fabric softener and one teaspoon salt. Mix the solution well and then add the jeans. Soak them for half an hour and wash as usual.

My erections have always curved a little to the left, but recently they've become considerably worse, making intercourse a problem. Ten years ago a doctor told me my penis could be straightened surgically. But I couldn't see getting cut there. Has medical science come up with any new ways to treat this problem?—N. N., Sedona, Arizona.

Sorry, the treatment is still surgical. Nowadays doctors make a small tuck with stitches, which causes less bleeding, less risk of overcorrection (winding up with an erection bent in the opposite direction) and less loss of sexual sensitivity. The procedure is called penile plication, according to a report in The Journal of Urology. *Of 40 men ages 17 to 44 who had the procedure, the researchers said 96 percent were "completely satisfied" with the results.*

I'm seriously considering marrying a woman I truly love, but our sex is not the best I've ever had. It's not bad, just not great. Her desire isn't the problem, but she's not very experimental, so our lovemaking feels routine. Should I let this stand in the way of popping the question?—H. N., Saginaw, Michigan.

Not necessarily, but we suggest postponing it until you feel more positive about your love life. Sexual boredom is no way to begin a marriage. Of course, there's also some comfort in routines. We suggest a nice-and-easy approach to adding some zing to your lovemaking. Encourage your almost-fiancée to try just one new move a week. Take turns introducing it—you one week, she the next. Keep the process light and playful. Show her how much fun you both can have surprising each other. After a month or so, we hope you'll be enjoying an expanded sexual repertoire. Your ability to work out this problem before you head for the altar could provide important clues to your ability to work out other marital issues later.

Three months ago a friend's apartment was burglarized, and she hasn't been too cheery since. Apparently, the insurance company covered only a fraction of her loss. Now that I'm paranoid, is there anything I should know before I call an insurance agent and get an earful of mumbo jumbo?—A. C., Los Angeles, California.

Be certain to ask for replacement-cost coverage, which, while more expensive, guarantees your payoff will be enough to replace the items that were stolen or destroyed. Otherwise you'll get only the depreciated value, calculated by the insurance company (you can imagine how that works). Have the agent explain each section of the policy, and ask about "floater" coverage on personal articles if you own any particularly valuable items. Keep an inventory, photographs, receipts and appraisals off-premises to avoid losing your documentation and having too much interaction later with prickly, bargain-hungry claims adjusters.

Living in Manhattan, I'm concerned that if I buy a new car, it might turn up AWOL. Does anyone track which cars are stolen most often?—J. W., New York, New York

The government tracks thefts, but don't expect any automaker to brag that its models are "the choice of thieves." (Insurance companies find the numbers useful, however, in determining which car owners pay higher rates.) Because pros strip stolen cars for parts, which they then sell to unscrupulous body-shop owners, the hottest cars among crooks are several years old. Topping the list, the 1986 Chevrolet Camaro, followed by the 1987 and 1988 models. The 1987 and 1988 Pontiac Firebirds also disappear frequently. (Older models also are popular because petty thieves usually need a few years to figure out how to beat factory-installed antitheft devices.) Among new cars, those with the highest ratios of pinched to production include the Mazda 626, MX-6 and RX-7, the Ford Mustang, the Volkswagen Cabriolet, the Nissan 300ZX, the Toyota Supra, the Cadillac Seville and Brougham, the Porsche 928 and the Geo Metro. Station wagons weight the bottom of the list.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

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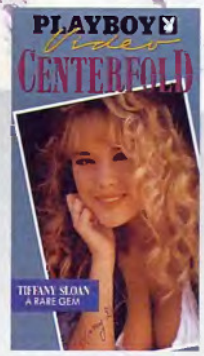

Playmates in Paradise

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IN PRAISE OF CLARENCE THOMAS?

An evaluation of the newest justice's first year on the bench, this article was deemed too controversial (or ironic), according to the New York Times *law column, for* Reconstruction, *the noted black journal that commissioned it. The article is presented here with minor editing. The author is a law professor at Indiana University.*

By CRAIG BRADLEY

When I was a youth, my mother often admonished me: "If you can't say something good about someone, don't say anything at all." Heeding this advice, I will not discuss the cynical and perverse use of racial politics that led to Justice Thomas' nomination to the Supreme Court, his lack of qualifications, his duplicity in claiming that he had never formed an opinion on, or even seriously discussed, the constitutional right to an abortion and his hypocritical claim that Anita Hill's allegations against him constituted a "high-tech lynching for uppity blacks." I will leave these unpleasant comments to those whose mothers did not adequately acquaint them with the finer tenets of polite behavior.

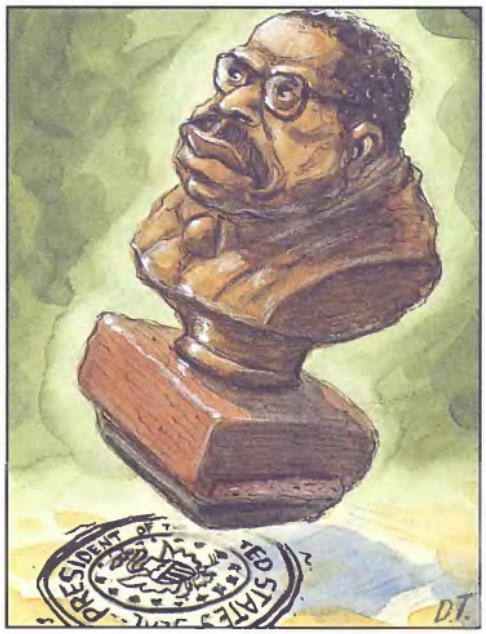
At this point, uncharitable readers may be thinking, If you can't say anything bad about Clarence Thomas, what's to say? To these Thomas doubters I say, "Pshaw! Look at his record last term in criminal law and procedure."

At first glance, it may seem that Justice Thomas is about as warm to the plight of criminal suspects and prisoners as that frosty can of Coke on his desk at the EEOC. But, what the heck. These people are scum anyway, right? Justice Thomas is for giving them exactly what they deserve.

Take, for example, *Hudson vs. McMillan*. The majority opinion described Hudson's injuries as follows: Hudson was in handcuffs and shackles; one guard "punched him in the mouth, eyes, chest and stomach," while another "kicked and punched him from behind. . . . The blows loosened Hudson's teeth and cracked his partial dental plate, rendering it unusable for several months."

In his dissent, Thomas argued that Hudson did not suffer cruel and unusual punishment because he did not demonstrate a "significant injury."

Only Justice Scalia agreed with this narrow reading of the Eighth Amendment, while such weak-kneed, soft-on-crime liberals as Rehnquist, White and O'Connor held it was a violation of Hudson's constitutional rights and the basis for a federal civil action.



DARREN THOMPSON

In another criminal case, *Riggins vs. Nevada*, Justice Thomas again demurred from the same lily-livered majority that prevailed in *Hudson*. Even Justice Scalia did not fully appreciate the wisdom of Justice Thomas' "don't mollycoddle criminals" approach. In this case, the pusillanimous majority objected to a defendant's compulsory medication prior to trial. The majority accepted the defendant's claim that he may not have fully comprehended the proceedings against him. They also accepted the argument that forcing him to appear at the trial in a medicated state deprived the jury of the opportunity to observe the psychotic behavior underlying his insanity defense.

Justice Thomas began his dissent by pointing out that Riggins was a no-good murderer who stabbed his victim 32 times. He then said that the state court's findings—that Riggins' defense was not impaired—were good enough for him, and that Riggins should be required to prove that the result of the trial would have been different if he had not been medicated. (Lots of luck proving that, Riggo!) Finally, in a portion of the opinion that even the usually staunch Justice Scalia did not have the guts to join, he asserted that once a psychiatric patient has agreed to be medicated, he waives any future right to demand that medication be discontinued.

Despite Justice Thomas' largely unblemished record of voting for the state and against the defendant, there was one case in which he cast the deciding vote in a five-to-four decision reversing the defendant's conviction. In so doing, he disagreed with Justice Scalia, with whom he usually sings in harmony. What case caused the milk of human kindness to run in Justice Thomas' otherwise icy veins?

The case of the hapless Keith Jacobson, who was entrapped by wily government agents into placing a mail order for child pornography. How can Thomas, a man undisturbed by shackled prisoners being beaten by prison guards, find a constitutional error in this kind of enterprising police behavior? Why was he sympathetic to this man? Speculation on this point would be utterly without redeeming social value.

Justice Thomas is now in place to strike blow after blow against the kind of wild-eyed judicial activism that brought us school integration, freedom of choice and the right of criminal defendants to counsel. Let pinkos like Hodding Carter III call him one of the "kept men" of the Reagan–Bush era. I dub him Bork's Revenge.

LAYING BLAME

I enjoyed *The Playboy Forum*'s "The Blameless Society II" (August). As an avid biblical researcher, I've found that the first record of blame shifting is in Genesis 3:12, when, after committing spiritual suicide by disobeying God, Adam conveniently blames the woman for his actions and blames God for giving her to him. The actual sin is hidden in a figure of speech. The moral? In a spiritually bankrupt individual, the first characteristic of human nature is to shift blame. It's only natural.

Nick Ritter
Westmont, Illinois

AIDS

Your editorial response to the letter by Tim Wilkes on "No Sex Ed" ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, August) identifies three major contributors to the transmission of HIV: homosexual sex, IV-drug use and blood transfusions. You further state that teenagers need more information because they haven't gotten the message. There is no one in America who does not know that the transmission of AIDS is directly associated with sexual activity and IV-drug use. To make a claim to the contrary is pure bullshit. We are asked to pour millions of dollars into education to accomplish nothing more than a restatement of the obvious. It is fruitless to spend more money to correct a problem that begins with the people, not with the government.

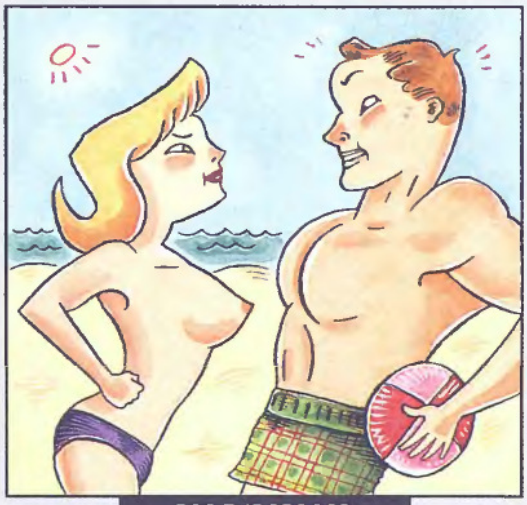
Kirby L. Wallace
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Whatever happened to "we, the people"? While most Americans may be aware of the most common forms of transmission of the AIDS virus, they still do not consider themselves at risk. The difference between knowing and acting is the difference between life and death. Life is worth the effort.

CLEAN BREAKS

Imagine that, though totally innocent, you are mistakenly charged with "possession of a schedule II controlled substance with the intention of distribution." Six months later, when the charges are finally dropped, your record is again clean—right? Wrong. How many hundreds of American citizens who have found themselves in a similar situation don't yet realize that, even though cleared of charges, they still have a criminal record? That is the usual practice. In Anderson County, South Carolina, an effort has blossomed to encourage our representative to introduce legislation that would require all dropped charges to be purged from federal records. Ask your congressperson to follow suit—sponsoring such a bill might turn out to be good privacy insurance. Ignore the issue and it could become an act you'll live to regret.

Gus Wentz
Sandy Springs, South Carolina



FOR THE RECORD

REALITY CHECK

Gwen Jacob was arrested for indecent acts because she shed her shirt one warm day in a town in Ontario, Canada. In court she argued that breasts are not sexual organs and that men's and women's breasts should be equal under the law. Judge Bruce Payne didn't think so. His judgment: "Anyone who thinks that the male breast and the female breast are the same is not living in the real world."

BACKLASH

Last February a group of Canadian feminists, aided by Catharine MacKinnon, convinced Canada's Supreme Court that violent or degrading sexually explicit material is harmful to women. Since Canada essentially adopted the new standard, only one publication has been prosecuted: a lesbian magazine produced by women for women. The magazine, *Bad Attitude*, features pictures of bound naked women that, under the Canadian criminal code, have the dominant characteristic of "undue exploitation of sex" and are therefore in violation of the regulation. The feminists cried foul, claiming that erotic images of women produced by women differ from the pornographic images produced by men and are, in fact, political statements. Give me a break.

Matthew Falk
Ontario, Canada

BATTERED WOMEN

In response to feminist pressure over the past two years, several governors have pardoned women imprisoned for killing their mates, citing the battered-woman syndrome as cause for mercy. Courts now routinely accept as a defense the profile of the battered spouse who, having endured long-term abuse, feels incapable of extricating herself and kills her husband in self-defense. I don't buy it. What this defense really implies is that men are fair game for homicide because of some innate brutality. Where's the justice in that?

Michael Rose
Jamaica, New York

Good PR does not justice make. There has been a good deal of judicial sympathy surrounding cases of spousal homicide. Statistics reveal that while wife battering is a real trauma, it has been used to justify acts that closely resemble premeditated murder. The Baltimore Sun *and* The Columbus Dispatch *investigated several of the women pardoned under this defense: One woman hired a hit man to kill her husband, then collected on his life insurance. Six had discussed killing their spouses before doing so, and two had tracked down and then killed husbands from whom they were separated.*

CHURCH AND STATE

As a resident of San Diego, I read with interest about the Christian activism in my neighborhood ("The

RESPONSE

Myth of Church and State," *The Playboy Forum*, October). It's sad that these so-called Christians continue to rely on an archaic, often altered and routinely misinterpreted manuscript to judge other people's existences. To live one's life based on principles outdated by human experience, reasoning and scientific discovery is to live in the dark recesses of godly inspired intellect.

Jeffrey David Allen
San Diego, California

In response to Bob Howells' article on Christian activism, the Christian Coalition must be stopped. If its beliefs become any more warped, it should be committed not only for its own safety but for that of each and every U.S. citizen. Without freedom of religion, this country could easily become like many countries of the Middle East, where a single state-endorsed religion controls everyone's lifestyle regardless of individual belief. Remember the restrictions placed on our U.S. service people during Desert Storm? All non-Muslim religious artifacts had to be hidden, and there were restrictions on food, alcohol, women's dress and actions. That was a theocracy at work. Any wonder most of us want—and the country needs—a guaranteed separation of church and state?

David Kveragas
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania

VERDICTS

In the interest of maintaining a right to privacy, freedoms of press, assembly and speech and other constitutional freedoms, a coalition called the Fully Informed Jury Association is working to resurrect the little-known legal doctrine of jury veto power. Under this doctrine, trial jurors can acquit a defendant, regardless of submitted evidence, on the basis of jury disagreement with the law itself. America's founders considered this power to be the final check on government. To this day, jurors legally retain the traditional power to vote according to conscience, without fear of reprisal. Without it there would be the frightening possibility that the Bill of Rights could come to be prohibited by law. Unfortunately, judges routinely—and wrongly—tell jurors that they must follow the law as they explain it, so most people are not aware of their tremendous power. The FIJA has been working to restore that knowledge for the past three years. For more information, call 1-800-TEL-JURY.

Don Doig, FIJA National Coordinator
Larry Dodge, FIJA Field Representative
Helmville, Montana

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

If a man says to a woman employee, "Sleep with me and I'll give you a promotion," it's considered sexual harassment, whether or not the woman consents. Now, if a woman proposes to her boss, "Give me the promotion and I'll sleep with you," has the man been sexually harassed? Most people would say no. If the woman goes back on her promise after he promotes her, has the man then been sexually harassed? Probably. Is she guilty of breach of contract? Definitely. Can the man sue her for it and win? Not a chance.

David Harten
Williamsville, New York

A recent issue of the Reverend Donald Wildmon's *American Family Association Journal* offered a congressional scorecard for "family values." The idea was to indicate the correct vote for congressmen. Our idea? Look at what Wildmon calls family values. To wit:

Senate members had 13 chances to score big by voting for term limits, abstinence-based sex education, confirmation of Justice Clarence Thomas (Thomas, in case you forgot, said he didn't have an opinion on abortion), school prayer (the amendment tied the benefits of prayer to problems such as teen suicide, pregnancy, low SAT scores and sexually transmitted disease), choice in education, a presidential line-item veto (in effect, giving the president rather than Congress the ability to micromanage federal law), holding down taxes and the balanced-budget amendment (which would curtail such entitlement programs for the poor as Medicare). Senators needed to vote against abortion counseling at federally funded clinics, the midnight congressional pay raise, abortions in overseas military hospitals, taxpayer-funded "pornography" (e.g., the National Endowment for the Arts) and fetal-tissue research.

House members also had 13 chances to prove their worth to the family values pit bulls by voting for holding down taxes, abstinence-based sex education, congressional term limits, "economic growth" (versus "raising taxes") and the balanced-budget amendment—cutting back programs for the poor. They had to vote against franked mail service for Congress, surveys of human sexual behavior, taxpayer-funded abortions, hiring quotas (so employers wouldn't have to "defend" personnel decisions to civil rights commissions), abortions in overseas military hospitals, taxpayer-funded "pornography," abortion counseling at federally funded clinics and fetal-tissue research.

Hold on. Term limits? Line-item veto? These are family-value issues? Not in our house. As for the other issues . . . we don't have to tell you where we stand on those, do we?

READER RESPONSE

(continued)

JAILED IN THE U.S.A.

In response to Reg Potterton's "A Criminal System of Justice" (*The Playboy Forum*, September), I thought you might want to hear one person's experience with the war on drugs and mandatory minimum sentencing:

At seven A.M. on August 7, 1991, a knock on the front door woke my girlfriend, Debbie, and me.

"DEA—open up!"

"You got a warrant?"

"Yes."

"OK, c'mon in. It's open."

With guns drawn, matching windbreakers, baseball caps and jogging pants, 20 or so agents entered the beautiful house I'd built with my own hands over the past nine years. Identifying myself, I showed them the marijuana plants they demanded to see. I thought that they couldn't be seriously worried about a 50-year-old lawyer growing pot for his own use on his own property. I was going to be cooperative: I knew they could make this stage of the process horrible. They promised me Debbie wouldn't be arrested. Naively, I believed them.

Of course, they lied to me and arrested Debbie, too. After a few hours in jail, we were taken before a magistrate, who released us on our signatures pending trial.

I've smoked marijuana for the past 20 years, on a daily basis for 15 of those years. During that time I raised my two daughters (one's a lawyer, the other a high school history teacher). I've also learned three foreign languages, hung out with a guru and built a beautiful log and stone house from trees and rocks on my property. My house was heated with firewood I cut, and I grew my own vegetables. I even made jam from berry bushes on my property. I've maintained a successful law practice, winning precedent-setting cases in the highest court of New York. I was about to be installed as president of our county bar association.

The first thing the government did was to take my home and surrounding property, where I grew my pot. Then my license to practice law was put in jeopardy. All my work of the past 15 years was threatened.

Growing pot in New York is only a misdemeanor, but on the federal level, the charge was manufacturing marijuana, which carries a mandatory minimum sentence of five years if more than 100 plants are found. Five years! That's more than you'd get for a federal armed bank-robbery conviction.

My lawyer and I urged the U.S. district court that the federal threshold should not apply—only 55 of the plants seized should count since the rest were male and incapable of producing a high. The court didn't buy it.

I got five years. No one thought the five-year sentence was just. However, there it was on the law books, passed in 1988 as part of the Controlled Substance Act, a mandatory minimum sentence. It was an attempt to intimidate dealers and drug lords.

"I've had people charged with distributing dangerous drugs on the streets before me constantly during the past three years," Judge Vincent Broderick said when he sentenced me. "I've been able to sentence them to far less than what I'm sentencing Mr. Proyect to. . . . I'm very unhappy about imposing this sentence."

Judge Broderick allowed me to remain free until my appeal. I don't expect to win. I'm fighting the law, but the law is winning—and I now know that it's been a lot harsher for others in similar situations.

> *"It was dumb and he should be punished. But, my God, ten years!"*

What I didn't realize was that they—the Bushies and other conservatives who profit from drug-war hysteria—can't afford to permit people like me to exist. It ruins their smoke-and-mirrors routine to have productive members of society who are also pot smokers. So what do they do? They ruin them.

Joel Proyect
South Fallsburg, New York

Joel Proyect, an attorney for 25 years, often defends the homeless and indigent on a pro bono basis.

I want to thank you for running "A Criminal System of Justice." I hope you keep this issue in front of your readers until Congress amends mandatory minimum sentencing laws. My son-in-law, who had no prior convictions, was just sentenced to ten years with no probation for making a phone call in connection with a narcotics deal. It was a dumb thing and he should be punished. But, my God, ten years! Society is not being served by locking up people and throwing away the keys.

Cal Conniff
Longmeadow, Massachusetts

Structuring criminal sentencing with mandatory guidelines is a dehumanizing approach to justice. The creation of these guidelines under the guise of fairness and consistency has reduced the role of the judge from decision maker to courtroom attendant. Judges can no longer formulate sentences based on their judgments. They are bound by an inflexible, impersonal and formulaic approach. The current system makes the wrongheaded assumption that all drug cases are identical and therefore the same formula can be applied to yield a fair result each and every time. In reality, justice is not a mathematical equation. You can't plug in variable factors and obtain a consistent outcome. The legislature is forcing the judiciary to impose a consistent sentence, no matter what the mitigating factors. That's like jamming a square peg into a round hole.

Robert J. Roque
Miami, Florida

I am presently being held as a federal prisoner. Your article, "A Criminal System of Justice," is applauded by all of the federal inmates here who are fighting for their lives. Thank you for bringing the topic to the public's attention. Mandatory minimum laws and regulations are grossly disproportionate to the crimes committed. Alternate programs should be available, or the spirit and well-being of this country are in danger. Keep up the good work.

David Jines
Plymouth, Massachusetts

After reading Reg Potterton's moving article, I could not help but picture our forefathers who fought so hard to ensure our individual rights and liberties. These men, at great personal cost to themselves and their loved ones, founded a system of government guaranteed to protect every American from the tyranny they were forced to endure under another government's control. They must be spinning in their graves over how our government has destroyed what they created. Immediately after reading *The Playboy Forum*, I

wrote to each and every senator and congressman in my state about changing mandatory minimum sentences for first-time offenders. Although mandatory sentences may be a deterrent for serious repeat offenders, we must safeguard the rest of society from the abuses of their application.

Kathleen A. Schrama
Franklin, New Jersey

I just finished reading Reg Potterton's article and I'm horrified that our government could enact such a ridiculous piece of legislation. I am an active member of the NRA and have for years been a strong believer in its views on mandatory minimum sentencing for violent crimes and violent criminals. But I do not believe that a lopsided application of the law to drug-use cases will do anything but crucify otherwise peaceful, law-abiding citizens who have done nothing more damaging to our society than if they had made an illegal left turn. I believe drug dealers and pushers should get stiff sentences for their crimes. Drug users are the ones who should be considered for probation or community service, not murderers and rapists. If we're going to spend billions of dollars each year on our jails and justice system, then we damn well better get—and keep—the right people behind bars.

Mark M. Porter
Sparks, Nevada

Reg Potterton's article mentions Julie Stewart, who began Families Against Mandatory Minimums. I would like to obtain her address, as I am interested in trying to change mandatory minimum jail terms.

Karen Lee Baker
Medford, Oregon

The address for FAMM is 1001 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Suite 200 South, Washington, D.C. 20004; 202-457-5790.

Federal law on mandatory sentencing is flawed and distorts the true meaning of a crime. Tobacco is a drug, yet the tobacco industry is allowed to promote smoking through print and billboard advertising, and the federal government collects taxes from tobacco sales. Alcohol is a drug, yet commercials abound on television linking beer consumption to being sexy, athletic and having fun. And the federal government collects taxes from beer, wine and liquor sales. The federal law that makes growing 100 or more marijuana plants a felony punishable by a mandatory five-year prison sentence is cruel. It should be amended or taken off the books. Or maybe the federal government should just find a way to tax the stuff.

C. Richard Read
Parksville, New York

How long will it take the public to realize that first-time nonviolent offenders are in prison while violent repeat offenders are on the streets? I am a first-time drug offender with a 24-year mandatory sentence and I know just how true these stories are. The courts rely on the abuse of the individual's rights to obtain a conviction, all in the name of a useless war. Money spent on education and rehabilitation, not prisons, will deter drugs and crime.

Blake Anderson
Crowley, Colorado

On behalf of myself and my family, we wish to thank you for Reg Potterton's article. He did an outstanding job. Please keep up the good work.

Loren Pogue
Three Rivers, Texas

Pogue, the inspiration for Potterton's article, is serving a mandatory minimum 27-year sentence. His 25 children and foster children are waiting for his release.

WHO UPDATE

The World Health Organization tracks the status of global reproductive health as part of its mandate. In its 1990–1991 biennial report, it found the following:

More than 100 million acts of sexual intercourse take place daily, resulting in about 910,000 conceptions and about 350,000 cases of sexually transmitted disease.

Of the 150,000 abortions induced daily, one third are performed under unsafe, adverse conditions, resulting in approximately 500 deaths.

A fertility rate decrease from 6.5 to 3.5 (the average number of children per woman), indicative of successful family planning, was achieved in seven years in China, eight in Thailand, 15 in Colombia, 27 in Indonesia and 58 years in the U.S.

The report further indicates that progress in emphasizing reproductive health concerns has been discernible but slow:

Less than $63 million is spent annually on the research and development of new contraceptives. In the face of liability, development costs and political controversy, contraceptive research raises a red flag, and the pharmaceutical industry is taking a pass.

Globally, WHO found that more than 300 million couples still do not have access to family-planning services.

The WHO report concludes that reproductive health affects the global balance between population and natural resources. People who have inadequate services and little information are more likely to overpopulate and overuse natural resources. WHO sums up the need for global stability and cooperation with a nod to the technological revolution: "The last decades of this century will probably go down in human history as the decades of global consciousness. We live in the generation that had the first chance to see our planet from space for what it is, a small global village in an infinite universe."

HMH FIRST AMENDMENT AWARD WINNERS

heroes from the front line of free speech

What were the top news stories this past year? The trial of William Kennedy Smith? Woody Allen? Gennifer Flowers? Madonna? Murphy Brown? The dream team?

Now for the tough ones: Who killed the most Americans in the Persian Gulf? How much will the savings-and-loan bailout cost you, the taxpayer? Why do we know more about Roseanne than we do about Bosnia?

A free press doesn't have to be free of content or courage. Every year, Carl Jensen, a professor of communications studies at Sonoma State University, puts together a list of the top ten junk-food news stories. Jensen then lists the ten most-important-but-ignored stories. For that effort—reminding the press that we are watchdogs, not lapdogs—we gave Carl Jensen an HMH First Amendment Award for education.

There are some individuals who keep alive the spirit of the First Amendment, who pursue soul rather than celebrity. They are not your usual heroes. Dannie Martin says of himself: "I failed as a citizen and I failed as a bank robber. I turned to writing." Martin, a convicted felon, began reporting about life in prison in August 1986 with an article in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He quickly learned the price of criticizing his keepers: His 1988 article about a warden's new restrictions landed him in solitary confinement. Peter Sussman, an editor at the *Chronicle*, took up his cause and fought attempts by prison officials to silence Martin. Both Martin and Sussman received HMH First Amendment Awards for print journalism.

Natalie Robins is a distinguished poet and author. In 1984 she read about the FBI's surveillance of John Steinbeck. Curious, she made a random list of more than 100 authors and sent it to Washington with a Freedom of Information Act request. The FBI claimed that it had "no program of maintaining files on writers or anyone else in the communications profession, unless that individual or individuals concerned the subject of a possible legal violation of the law, or else some phase of intelligence under FBI jurisdiction." Apparently, literary aptitude is a phase of intelligence under FBI jurisdiction. In *Alien Ink: The FBI's War on Freedom of Expression*, Robins writes about 148 authors—from Ezra Pound and John Reed to James Baldwin and William F. Buckley, Jr.—who had to endure phone taps, mail searches and character assassinations. She discovered another 250 writers whose views on civil rights were sufficiently inflammatory to merit an FBI file. Robins' one-woman crusade won her an HMH Award for book publishing.

Not everyone who reads stories of government repression feels anger. Attorney Bruce Rogow has a different perspective. "He feels that those who would restrict speech and censor others do so with the best of intentions," says colleague Beverly Pohl. "Government's goal, when limiting First Amendment freedoms, is often to try to better the community or to protect those who need protecting. Too often, those good intentions run afoul of the First Amendment. But the Constitution, as a restraint on governmental

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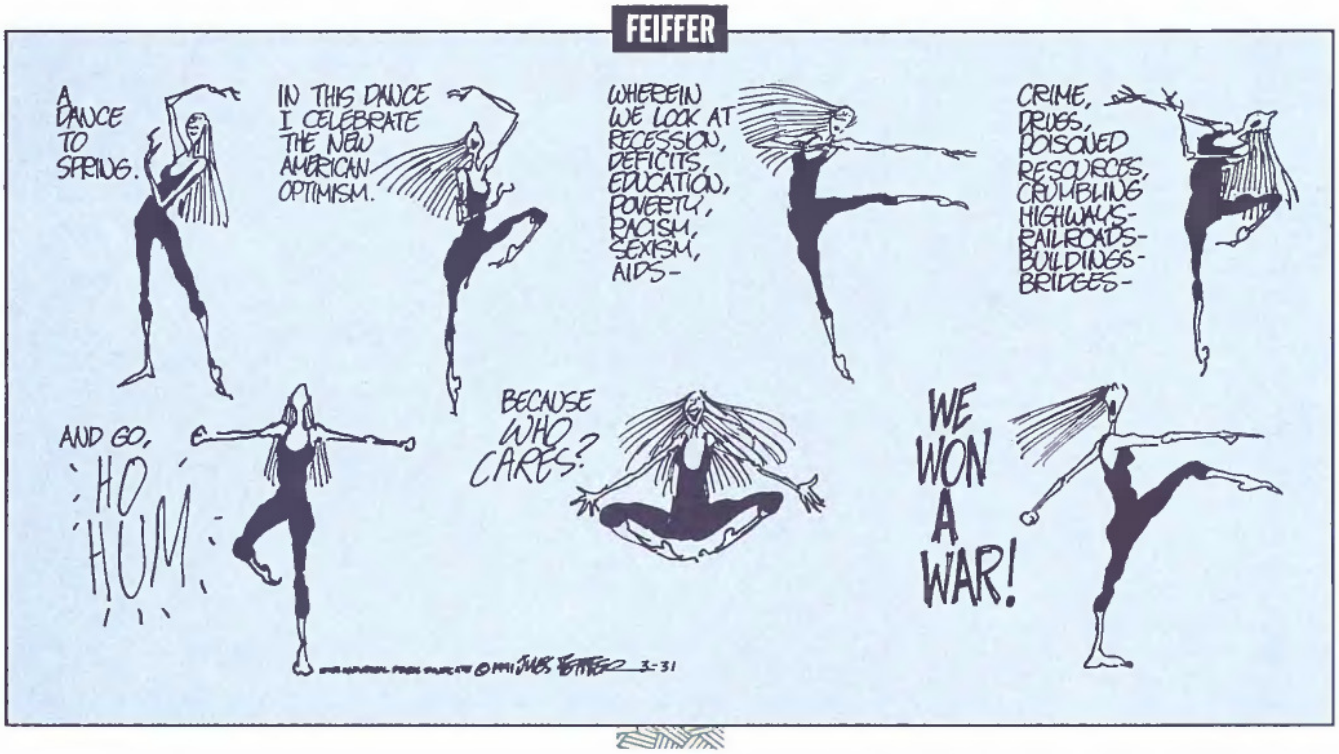
A DANCE TO SPRING.
IN THIS DANCE I CELEBRATE THE NEW AMERICAN OPTIMISM.
WHEREIN WE LOOK AT RECESSION, DEFICITS, EDUCATION, POVERTY, RACISM, SEXISM, AIDS-
CRIME, DRUGS, POISONED RESOURCES, CRUMBLING HIGHWAYS- RAILROADS- BUILDINGS- BRIDGES-
AND SO, HO HUM.
BECAUSE WHO CARES?
WE WON A WAR!
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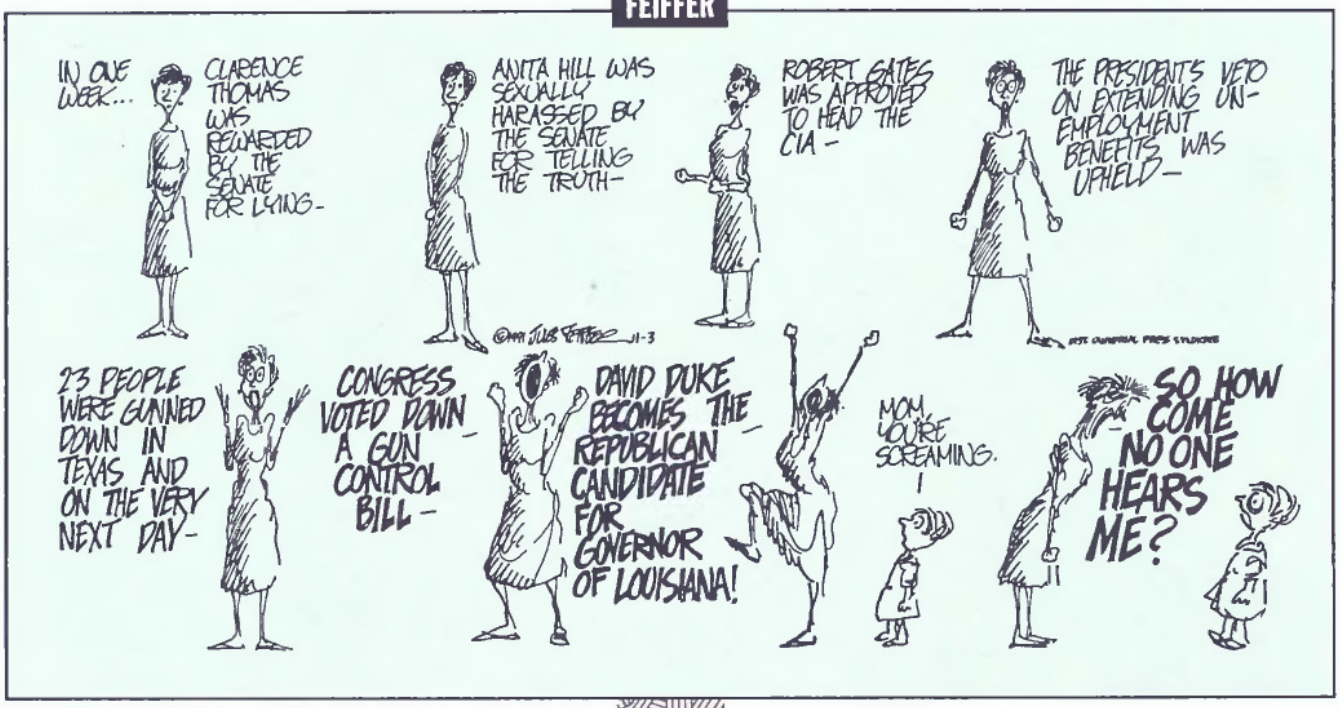
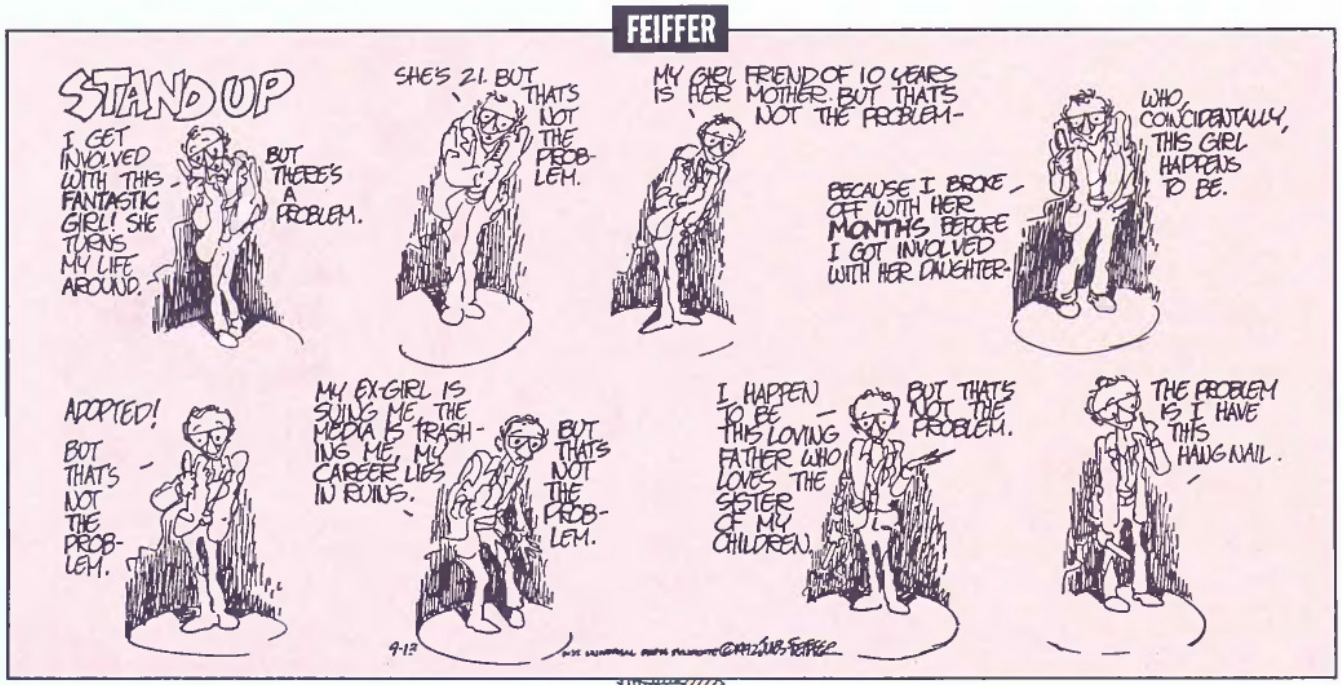

IN ONE WEEK...
CLARENCE THOMAS WAS REWARDED BY THE SENATE FOR LYING-
ANITA HILL WAS SEXUALLY HARASSED BY THE SENATE FOR TELLING THE TRUTH-
ROBERT GATES WAS APPROVED TO HEAD THE CIA -
THE PRESIDENT'S VETO ON EXTENDING UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS WAS UPHELD-
23 PEOPLE WERE GUNNED DOWN IN TEXAS AND ON THE VERY NEXT DAY-
CONGRESS VOTED DOWN A GUN CONTROL BILL -
DAVID DUKE BECOMES THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA!
MOM, YOU'RE SCREAMING.
SO HOW COME NO ONE HEARS ME?

power, is the true protection—protecting minority views from overzealous government and majoritarian censorship." Rogow takes that attitude into court and wins. He has successfully used the First Amendment to defend 2 Live Crew against charges of obscenity; to challenge the city of Miami when it threatened to evict the Cuban Museum of Art; to protect poor people demonstrating against housing discrimination, police harassment and unfair employment practices; to protect anti-nuclear demonstrators, gay groups, women's groups, Vietnam veterans, American Nazi Party members and Seminoles. He makes justice work for the people. In honor of this, he received the HMH Award for law.

Jules Feiffer, winner of the award for individual conscience, has been a foe of human inequity and a champion of the First Amendment for the better part of his life. The cartoonist, satirist, playwright, novelist and winner of a Pulitzer Prize says that he continues to draw because "they still aren't doing things my way. . . . My God, we've gone through this so many times, why can't we have it right just once? Everybody knows what's happening. It seems so little to ask that things go right."

Things go right only when we pay attention to what is important. While too often the media spend time on cotton-candy coverage of famous people making fools of themselves, we recognize a few individuals whose consciences keep the First Amendment alive.

FEIFFER


STAND UP
I GET INVOLVED WITH THIS FANTASTIC GIRL! SHE TURNS MY LIFE AROUND.
BUT THERE'S A PROBLEM.
SHE'S 21. BUT THAT'S NOT THE PROBLEM.
MY GIRL FRIEND OF 10 YEARS IS HER MOTHER. BUT THAT'S NOT THE PROBLEM-
BECAUSE I BROKE OFF WITH HER MONTHS BEFORE I GOT INVOLVED WITH HER DAUGHTER-
WHO, COINCIDENTALLY, THIS GIRL HAPPENS TO BE.
ADOPTED!
BUT THAT'S NOT THE PROBLEM.
MY EX-GIRL IS SUING ME, THE MEDIA IS TRASHING ME, MY CAREER LIES IN RUINS.
BUT THAT'S NOT THE PROBLEM.
I HAPPEN TO BE THIS LOVING FATHER WHO LOVES THE SISTER OF MY CHILDREN.
BUT THAT'S NOT THE PROBLEM.
THE PROBLEM IS I HAVE THIS HANG NAIL.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

OB/GYN, NO FEE, FINS

JERUSALEM—*News of the latest in holistic birthing comes from Israel. Eight expectant British mothers are flying to the Red Sea resort of Eilat, where they will spend*

their days swimming with dolphins. When the moment arrives, the gentle mammals will, it is hoped, attend the birthing. "The babies will be more calm and open," promises the dolphins' trainer.

VICTIMS' SYNDROME

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA—*A survey of women students at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro found that those who experienced rape situations as college freshmen were much more likely to have been victims of childhood sexual abuse. These women had a 239 percent greater chance of being the targets of rape or attempted rape than other women. Psychology professor Jacqueline White speculated that perhaps rapists sense vulnerability in women. Now, don't go out on a limb, Professor White.*

CONDOM USE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Public opinion is beginning to accept what politicians can't—that condoms should be distributed in schools. Responding to a Gallup Poll, 68 percent of those surveyed supported distribution. However, 43 percent said condoms should be given to all students, while 25 percent approved of distribution, but only with parental consent.*

HEAL THYSELF

LOS ANGELES—*Psychotherapy appears to have a remarkably high percentage of practitioners who suffered psychological, physical or sexual abuse. A study in the journal* Professional Psychology: Research and Practice *found 70 percent of the women and one third of the men who work as clinical or counseling psychologists reported childhood sexual abuse, physical assault or harassment. "The most common slip that therapists make is to substitute the word 'parent' for 'patient,'" said Dr. Jesse Geller of Yale University. "It suggests that in some symbolic sense, many therapists go into the field to cure their parents, to undo how they were raised."*

GAY BRAINS

LOS ANGELES—*Dan Quayle may believe that homosexuality is the result of negative parental influence or misguided personal choice, but scientists now say it has a biological basis. UCLA researchers report that an important structure connecting the left and right sides of the human brain, larger in women than in men, is even larger in male homosexuals.*

PRE-CHILD ABUSE

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT—*Several years ago, state officials removed a child from its mother's custody because she'd shot up cocaine as she went into labor. The Connecticut Supreme Court found the action unconstitutional. It based its decision on a strict interpretation of a state law that does not grant prenatal civil rights or recognize the existence of a legal parent-child relationship until the time of actual birth. This ruling could set a precedent in abortion rights cases across the country.*

AIDS UPDATE

BUFFALO—*A federal judge awarded $155,000 to a 38-year-old woman with AIDS who claimed she was a victim of absurd precautions while confined to a county jail on bad-check charges. Jail officials isolated her in a five-cell forensic unit usually reserved for the mentally disturbed, forced her to wear rubber gloves when using the jail library typewriter, denied her regular attendance at church services and plastered her belongings with red stickers to indicate she had AIDS.*

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—*The Red Cross has to reveal the name of the donor whose HIV-tainted blood was used in a 1985 transfusion. The transfusion led to the HIV infection of an infant who later died of AIDS. A federal appeals court ruled—despite privacy concerns—that the baby's mother should receive enough information from the Red Cross about the donor and the screening process to determine whether negligence was involved.*

GOLDEN OLDIES

CHICAGO—*When a reviewer dismissed the passion of Father Andrew Greeley's middle-aged characters in Greeley's latest novel, "Wages of Sin," as "safe sex for senior citizens," the priest-turned-author produced a study that found married couples over 60 still going strong:*

- *About 37 percent of these seniors have sex at least once a week.*

- *Forty percent say that they enjoy disrobing for their partners, and about 20 percent report that they sometimes make love outdoors.*
- *Those over 60 were as likely as those under 60 to find their spouses attractive.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

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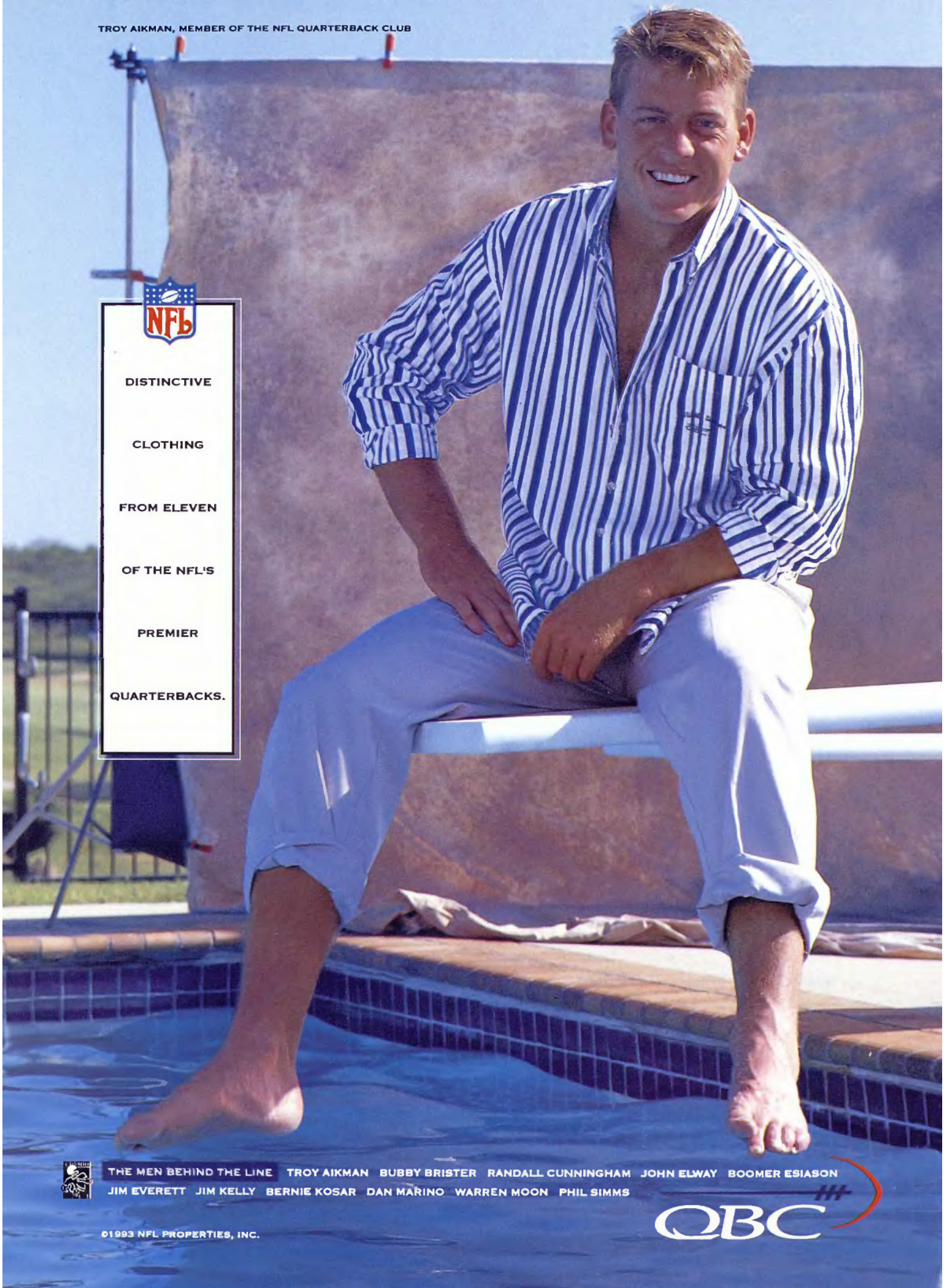
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THE MESS IN MOSCOW

do-good liberals should think twice before squandering their tax dollars on the grim ruin of mother russia

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

The sight of Carl Bernstein being pecked at by Gypsy women, their kids kicking the shins of this famous journalist when he didn't pony up the hard currency, told me all I needed to know about the sorry state of Mother Russia. Bernstein and I were in Moscow for a conference with Russian investigative journalists, but it doesn't take much digging these days to discover how messed up things are.

Carl was to be a featured speaker that night at the Writers' Union. In the old days a car would have been waiting for him and the streets outside his hotel would have been swept clean of unsightly human spectacles. Now a tourist is reminded constantly that there is hunger in paradise as people hawk war medals, state secrets or their bodies in pursuit of hard currency. With hard currency you can buy anything in one of the special stores—without it you have nothing. So physicians become cab drivers and physicists sell the secret of the bomb.

Not that I am nostalgic for the law and order that made Moscow one of the safest big cities in the world. Freedom requires chaos, and I like the fact that you can now buy PLAYBOY instead of risking the gulag smuggling it into what was just recently the second most boring, puritanical and repressive society in the world (after Saudi Arabia). It must drive the American right-wingers nuts to discover that the long-prayed-for fall of communism has resulted in Hungarian, Czech and Polish editions of PLAYBOY. But that's consumer sovereignty for you.

Unfortunately, freedom of the press invites the freedom to hustle, which is what the sorry Russian economy is now all about. I don't mean hustling in the productive sense, such as in figuring out how to build and market a better mouse trap. No, what we have here are entire families of well-educated people being supported on the earnings of a hooker niece who used to be a violinist and now earns more in a night with the right German businessmen than the string section of the Moscow Symphony earns in a week. That's after she turns over a good chunk of the proceeds to one of the crime syndicate pimps who crowd the dark corridors of the hotels. And forget the cops—they, like most figures of authority here, are alert only to the bribe.

I tell you this not to encourage a flight of mendacious Americans eager to exploit the situation further, but rather to warn about the fate of your tax dollars sent over as aid—as well as to warn about the future instability of the world. The part of the vast former Soviet empire that still works is on autopilot. No one knows who is in charge, people are not paid for work and the crazy, careening and often drunken caravan is headed for a monstrous fall.

Western loans, in the tens of billions of dollars, which you will pay for on default, have disappeared into the pockets of a burgeoning Mafia whose members live like Middle Eastern potentates while the rest of the country stares emptily in hungry disbelief. They have had the shock without the therapy. Not since the devastation of World War Two have food and physical safety been the life-and-death issues on this resource rich and potentially productive soil.

What went wrong? Simple. No one had a plan or even a clue to what was in the offing when the Cold War ended. The U.S devised the most detailed scenarios for winning a nuclear war but not for maintaining a postcommunist peace. With the first of the Gorbachev reforms seven years ago, the West should have been poised to move in with a Marshall Plan heavy on technical and managerial advice as well as prudent financing for the herculean task of redesigning what was, for all of its glaring defects, the world's second largest economy.

Instead, the Reagan and Bush administrations played political games that were time-consuming and that will prove very costly to the American taxpayer. The Soviet Union was long denied most-favored nation status. This shouldn't have been a big deal since most countries of the world have it, but it would have permitted Gorbachev to export to the U.S. at a free-trade price.

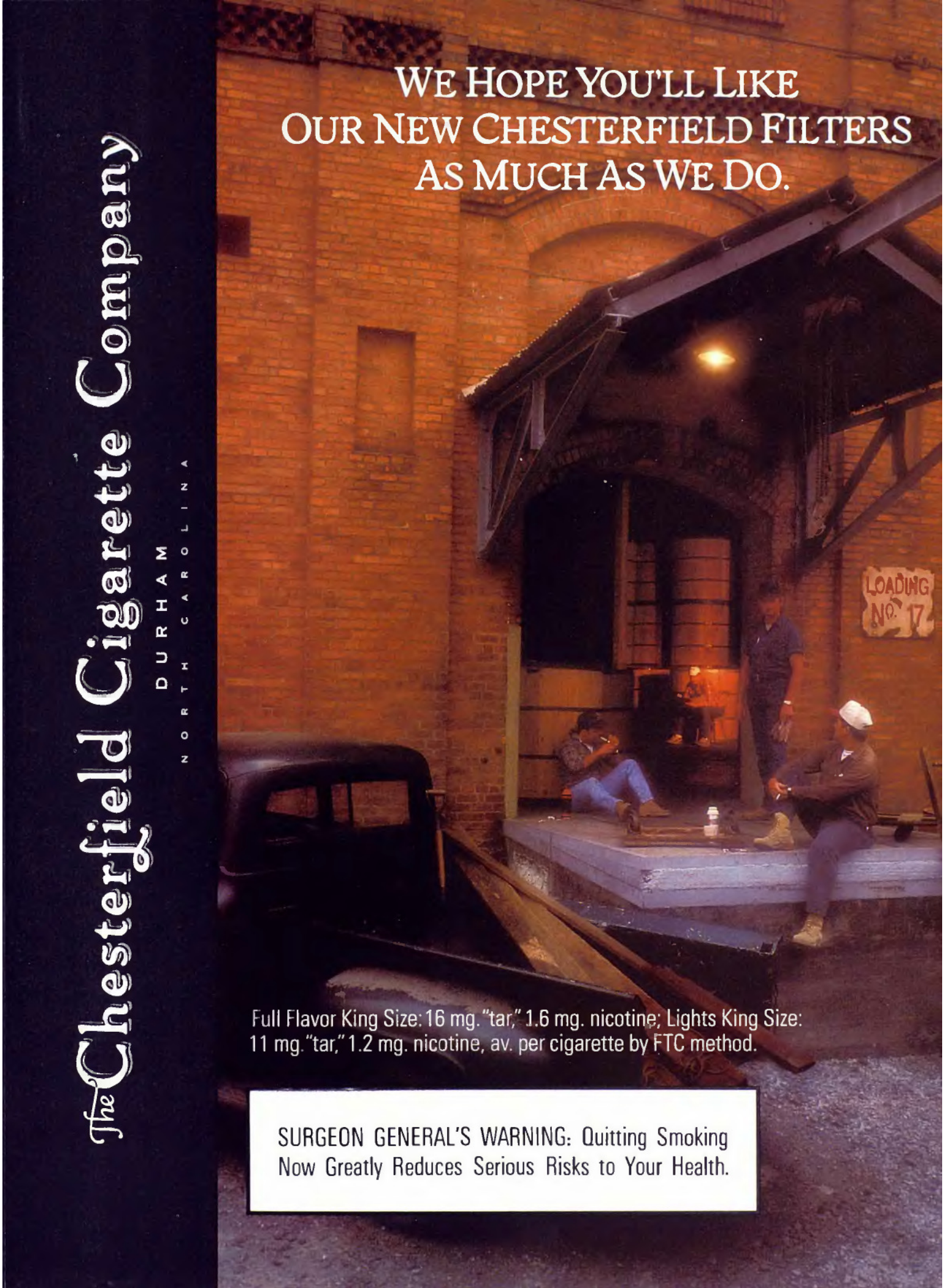
No, we said, invoking the religion of pure capitalism that we ourselves honor only in the breach. Just adopt the crazy schemes of some American professors, who are the only ones left who believe in Adam Smith, and the invisible hand of the free market will take care of all.

Poor Boris Yeltsin. He bought the line of the Chicago school of economics, thinking that the market, if left to its own devices, would bring prosperity. And failing that—or so he and his top advisors thought—at least the West would bail them out for having tried. When it brought neither, they got pretty bitter.

Just such a feeling of betrayal is now obviously sweeping the remnants of the old Soviet empire, where the cry for a good czar is heard once again. The editor of the pioneering *Ogonyok* magazine told us that Stalin is now recalled fondly by those too young to have felt his lash. Others blame the Jews, Gypsies or foreigners for their country's plight.

Before we give them additional billions, the Russians need a government that functions and an economic plan that makes sense. Our president ought to get the word to Yeltsin to sober up and make his peace with Gorbachev, whose advice he desperately needs in order to find a third way between the authoritarian model of the past and the rogue free market of the present. How about a New Deal–style mixed economy based on the thoughts of Chairman Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the prophet who saved American capitalism and who could do the same for the Russkie version? If they do that, we should help out.

What is the alternative? Can we just ignore the disintegration of eastern Europe? The day before writing this, I sat in a bright fall sun on the edge of the harbor in Newport Beach with one of southern California's more enterprising businessmen, Milan Panic, chairman of ICN Pharmaceuticals. He left Yugoslavia to make his fortune back in 1955 after resisting both fascists and communists. His family soon lost the old tongue, his kids became surfers and Panic was very much the happy U.S. citizen. Then, this year, he was tapped to be the prime minister of his native country as it crumbled. When I caught up with him, he was in California, after speaking at the UN, trying to take a quick cruise on his yacht before flying back to the war zone. I asked, Why bother? His answer was simple: "I know it sounds naive to say this, but as a hardheaded businessman, I tell you, believe it or not, it is one world."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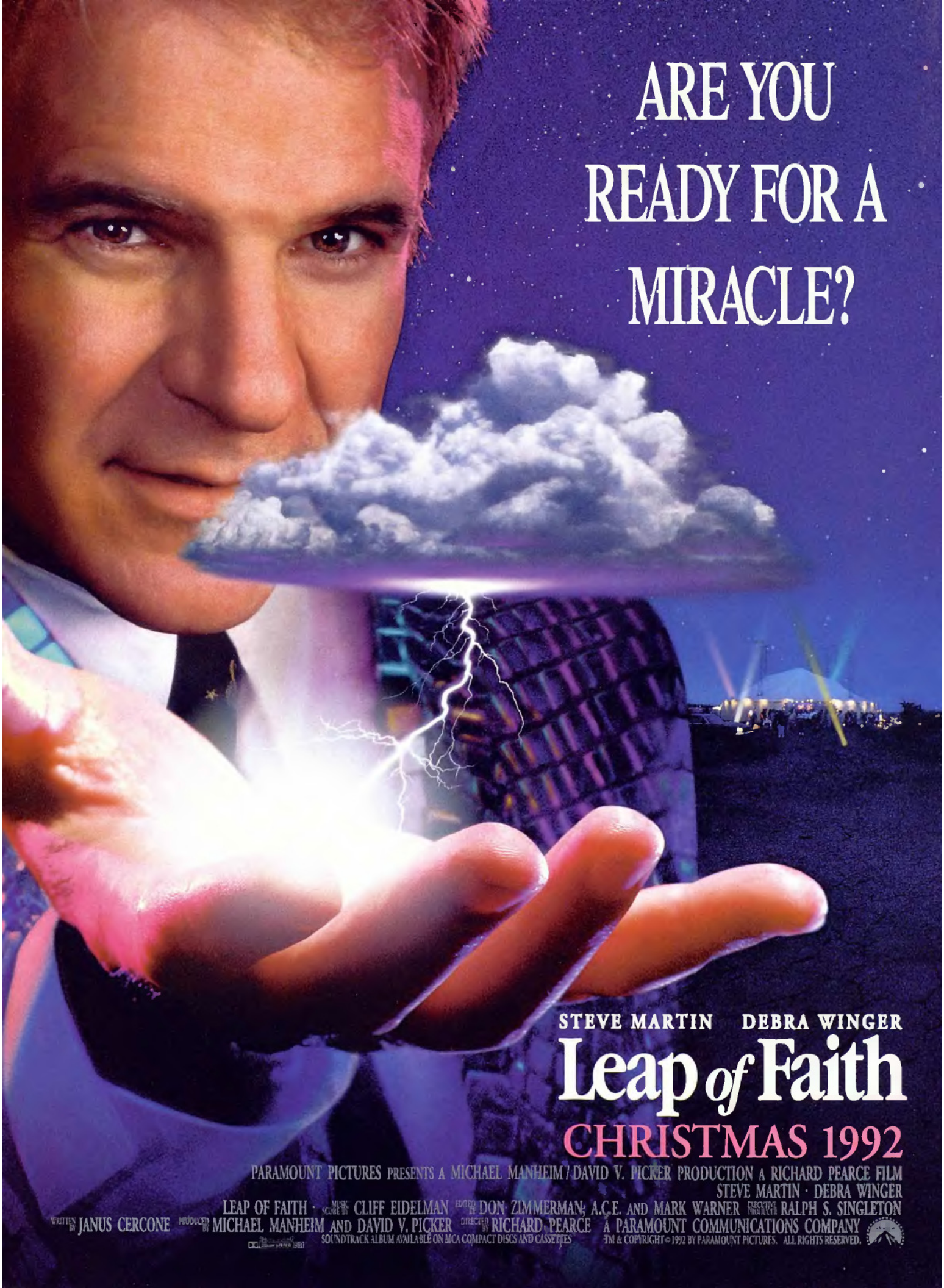
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STEVE MARTIN

a candid conversation with a former wild and crazy guy about his new life in movies, his old life in comedy and his favorite screen kiss—with john candy

People still approach him on the street and ask for his autograph (they don't get it—he hands them a preprinted card instead). They plead with him to do the shtick they remember from his many appearances on "The Tonight Show" and "Saturday Night Live."

Steve Martin refuses. Long gone are his days onstage in his trademark white suit with a fake arrow sticking through his head. The new Steve Martin plays an evangelist, an architect, a producer or a sentimental dad in hit Hollywood movies. The wild and crazy Steve Martin has given way to the mature and sedate Steve Martin, right?

Maybe yes, and maybe no. During Johnny Carson's final week hosting "The Tonight Show" last spring, Martin appeared in a turban in front of a tiny placard that announced one of his many alter egos, the Great Flydini. After reciting the requisite magic words and unzipping his pants, he conjured forth an egg, then a telephone, then a puppet singing like Pavarotti, all through his fly.

The Great Flydini, of course, is vintage Martin, a throwback to his earlier days of offbeat, zany comedy. His new movie, "Leap of Faith," is strictly a dramatic role. Perhaps only Robin Williams has accomplished what Martin has—achieving fame as a stand-up comic and translating it into success as a serious actor. But Martin hasn't stopped there. He has also written some of his most successful movies, including "Roxanne" and "L.A. Story."

His acting work is eclectic: He played romantic leads (in "Roxanne" and in 1992's "Housesitter"), earnest and endearing dads (in "Parenthood" and "Father of the Bride") and semi–straight men (to John Candy in "Planes, Trains and Automobiles," to Lily Tomlin in "All of Me" and to Michael Caine in "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels"). He stole the show in "Little Shop of Horrors" (in which he played a mad drill-wielding dentist) and "Grand Canyon" (in which he portrayed a movie producer whose artistic sensibilities were insulted when the blood and guts were cut from one of his films). In other movies he sang and danced ("Pennies from Heaven") and read the weather ("L.A. Story"). Some were comedies with a bit of drama and others were dramas with some comedy.

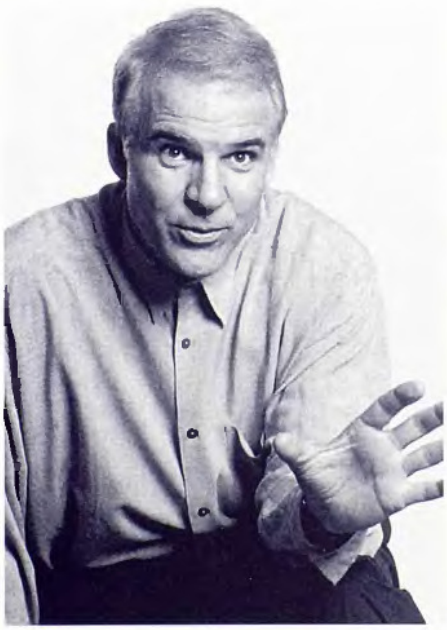
Most of Martin's movies have done well at the box office and he has won numerous awards—though the Oscar has eluded him, even when he was rumored to be a shoe-in for best actor for "Roxanne." Time *called him "this decade's most charming and resourceful comic actor," and* Entertainment Weekly *estimated that audiences have spent three quarters of a billion dollars to see his movies.*

As a child, Martin had no plans to become an actor. He was born in Waco, Texas, and raised in southern California, where his father worked as a real estate salesman. Fortune brought the family to live in Garden Grove, an Orange County suburb in the shadow of Disneyland, where the young Martin found work selling guidebooks and, later, hand buzzers and fake vomit in a gift shop.

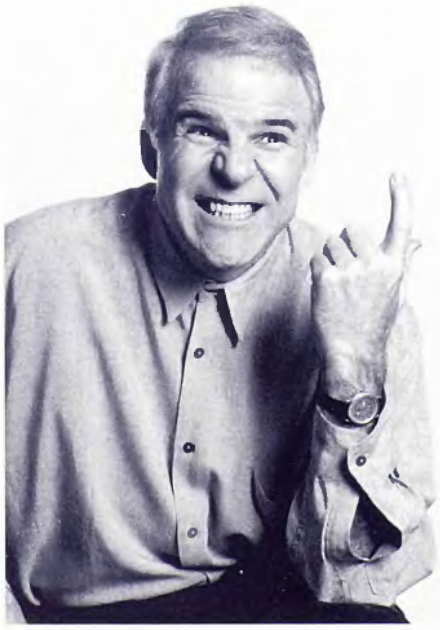
As a college student at Cal State–Long Beach, Martin earned money performing at Knott's Berry Farm, where he did magic tricks and sang, accompanying himself on the banjo. But show business was just a hobby; Martin planned to teach philosophy after graduation.

Instead, a girlfriend helped him get his first Hollywood job, as a writer for "The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour." He wrote hundreds of skits, won an Emmy and went on to write for shows hosted by Sonny and Cher, Pat Paulsen and Glen Campbell.

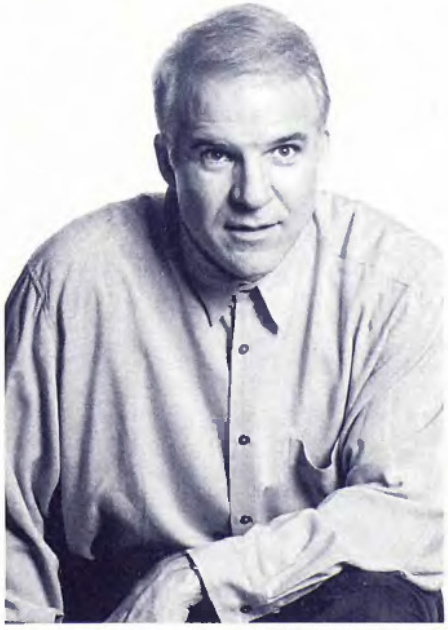
Although his agent predicted he would fail as a performer, Martin left television writing to take his stand-up act on the road. Stand-up comedy was still in its dark ages then—it would be a few years before comedy clubs



"All the articles about Johnny Carson said that he survived with his dignity intact. Well, he almost never did interviews and he never showed his house in 'Architectural Digest.' That's the way to do it."



"I feel kind of silly humping on-screen. I think there's something nice about watching Richard Gere and Kim Basinger having sex, but there's not something nice about watching Groucho Marx and somebody else having sex."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

"In that way the riots were good because they made us look. There will be action. But as to understanding that part of town, I'm too well off and too happy even to have a comment, even to pretend to understand it."

started springing up across the country—and Martin had little choice but to serve as the opener for such acts as the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and Linda Ronstadt.

Those audiences, unfortunately, were not particularly receptive to comedy, so Martin made another career change. In 1975 he decided his days as an opening act were over and his days as a headliner should begin. He started touring small music clubs as a solo act, losing money and trying to establish his oddball brand of comedy with audiences around the country. His move paid off: Rave reviews in Miami and San Francisco gave his career a gigantic boost, and he was finally invited to appear on television talk shows, including "The Tonight Show."

No one quite knew what to make of Martin. He wasn't political or topical along the lines of George Carlin, Lenny Bruce, Robert Klein or Richard Pryor. He did gags and one-liners with props (the fake arrow through his head, balloons). Much of his comedy was physical, in the tradition of Laurel and Hardy and the Marx Brothers.

Even Lorne Michaels, the executive producer of "Saturday Night Live," was confused. "His act seemed too conventionally show business," Michaels said. "It was so new it looked old." At first, Michaels dismissed Martin as too unhip for "SNL." But he later relented, and Martin became the show's most popular guest host. Soon, Martin was playing 20,000-seat arenas.

His comedy records sold millions and won Grammys, and he had a best-selling book in 1977, "Cruel Shoes." A film he made ("The Absent-Minded Waiter," which he showed during his concerts) was nominated for an Academy Award. He had become, as Carl Reiner said, "the first rock-star comedian."

As abruptly as he had started headlining, Martin quit stand-up for a movie career. In "The Jerk," directed by Reiner, a friend from his "Smothers Brothers" days, he played the title role, the adopted son of a black sharecropper. Although the movie was trashed by reviewers, who called it sophomoric, The New York Times, *in a TV listing for "The Jerk," recently called it "a sophisticated comedy."*

Since "The Jerk," Martin has been in at least one movie a year. He has also had a run on Broadway in "Waiting for Godot," opposite Robin Williams, and has continued to pop up on "Saturday Night Live," where his comedy seems as antic and silly as ever.

Offscreen, his life is quiet and busy. He met his wife of the past six years, Victoria Tennant, on the set of "All of Me." The British-born actress, goddaughter of Laurence Olivier, was also his co-star in "L.A. Story," which he wrote and co-produced. When he's not on location, he lives with Tennant in Beverly Hills. The couple also has an apartment in New York City.

Although Martin hates the glitz of Hollywood, he counts many fellow actors among his good friends. He is an avid art collector whose taste runs from a David Hockney portrait of Andy Warhol to works by Roy Lichtenstein and Stanton Macdonald-Wright. He says he's not political, though he and Victoria traveled to Saudi Arabia to meet with servicemen sent to fight the Gulf war.

In his 20th and latest movie, "Leap of Faith," Martin portrays a con man evangelist managed by Debra Winger. It's a far cry from his first role in "The Jerk," when he was the subject of an earlier "Playboy Interview." In that interview, he wondered aloud if he was going to last.

Martin did more than last, he soared. Now, 13 years later, he has become one of the exclusive group of subjects that PLAYBOY *has interviewed twice (joining Fidel Castro, Robin Williams and Gore Vidal). Contributing editor* **David Sheff,** *who conducted last month's interview with Sharon Stone, was sent to Los Angeles to face off with Martin. Here is his report:*

"Martin uses the restaurant at the Four Seasons Hotel in Beverly Hills as his living room for business meetings and interviews. It's a hotel that's teeming with movie stars. As Martin drove into the parking lot in his steel-blue BMW, Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman were slipping into a Porsche and Sam Shepard was reclaiming his Jeep. Later, Ron Howard and Harvey Keitel wandered through the lobby.

"Martin was given the best table in the restaurant, and the waiter was unfazed when he ordered 'just water,' since he had already eaten lunch.

"At first, Martin was anything but relaxed, though he eased up by our final session. Still, he fidgeted, folding his napkin, rocking in place and drumming his fingers on the linen tablecloth. Today, it seems as though Martin no longer feels he needs to hide behind a joke. Offstage, he doesn't try to be funny, at least not on cue. That's a significant change for him. He told PLAYBOY *in 1980, 'I'll be funny when there's a question I don't want to answer.' Instead, he spoke candidly, albeit cautiously, and chose his words carefully. There were many subjects he was reluctant to speak about—'because I don't have to,' he said. He usually relented, but it was often like pulling teeth—as if I were the demented dentist he played in 'Little Shop of Horrors.'"*

"In 'Parenthood' I was really a real person. Up until then, the comedy was carrying the acting."

PLAYBOY: Why are we here and not at your house?

MARTIN: I don't do interviews at home because I'm a private person. I don't want the house talked about or described. It's an intrusion into our lives.

PLAYBOY: Did something make you gun-shy?

MARTIN: I've always tried to separate my home life from my work. I did a few things early on when I was living in apartments, and I've done some things in my New York apartment, but the story becomes about art on the walls and bath towels. All the articles about Johnny Carson said that he survived with his dignity intact, as if that were a rare thing in Hollywood. Well, he almost never did interviews and he never showed his house in *Architectural Digest*. That's the way to do it.

PLAYBOY: But?

MARTIN: But you sort of get trapped.

PLAYBOY: How? It would seem that you are successful enough now to call the shots.

MARTIN: Incumbent on an actor who makes movies is publicizing the movies. You have to do it. It's something that you deal with, like autographs.

PLAYBOY: But you give out business cards instead of autographs.

MARTIN: It's a way to deal with it quickly and not to be rude. Most of the times that people ask for autographs, it's a way of proving that they saw you. I know this from when I asked for autographs. People always want to know, "What's he like? Did he say anything funny? Was he nice?" You have thirty seconds to be all those things. My card covers it all: It says that you found me nice, you found me funny and you found me charming and friendly.

PLAYBOY: Do some people get mad? Do they want more than a card?

MARTIN: No, they like it, though occasionally somebody yells at me.

PLAYBOY: Whose autographs have you asked for?

MARTIN: Bobby Fischer, Jerry Lewis and Earl Scruggs.

PLAYBOY: Were they funny, charming, nice and friendly?

MARTIN: All of those things.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want their autographs in particular?

MARTIN: Earl Scruggs was the first guy I ever heard play the five-string banjo, which motivated me to pick it up. Bobby Fischer was a legendary hero—I play chess a bit, too. I grew up watching Jerry Lewis.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you haven't much liked the trappings of celebrity.

MARTIN: At the same time, I wouldn't want to go back to the years of struggle. I recently visited Paris and it was perfect. You have enough fame to get into restaurants but not enough that you're constantly bothered.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever tell people to leave you alone?

MARTIN: Yeah, I do.

PLAYBOY: Do they get angry?

MARTIN: You can't please everybody. It

PAINT THE TOWN ROUGE.

PARIS, FRANCE. DRESS UP AS MUCH AS YOU PLEASE, BUT WEAR AS LITTLE AS YOU LIKE. AND ALWAYS HAVE A LITTLE MUMM CORDON ROUGE UP YOUR SLEEVE.

CHAMPAGNES FROM REIMS, FRANCE, SINCE 1827

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really used to bother me to think that I had made somebody mad. Now I realize that it's inevitable, so I draw the line. That's why I don't talk about things that are personal to me.

PLAYBOY: Are you shocked at how personal the press can get? What have you thought about the Woody and Mia soap opera?

MARTIN: It feels as if it's so much their business that I'm opinionless.

PLAYBOY: Just the other day, at a press conference, you were asked if you were America's next Woody Allen and you said, "I haven't slept with one of Mia's daughters yet."

MARTIN: Yes, and I regret having said that. The fact is, I like them both.

PLAYBOY: Do you often stay home because you don't want to deal with the attention?

MARTIN: No. There are places we can go where we won't be bothered. It's like having a hump. You have it, so you deal with it. You sort of ask for it if you do this kind of career.

PLAYBOY: Particularly when you succeed in such visible media as stand-up, television and movies. Do you have a favorite of those?

MARTIN: Movies, because that's what I'm doing now.

PLAYBOY: How do you choose your movies?

MARTIN: A lot of people think we actually make decisions about what we want to do next. But it's really about what is offered. More often, you make choices by what comes to you at the time.

PLAYBOY: Can't you do whatever kind of movie you want to do?

MARTIN: It has to exist. Finding something that is well-written is extremely difficult.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you write scripts? Does that make you less dependent on what's available?

MARTIN: Yeah, but the ones I write are not career moves. They're, "I want to write this." Or, "I think this would be a good movie."

PLAYBOY: What is a career move?

MARTIN: When you say to yourself, "I want to do a drama with a showy role and I'm going to make sure that no one else shines in the movie." [*Laughs*] A *legitimate* career move is, "I want to show them that I can do more than pratfalls, so I'm going to do something that will show that." It usually doesn't work out that way, but you try anyway.

PLAYBOY: What's an example of a legitimate career move?

MARTIN: *Parenthood*. I wanted to show that I could play a real person.

PLAYBOY: You had never played a real person before that?

MARTIN: I had played a real person in *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*, but in *Parenthood* I was really a real person. Up until then, I think, the comedy was carrying the acting, not the other way around.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

MARTIN: Meaning that I didn't play characters as much as I did jokes and gags and gave looks.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about those who think that your goofier roles are your finest?

MARTIN: I'm glad people like them. It's funny because they used to be considered stupid. I'm interested in what I'm doing now, comedy, but comedy within the confines of real characters.

PLAYBOY: Is it easier when you're in someone else's movie and reading someone else's lines?

MARTIN: Yes. I love doing scripts I didn't write because I am only a hired actor and I have only that one thing to worry about. If I write it, I have another whole set of problems.

PLAYBOY: Then why do you write?

MARTIN: It gives you something to do when you're off, for one thing. You don't want to just sit there. Mainly, I am a writer. I just am.

PLAYBOY: When you are in someone else's movie, do you change lines and come up with jokes, or do you stick to what's written?

MARTIN: It depends. *Grand Canyon* was a writer's script, written by Larry Kasdan. I didn't add a line. In a movie like that, you play the character as honestly as you can. In other movies you always try to think of jokes. That's what I'm good at. Maybe that's why they hire me.

PLAYBOY: In *Grand Canyon* you played a cynical Hollywood producer who has had a momentary lapse and has imagined making socially conscious movies. He comes to his senses and realizes that he would go on making what people want—insipid violence. Was he typical of the kinds of people you run across in Hollywood?

MARTIN: For all the talk about those people, I don't run into them much. I don't think I'd be around very long if I did.

PLAYBOY: Was your *Grand Canyon* character a caricature?

MARTIN: No, not at all. There are people with crass taste who know that violence sells. They also justify what they're doing. Victoria and I argue about them. I don't think they're evil. I think it's a question of style.

PLAYBOY: What is your wife's view?

MARTIN: She equates that behavior with some kind of moral flaw. But it's not murder, lying, cheating or stealing. You may not like it, but it's not a horrible thing. You hear all the time that good films are no longer being made. It's baloney. They say moviemakers care more about money than movies. They're right about that. Movies cost twenty-five or thirty million dollars. How can you ask them not to care? It's a question of money and it always has been.

PLAYBOY: Did Robert Altman, in *The Player*, go too far in portraying the movie business's ruthlessness?

MARTIN: The movie business gets a lot of attention because of movie stars, and people tolerate bad behavior in movies more than they would in other businesses. In any business, one's power is defined by one's position. In advertising or banking, you know who you control. In the movie business, it's amorphous. The producer may have the power, or the star may, or the director or the studio—it changes. Since it is undefined, everyone vies for power. It's all about bluff, seeing what you can get away with. There is also this insecurity. No one can be completely confident, because even geniuses fail in this business. Except me. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Is everyone insecure?

MARTIN: The truth is that no one knows what they're doing in show business. A painting is one person's vision. In show business, you need this unpredictable animal called the audience. Ultimately, no one knows how to do it right every time. If we did, we'd always make hits. Our insecurities are such that we always put it on others—that they know. You begin to think you need these other people. If they happen to be behaving badly, you still think you need them. It gives people enormous power. All the time we hear, "So-and-so is the only one who can play this part." Once you start thinking that way, you're screwed.

PLAYBOY: Screwed how?

MARTIN: If you have been shooting a movie for three weeks and an actor or actress decides to show up late, you can't fire them. You've already shot three weeks. If somebody wants to behave badly—unless you want to reshoot the entire movie—you can't fire them.

PLAYBOY: Do actors, perhaps, have the most power of all?

MARTIN: It all depends. But one thing seems to be true: The worse the behavior, the smaller the talent.

PLAYBOY: And how easy are you to work with?

MARTIN: I've always been pretty easy. I come from television writing.

PLAYBOY: What makes TV writers so saintly?

MARTIN: Five guys sit in a room and shoot out ideas. It is friendly but brutal. Your ideas are shot down all the time. It humbles you.

PLAYBOY: In *The Player*, Altman suggested that the art is lost when moviemakers have to modify their movies depending on audience responses. Do you disagree?

MARTIN: I don't think you can ignore the audience. At the same time, you can't cut the picture for the audience.

PLAYBOY: At least that's not a wishy-washy answer.

MARTIN: [*Laughs*] I mean you can't just give an audience what it wants. An audience won't be fooled. It has to be challenged and surprised. On the other

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hand, testing is valuable because we have to be sure we're communicating what we want to communicate. If audiences don't get an important plot point, you've lost them. For comedy, it's really important to test. The great jokes—the ones we love the most—don't always work. When you screen a comedy for an audience, it's a new day. It's like starting over.

PLAYBOY: Why can't filmmakers trust themselves?

MARTIN: Maybe movies are too big. There are too many factors to consider. We just never know if we're seeing things objectively. Our best jokes fall flat.

PLAYBOY: What's one of your favorite jokes that didn't work?

MARTIN: In *The Jerk*, I play a gas station attendant. A carload of criminals comes in for gas and I don't want them to escape. So I tie their car to a fireplug, which in turn is attached to a church. The criminals drive away and the church rips in half. [*Laughs*] I thought, This is going to kill them. The movie came out and the audience watched the church being dragged down the road—there were chuckles, but it was no big thing.

PLAYBOY: Is it devastating when a joke doesn't work?

MARTIN: They don't all have to work. I think it was too big to get a laugh. The real laughs always come from something very small and surprising—although another one they didn't get in *The Jerk* is when I'm hitchhiking to St. Louis. My character's name is Navin Johnson. A guy pulls over in his car and asks, "St. Louis?" and I go, "Uh, no, Navin Johnson." I told the line to Carl Reiner [the movie's writer and director] and we laughed for forty-five minutes. It's so stupid! But in the movie, it just kind of goes away.

PLAYBOY: If you're in a theater and you hear nothing at one of your favorite jokes—or worse, if you hear a groan—how do you feel?

MARTIN: It depends. What's really satisfying is when one person gets it. It's quiet except for someone laughing alone. There's usually something that strikes people, at least someone, as peculiar. In *Sophie's Choice*——

PLAYBOY: A very funny movie.

MARTIN: Well, no, but there is a great line. Struggling with the language, Sophie says, "Why don't you wear your cocksucker suit?" Ten minutes later I'm still laughing. By then it's embarrassing. People are looking at me.

PLAYBOY: You cited lines in *The Jerk* that didn't quite work. Do you view the movie as a failure?

MARTIN: No. It did what I was trying to do at the time. It put my comedy act into a movie. When I look at it now, I think I yelled through the entire movie. But I like it.

PLAYBOY: Which of your movies are your personal favorites?

MARTIN: I like the simple, elegant comedies that ten years from now will come on channel five and you'll go, "Hey, that's funny." An example is *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*, which did OK when it came out. But as time went on, more and more people came up to me—they rented it or saw it on TV. *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* is another one. So is *Roxanne*. It did fine when it came out. As time goes on, you can see it again and it holds up.

PLAYBOY: Are you good at anticipating the reaction to a movie?

MARTIN: Yes, although the thing that has changed is the number of sources of criticism. There are a million reviewers now. There are the TV shows, big papers, small papers, twelve cable channels. You used to get a clean sweep—all bad or all good. Now you can't. Now there's a bell curve because there are so many opinions, from stupid opinions to brilliant ones.

PLAYBOY: The stupid ones being the negative reviews, the brilliant ones praising you?

MARTIN: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Is your confidence level such that you know when something's good, no matter what the reviewers say?

MARTIN: No. But I realize that their opinion isn't the final opinion. The final opinion comes five or ten years later. Is the movie still around? Are people

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watching it? Or did it come and go? I picked up *The New York Times* the other day and was so pleased to see that *The Jerk*, which was vilified when it came out—it got ninety-nine percent bad reviews—was described as an "eccentric, sophisticated comedy." It was moronic. Now it's sophisticated.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a special place in your heart for *Roxanne*, the first movie you wrote on your own?

MARTIN: Yeah, because it was a real struggle to write it. I was very fearful of it.

PLAYBOY: Fearful of what?

MARTIN: It was my first solo screenplay and, in addition, I was taking on a classic. It took me a while to write it—four or five years. There was a great deal of self-doubt.

PLAYBOY: Why tackle *Cyrano de Bergerac*?

MARTIN: It's very emotional and the humor comes out of the emotions. Nothing is better. As you're getting a joke, you're crying.

PLAYBOY: Did you view it as a risky idea? Wasn't it like remaking *Gone with the Wind*?

MARTIN: I didn't know if I was capable of doing it. The humor had to be updated because of the nineteenth century references—stuff about the Greek gods, for instance, who no one pays much attention to anymore. At the worst, though, I knew it was a place for some good one-liners.

PLAYBOY: Was it tough to persuade a studio to make the movie?

MARTIN: I told the first executive I saw that it was an update of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and he asked, "What's *Cyrano de Bergerac*?" I had to pitch *Cyrano*, which is sort of like pitching *Romeo and Juliet*. The second studio I went to was Columbia, where I saw Guy McElwaine, who was then the president. I told him it was an update of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and he stood up, went to the window and began reciting lines from the play. He gave me the go-ahead.

PLAYBOY: Were you a fan of the other *Cyrano* movies?

MARTIN: I liked Gérard Depardieu's *Cyrano*. The Jose Ferrer *Cyrano* was fabulous. He won an Oscar for it. I met him and told him how great I thought the performance was and he said, "All I remember is how bad I was."

PLAYBOY: Are you generous when you view your movies?

MARTIN: No. I can't stand to look at myself.

PLAYBOY: Never?

MARTIN: Occasionally. But it has to come as a surprise, like flipping through the channels and suddenly you see a moment and say, "Hey, that was OK."

PLAYBOY: You also wrote *L.A. Story* by yourself. How much does the movie show of your real life?

MARTIN: My life kind of looks like that. Those houses and the restaurants are places I would find myself. It's funny that it ended up being considered this L.A. movie when I really set out just to make a love story that happened to be set in L.A.

PLAYBOY: But much of the humor is about L.A. Where else could freeway signs spout spiritual riddles?

MARTIN: That's true. It's a fun city to make fun of. It's not hard to do.

PLAYBOY: Because it was a love story starring you and your wife, people said the movie was an homage to Victoria. One reviewer called it a love letter to her.

MARTIN: That would be awful if it was. I don't want to spend seventeen million dollars of someone else's money on an homage to my wife. I'll do that at home with a box of candy. You could take another actress and put her in there and tell the same story. The movie was an allegory about romance—how it feels. It happened to star my wife. I wanted to movieize that state.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to the state of love?

MARTIN: Yes. They're very different. This is about the first blush of romance. As opposed to *L.A. Story II*, which, if there were one—don't worry, there won't be—would be *The Married Years*. After romance is love: trust and knowing the person. You love for different reasons.

PLAYBOY: At which stage is your relationship with Victoria?

MARTIN: Definitely a love story. I never really had long-term, steady girlfriends until Victoria. It's really because of Victoria that I understood what it meant to be married.

PLAYBOY: What does it mean?

MARTIN: I can't describe it specifically, but it is more about an attitude. We're a couple forever. I came from the philosophy that it lasts as long as it lasts. As soon as you accept the vision that it is going to work forever, it can. I once went to a psychiatrist who said that your emotions follow your intentions. If your intent is to last forever, your emotions go that way. Once I saw that, I could see that it can last forever. As our marriage goes on, I like her more and more and admire her more and more. Romance is about a feeling and marriage is about so much more: the intellectual, the compassionate, the friendship. It has to do with a way of life, too, a circle of friends. Part of the deal is that you strive to be together as much as possible. We've been together for eight years and we recently took a vacation in which we spent seven weeks essentially in one room. And it was great. It was, like, better than ever. [*Laughs*] I'd better be careful. People say, "We have this perfect marriage" and two weeks later they're divorced.

PLAYBOY: But not you?

MARTIN: Not us.

PLAYBOY: You said that *L.A. Story* wasn't about Los Angeles—it was just set there. But Victoria said that L.A. is unmistakably you—"like Baltimore is unmistakably Barry Levinson or New York is unmistakably Woody Allen." What do you think?

MARTIN: I guess I'm thought of as a West Coast comedian. My style seems to warrant that label. There's probably something California in me.

PLAYBOY: What are the California things?

MARTIN: I don't know. Lack of ethnicity. I have no accent.

PLAYBOY: You made another Los Angeles movie, Larry Kasdan's *Grand Canyon*.

MARTIN: When I read the script, I told Larry that it was *L.A. Story: The Dark Side*.

PLAYBOY: The film was prophetic.

MARTIN: When the movie was first screened, people complained that it didn't present L.A. in a nice light. It was spooky how much it revealed.

PLAYBOY: Since the riots, are the worlds portrayed in the movies more opposed?

MARTIN: I don't think so. That's the problem. L.A. is not where I live. I live in West Hollywood, Beverly Hills and Santa Monica. It's a different place.

PLAYBOY: Did the riots blur the lines?

MARTIN: The problems are definitely encroaching. In that way the riots were good because they made us look. There will be action. But as to understanding that part of town, I'm too well off and too happy even to have a comment, even to pretend to understand it.

PLAYBOY: That may be honest, but it's a limited view. The message in *Grand Canyon* was that you can make a difference in other people's lives.

MARTIN: It was and you can, but the problems are enormous. First is to understand that all our talking about it doesn't do anything.

PLAYBOY: Do you get involved? Have you done political benefits?

MARTIN: Politics really doesn't interest me. Except to get mad.

PLAYBOY: Do you get really mad?

MARTIN: I do.

PLAYBOY: What makes you maddest?

MARTIN: Politicians who have an answer for everything. When I was in college, studying philosophy, I had an answer for everything. People get that way in their religion, too. You can ask a Christian, "If Adam and Eve were the first people on earth and they had three sons, where did everybody else come from?" and they'll give you an answer. Well, all those answers don't begin to touch the real problems. That makes me mad. The problems are bigger and different from the quick answers we are given.

PLAYBOY: If you don't work for candidates, how about for causes?

MARTIN: I haven't done a lot, but I will do more as I get older, when there's more time. I've done benefits, though.

PLAYBOY: In 1982, you said you were going to vote for George McGovern. Have your politics changed since then?

MARTIN: Everything that's happened to me could be predicted. As I get older, I get more conservative. I'm certainly not on the right, but on issues such as taxes I don't know where I am. I've always been a Democrat, but I don't even know what that means anymore. Gore Vidal said we don't have a two-party system, it's a one-party system with different factions. I think it's true.

PLAYBOY: You made a strong political statement when you visited the Persian Gulf before the war.

MARTIN: It wasn't a political trip. It was humanitarian. If there was a political motivation, then I'm saying I'm for war. Being an old Sixties guy I can't say that. Still, I know that it was hot out there. The soldiers needed some people to tell them that we were thinking about them. I wanted to see some of them and show them that they were not estranged from the country.

PLAYBOY: You have said that you never would have fought in Vietnam—you would have gone to Canada. Was part of your motivation to go to the Gulf guilt over your position during Vietnam?

MARTIN: It's better to talk about after Vietnam. The vets came home and were hated. It seemed wrong. The war wasn't their fault. Even if you were against the Gulf war, you couldn't take it out on the soldiers. That's why I felt good about going.

PLAYBOY: What was the experience like?

MARTIN: It was incredible to one day be walking down the streets of New York and the next flying in an open helicopter over a camel train. You land and it's not pretend.

PLAYBOY: Press reports said the State Department stopped you from performing.

MARTIN: No. There were several reasons I didn't perform. I didn't have anything to perform and the Saudis were very nervous. They don't know what entertainers mean. The main thing was that they didn't want to collect ten thousand people in one place. It would have been very dangerous. Instead, I flew to places where they had a little stage set up. Sometimes I just signed autographs and posed for pictures.

PLAYBOY: Were you there when the fighting began?

MARTIN: No. It was still chilling, though. We were instructed in how to mix in Saudi Arabian society. Never expose the bottom of your foot. Never look at a man's wife or talk about a man's wife. Victoria and I were in a car and she had taken her Army fatigue jacket off and was wearing a T-shirt. A guard stopped us and went crazy. He screamed, "Women shouldn't be dressed like that." It was a whole ordeal to get back to the base.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel good about having gone there?

MARTIN: Absolutely. It was an incredible experience. You can't just go from movie to movie.

PLAYBOY: When you look back on your life, do you see where your sense of comedy came from?

MARTIN: No, I don't. I was just always interested in it.

PLAYBOY: What brought your parents to California from Texas?

MARTIN: This was the promised land. Texas was too hot and humid.

PLAYBOY: So when did you think about performing?

MARTIN: All I know is that I always loved comedy, whether it was on TV or in magic shows or movies. Milton Berle. Laurel and Hardy. Jerry Lewis. Jack Benny. There are lots of names. Steve Allen. Lenny Bruce. I loved anybody who made me laugh. They made me want to do it.

PLAYBOY: Are they your most important influences?

MARTIN: They all are. And Buster Keaton, Jackie Gleason, Chaplin.

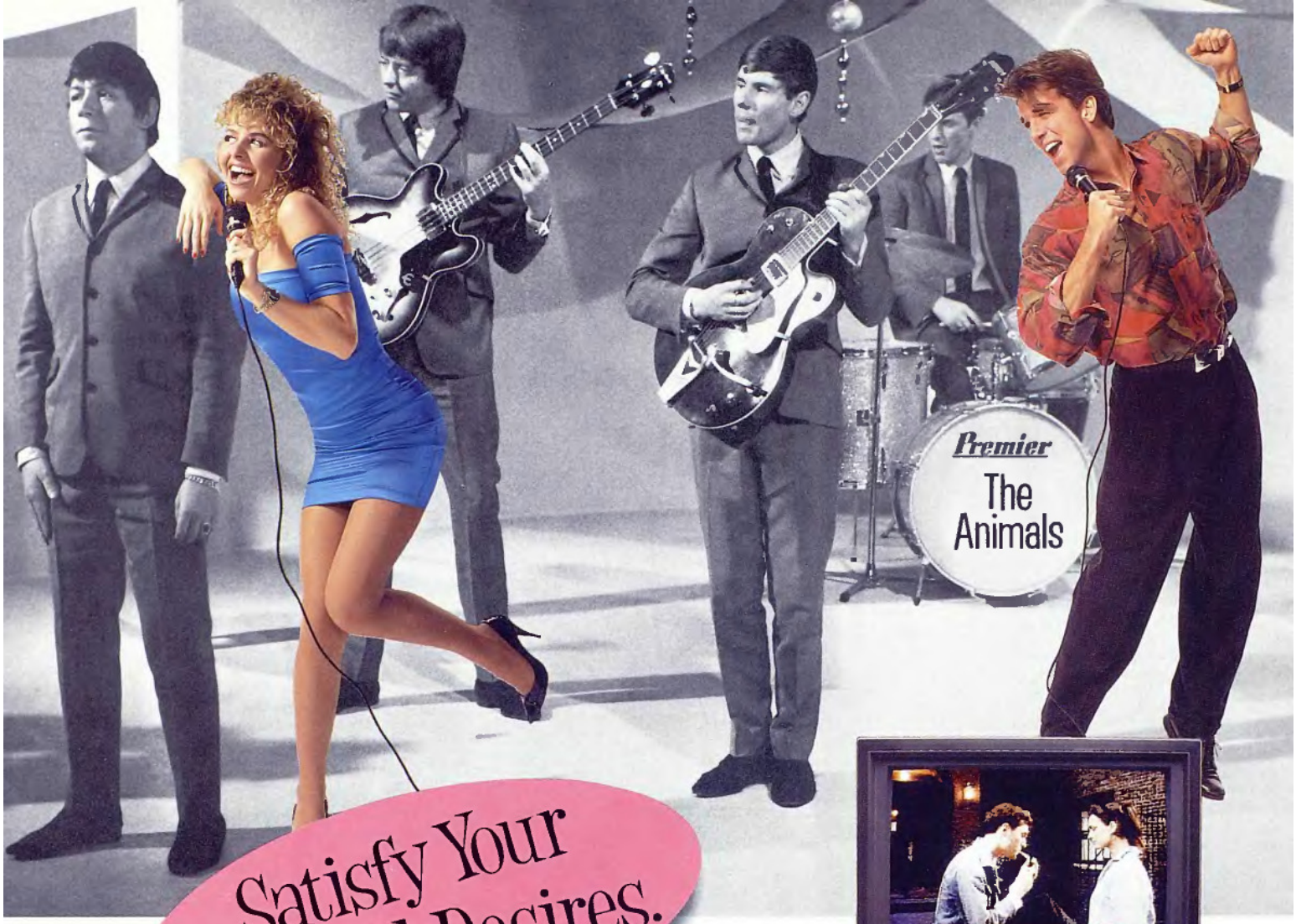
PLAYBOY: Did you have a favorite?

MARTIN: Cary Grant, I guess. He was such a delectable comedian because it all seemed so effortless.

PLAYBOY: Do you think of him when you act in movies?

MARTIN: Sometimes. He's an ideal. I would never hope to be that good. I love what he did in *Arsenic and Old Lace*. He was just very big, very broad. His smoothest stuff is really broad. Big, goofy takes.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever wonder what would have been different had your



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family not moved west?

MARTIN: I do. It was one of those twists of fate. I wouldn't have had the proximity to show business or the outlets. It's impossible to think of what I would have been.

PLAYBOY: Does a lot of the drive to perform have to do with the recognition?

MARTIN: I've never been able to analyze that part of it. The main thing I think about is making the thing, the performance or the movie or whatever it is. All that other stuff is subconscious.

PLAYBOY: What was your first act at Knott's Berry Farm?

MARTIN: We did a play and then they had what they called olio acts, a singer or comedian would do four or five minutes. I was going to college at the time. I planned to be a professor and all that. I was very serious about it.

PLAYBOY: Was your interest in philosophy theoretical or personal?

MARTIN: It started out as personal and became academic because you realize that the personal thing will never be answered.

PLAYBOY: What personal things were you trying to answer?

MARTIN: I was just looking to the future. When you get into college, you realize the world is a lot bigger than you thought it was. Particularly in the Sixties.

PLAYBOY: Were you involved in the student movement?

MARTIN: Yeah, although I wasn't that involved. I was on its side, let's put it that way. It didn't quite hit Long Beach, where I went to school.

PLAYBOY: Was your college life serious or more in the tradition of *Animal House*?

MARTIN: Very serious. One or two friends. Small, enclosed, not part of the social scene at all. I missed the Beatles. I wasn't listening to the music. I just studied and on evenings and weekends worked at Knott's Berry Farm.

PLAYBOY: What diverted you from a career as a philosophy professor?

MARTIN: I realized I would never know if I could have been a performer if I didn't try it. My girlfriend at the time was a dancer on the Smothers Brothers show. We met and fell in love in college. She gave some of the material I'd written in college to Mason Williams, who was the head writer. They went for it. It was a miracle because the material wasn't that good. They just wanted writers under thirty because of the Sixties thing. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time.

PLAYBOY: How brutal is TV writing?

MARTIN: Actually it was a great job. I wrote with about five other writers. Sparks flew. I love collaborating.

PLAYBOY: But you do it less and less.

MARTIN: The only reason I don't collaborate on my scripts anymore is that I don't want to have a meeting. I want to work when I want to. Still, it was great.

PLAYBOY: Do you have people you bounce things off of now?

MARTIN: It's different each time. Frank Oz. Carl Reiner. We spark off each other. We share this odd thing of appreciating each other's twisted visions. Carl came up with one of my favorite lines. He just said it one day and I said, "That's too fabulous." I called him about five years later and said the line would go perfect in *L.A. Story* and asked him if I could use it.

PLAYBOY: What was the line?

MARTIN: "I could never be a woman because I'd just sit around the house all day and play with my breasts."

PLAYBOY: We remember another great joke about breasts in that movie.

MARTIN: I was filming a sex scene with Sarah Jessica Parker and I didn't have a line. It was just a basic sex scene. I thought, There's something wrong here. It looks like Steve Martin is feeling up Sarah Jessica Parker. It needs something. So I came up with the line. I had him feel her up and ask, "Hey, what's wrong with your breasts?" She said, "They're real." You never know where it comes from. I was so happy when I found the line. It made the scene.

PLAYBOY: Most of the sex in your movies is fairly discreet and subtle. Does that reflect your sensibility?

MARTIN: I think that there's something nice about watching Richard Gere and Kim Basinger having sex, but there's not something nice about watching Groucho Marx and somebody else having sex.

PLAYBOY: You see yourself as Groucho?

MARTIN: I've never been known as a sexy star. I feel kind of silly humping onscreen. Also, something bothers me about it: the idea that if I did a heavy sex scene, it would be Steve Martin doing it.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to?

MARTIN: As opposed to the character. Bernadette Peters said it to me first: "I'm not going to do a nude scene because when you take off your blouse you're not the character anymore, you're Bernadette Peters with her blouse off."

PLAYBOY: Do you object when other actors do it?

MARTIN: Definitely not. Believe me, I'd love to be in a great sexy scene or have a fabulous screen kiss. But the movie has to engender it and I'm not in those kinds of movies.

PLAYBOY: In *The Man with Two Brains*, Kathleen Turner let you suck her finger. Did you at least enjoy that?

MARTIN: It was all very pleasant. But if we were doing that scene now, she'd have to wear a little finger condom.

PLAYBOY: When you have to climb into a bed and make out with a relative stranger, is it the same as acting any other part of a script?

MARTIN: It's different because it's more tense. You're kissing someone you hardly know. Victoria had a scene once on her first day of shooting a movie in Berlin or somewhere like that. She flew in and the male actor flew in, they came onto the set at noon and had to do a sex scene against a wall. So yes, it's weird. Victoria says that Michael Caine has a great attitude about it. If he has to do a sex scene, he gets in bed with his boots on, shoots in some mouth spray and says, "OK, ready." He uses humor to diffuse the tension.

PLAYBOY: Who has been your favorite movie kiss?

MARTIN: John Candy.

PLAYBOY: Of course! Now that you've brought it up, let's talk about romance. Did lots of women throw themselves at you when you were on the road?

MARTIN: It didn't happen. It always happened to the other guys, I guess. I've always been a loner type, so that never bothered me. The fact is, when you're finally a big enough star, you become very isolated. I suppose the people who want to throw themselves at you can't get to you. Also there was something very unsexy about groupies.

PLAYBOY: So we can assume you didn't go on the road to meet women. Why did you leave your life as a TV writer?

MARTIN: I just knew I had to quit writing for television and go on the road. I was a bit frustrated because I'd write the material and they'd kill it. I wanted to be able to show my work and not have it go through a committee. I decided to go on the road.

PLAYBOY: As a stand-up comedian.

MARTIN: Yes. So I did it and lost money on every performance. I was working as an opening act for bands like the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. They were great but the audiences were rock-and-roll audiences and not friendly to comedy. That's when I decided to headline, even if it meant a big drop in income and the risk that nobody would show up.

PLAYBOY: What made you think you could get away with it?

MARTIN: All I knew is that I could have opened for a million bands and nothing would have ever changed. I would open and be killing the audience—*killing* them—and the singer would come on and would do fine. In the review the singer would get three quarters of the column and I'd get one sentence. You have to be the headliner to get the attention. So I went to Florida and got into a club and got a rave review. It was the first time I was ever singled out as an entity. I worked in a few other clubs around the country when I started to get some rave reviews. It just started to happen.

PLAYBOY: You were part of the wave that brought stand-up comedy into the mainstream. Now there are comedy clubs everywhere.

MARTIN: The Comedy Store came into existence after I had my success. I played music clubs. I think it would be very rough out there now. God, to find something original. . . .

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, there's an

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audience that goes to comedy clubs to laugh. When you were playing music clubs, audiences didn't always know what you were trying to do up there.

MARTIN: I think of that as an advantage. They didn't know what to expect. If I was going out there now, I'd perform anywhere except comedy clubs. It becomes too homogenized. You should be like Andy Kaufman, off by yourself going nuts. At least it's different from what everyone else is doing.

PLAYBOY: In those early years, who was doing it besides you?

MARTIN: George Carlin, Robert Klein, Richard Pryor and Lily Tomlin. Robin Williams came a little after me—at least with his success.

PLAYBOY: What changed so that comedy became such a big business?

MARTIN: It was a practical question. They could put on a show with only one guy. There didn't need to be a band or sets. The background was a wall. For me it was great because I didn't have to audition. Once I auditioned for a TV show and couldn't stand leaving it in someone else's hands. With stand-up—or whatever it was that I was doing—it was up to the audience, not to a producer or a writer or somebody else.

PLAYBOY: Carrie Fisher said that Robin Williams, on stage, was possessed, manic, while you were more in control, more disciplined. Is that accurate?

MARTIN: There was a time when all this was being developed that I was very undisciplined. It was about freeing yourself and finding new things. There was a time when the act was very spontaneous. You can't come up with two, three or four hours of material being rigid. You know, there's this thing about Robin being spontaneous, but he had material, too. It all looks spontaneous. That was the point. There was a time when I was walking out in the audience, picking up objects and ad-libbing, not knowing where I was going. I used to do forty minutes after the show was over, in the audience or out in the street.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever die onstage?

MARTIN: About three times I did a joke and then, twenty minutes later, I did it again. I just forgot. I remember driving through Utah at night with some friends. We stopped in the middle of the desert and just sat there. Without the roar of the car and the conversation, a wave of silence came over us. It was shocking. That's what it was like when I did the joke the second time. It just dies. All this silence hits you.

PLAYBOY: How do you view your stand-up days?

MARTIN: It was hard work but that was the funniest I ever was. I was new, the audience hadn't quite gotten it yet. You could still blow their minds.

PLAYBOY: Was that the goal—to blow their minds?

MARTIN: Any way you could.

PLAYBOY: Are you nostalgic for it?

MARTIN: Not at all. I don't like talking about it because I'd rather have the memory as a good one than look back and realize that it wasn't so good after all. At the time, you feel good about it because that's what show business is: getting hot, getting cold, getting hot again, getting cold, getting hot. But there's nothing quite like getting hot for the first time.

PLAYBOY: How does stand-up compare with acting?

MARTIN: In the movie business, you can be subject to variables. They might not like the movie. Doing stand-up the variables are drunks yelling through your show. You might not even have the chance to get it right.

PLAYBOY: There's no buffer between you and an audience when you're doing stand-up. If they don't like your stand-up, they don't like you.

MARTIN: No, that isn't it. With stand-up, I had to go to Detroit, to Baltimore. With movies, the movie goes to Detroit, to Baltimore. I stay home. It stays the same. You did it as best as you could and it doesn't change from night to night.

PLAYBOY: Is there a quantifiable difference in the kinds of expression in both forms?

MARTIN: In movies it's richer. First, I was sick of doing the same thing every night. But also, the range of emotions is greater for me in the movies. Larger stories can be told. With stand-up, I felt as if I didn't have anything else to say. My early act had a definite point of view. It had a feeling of new. I don't have any of that in me.

PLAYBOY: Is stand-up comedy a young man's game?

MARTIN: For me. But I don't mean to be minimizing those days. I feel like I resurrected a kind of comedy, even a kind of fun. I believe I was the first to be doing anticomedy, when the joke is nonsense and it is how outrageous you can get.

PLAYBOY: When was the first time you did your stand-up on television?

MARTIN: Oh, I did all the TV shows—Steve Allen, Della Reese, Merv Griffin, Virginia Graham. I lived on those shows—not financially, but I was always billed, "as seen on the *Steve Allen Show*."

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your first time on *The Tonight Show*?

MARTIN: Yes. I did a magic act. I did a magic act the last time I was on, too. The Great Flydini.

PLAYBOY: In which you materialize objects from the fly of your pants. Was it emotional for you when Carson retired?

MARTIN: It was. There was a sense of passing. I was on the show so many times that I found myself sitting on the panel conversing, in a sense, as a peer. There was a feeling of accomplishment and disbelief.

PLAYBOY: Were you nervous?

MARTIN: The first time I was because it all came down to this. In a weird sense I felt that same feeling the last time I was on the show. Flydini is a very difficult act to perform. I had to practice for three days. There's always a chance you will blow it when you're out there.

PLAYBOY: What could happen?

MARTIN: Everything could fall apart inside your pants. When it came time for the show in Carson's last week, I came out and was nervous for about a minute and then you have a job to do.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is going to happen with *The Tonight Show*?

MARTIN: I don't know. There will never be anyone like Carson. He influenced a lot of us. His timing is precise. All comedians praise him because he is so good at setting us up for our bits. It truly was an end to an era.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever want to be the new host?

MARTIN: I had a fantasy fifteen years ago, but not now.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Jay Leno?

MARTIN: I think he'll do great. He does a good job.

PLAYBOY: You also reached a huge audience from appearances on *Saturday Night Live*. What do you remember most about that time?

MARTIN: It was very exciting. No matter how petty this sounds, you feel as if you're in the avant-garde for that little while. It was the coming together of two avant-gardes, myself and the show. It was good times.

PLAYBOY: What are your favorite moments when you look back to your time on *SNL*?

MARTIN: I like some of the monologs I did with Bill Murray. He's the fastest ad-lib I ever saw. I was doing a monolog and I called him up out of the audience. We rehearsed it, and on the air I asked him something I had never said in rehearsal: "Have you ever been on TV before?" He said, "Once at a ball game in a long shot." I enjoyed working with him and with Gilda Radner. There were a lot of high points. Working with Dan Aykroyd was one.

PLAYBOY: Did you know John Belushi well?

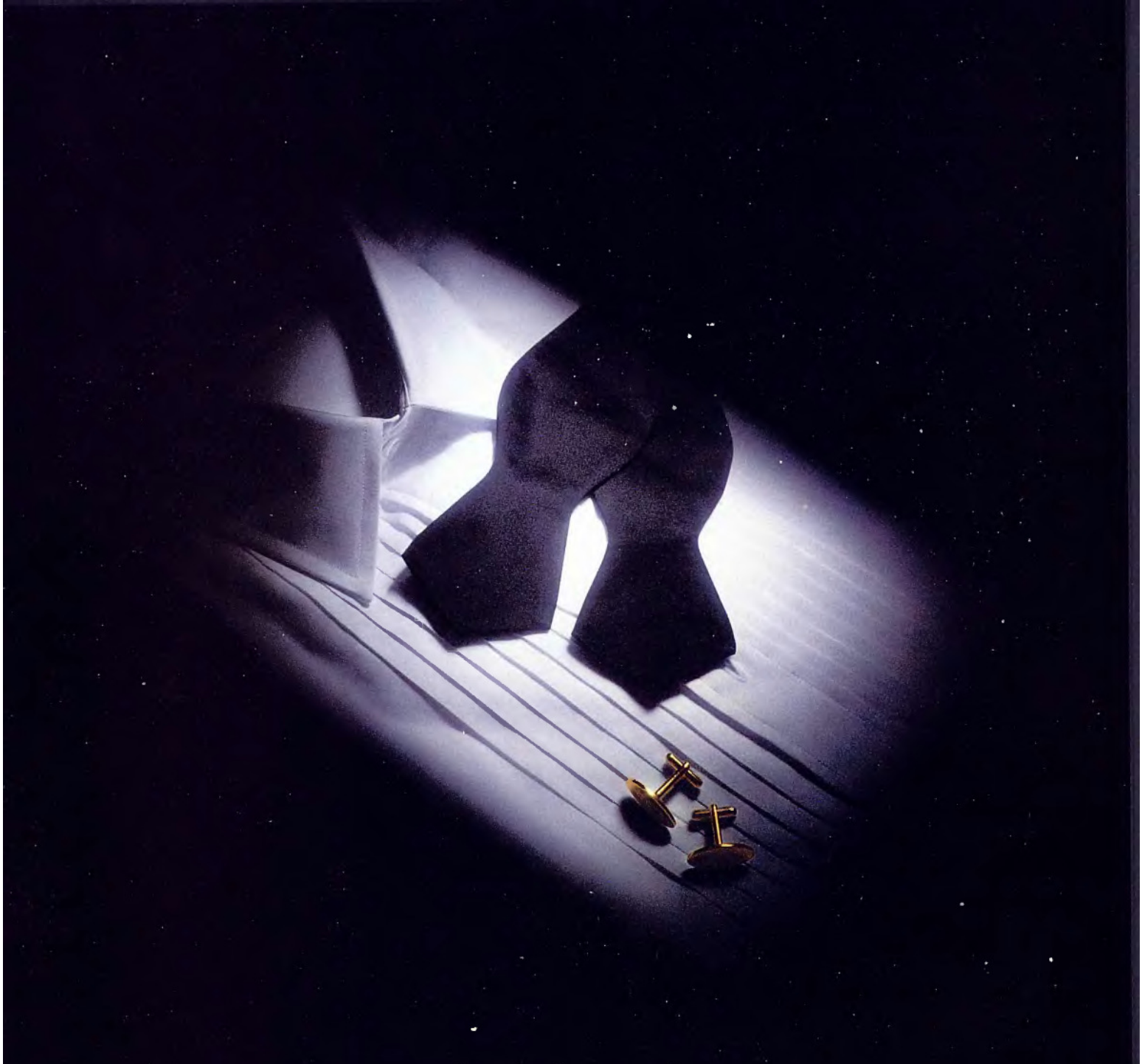
MARTIN: Vaguely, not well. He was a big personality. Before he died, just after he finished *Continental Divide*, he was at my house in Beverly Hills. He said, "I just did this movie and it's like a whole new acting thing for me. Now I see where I want to go."

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

MARTIN: He had a vision that he could become an actor beyond his stand-up and *SNL*. He realized he really had a future. And then he died.

PLAYBOY: Was it devastating?

(continued on page 80)



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The Age of

TURNAROUND

kiss the status quo goodbye. in the time it takes you to turn this page . . .

. . . *there is no telling what may have happened*

article by Geoffrey Norman Welcome to the 21st century. It seems to have arrived sooner than anyone expected, but then, most things do these days. Everything happens fast. Blink and you'll miss the latest trend. Go on a two-week no-media vacation and entire empires might fall without your knowing a thing about it.

This is an age of change in which virtually everything is changing, including the nature of change itself.

In the 20th century, change generally meant growth or destruction. Small things became big things, and then even bigger things. What was good for General Motors was good for the country. As GM got bigger, the country got richer. There seemed to be no end to this process. Change was unending growth.

In the 20th century, wars became such vast, undifferentiated enterprises that we assigned them Roman numerals, like centuries. The atomic bomb was the perfect weapon for the century of ever-bigger things. With nuclear weapons, the state could destroy not just its enemies but . . . everything. George Orwell was the greatest prophet of the 20th century. No book penetrated the century's monolithic secrets more deeply than *1984*.

Then everything changed. The Cold War ended. Just like that. It didn't happen in the classic 20th century fashion, with planes dropping bombs that killed lots of people. Instead, civilians went out and knocked down the Berlin Wall. And when the old guard staged a coup in Moscow, the people took to the streets. There was no new Stalin among the plotters. Nobody with his 20th century iron hand. Only a handful of protesters died in the process of liquidating an empire that had killed millions. Some members of the old guard had the decency to commit suicide.

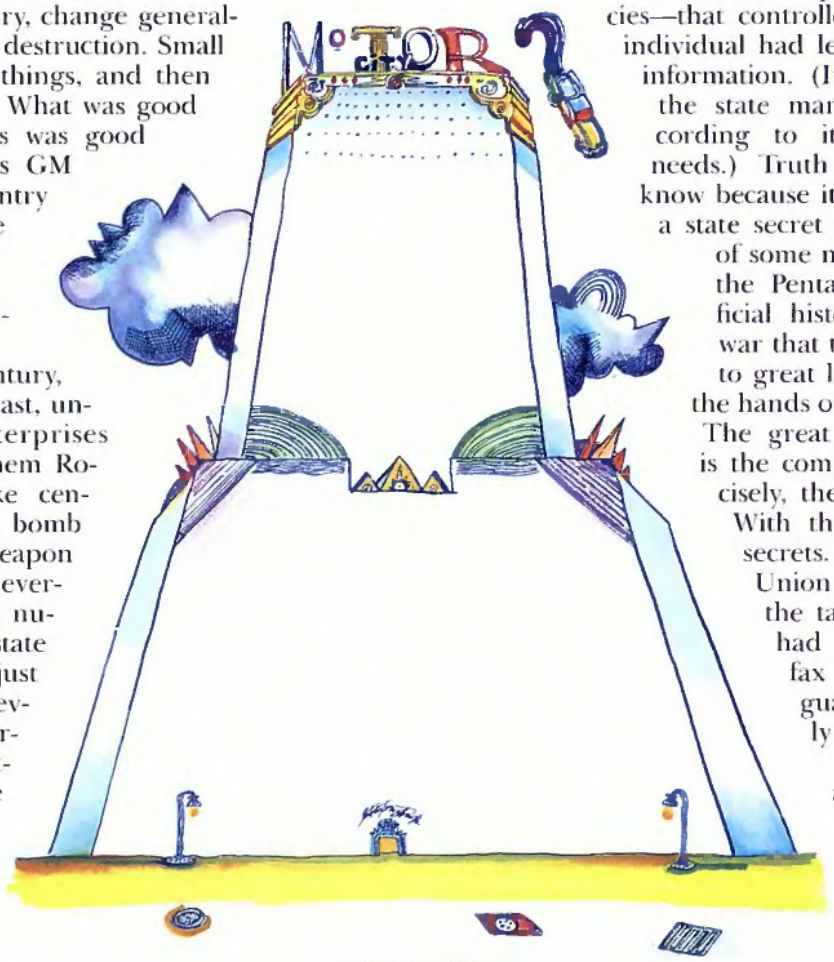
How did it happen? The way everything happens now: suddenly and decisively. Turnaround does not loiter. The metaphor for change used to be biology. Mostly it was orderly growth; occasionally it was unexpected mutation—cancer. Turnaround has more in common with quantum physics. Change happens instantaneously across both space and time.

The 20th century was the age of great institutions—states, corporations, bureaucracies—that controlled information. The individual had less and less access to information. (In Orwell's dystopia, the state manufactured truth according to its convenience and needs.) Truth became harder to know because it was either classified a state secret or was the property of some monopoly. Remember the Pentagon papers, the official history of the Vietnam war that the government went to great length to keep out of the hands of its citizens?

The great tool of turnaround is the computer. Or more precisely, the personal computer. With the PC, there are no secrets. When the Soviet Union died, the state had the tanks but the civilians had the PCs and the fax machines. The old guard had been woefully outgunned.

The PC itself is a perfect metaphor for the age of turnaround. It evolved more furiously in a year than the automobile did in a decade—and got lighter, faster and cheaper almost by the week. The process is too much for even IBM to handle. The computer revolution has left its founders in the dust. That is a case of pure turnaround.

The revolution in information has created an entirely new set of expectations, a *mood* that is the soul of turnaround. It is a new dialectic. It is not strictly that which is old that is in peril. Turnaround doesn't punish or reward merely on the basis of age. But the established, the large and the complacent—such as GM,



DETROIT

It is still a little early to start talking about a renaissance in Detroit, no matter what they call overrated downtown buildings. You still have a better chance of getting killed than getting a job in most neighborhoods there. But the sweet scent of turnaround is in the air. Both Chrysler and Ford are now producing vehicles at a lower per-unit cost than the Japanese. Chrysler, in fact, did the unthinkable with its Dodge Viper, designed by Carroll Shelby. At a time when everyone else was selling prudence, the Viper put sex back into cars. That's turnaround.

IBM and the former Soviet Union—are in trouble. It is a time to be lean and alert. Turnaround feeds on corpulence and complacency.

There are no maps to the new world of turnaround. It's still too early. Anyway, how can you map a landscape that is constantly changing? But there are some indicators and signposts. There are some trend lines and rules, though few, not surprisingly, that are hard and fast.

WINNERS AND LOSERS

CNN is a winner. Network news is a loser. The reasons are simple enough. CNN is there when you need it. Since it isn't weighted down with prima donnas and their salaries, it can travel light.

IBM is a loser. Bill Gates and his innovative Microsoft team are winners. GM is a loser, though Saturn—its one accommodation to the forces of turnaround—is a winner.

South Korea is a winner. If Korea is ever reunited, Japan had better watch its flanks.

Macy's and other department stores are losers. Direct mail is a winner.

Vans and pickups are winners. Station wagons are losers.

Harleys and dirt bikes are winners. Travel light and move fast if you want to keep up with turnaround.

The NBA is a winner. Major-league baseball is a loser.

The Pittsburgh Pirates (poor but smart) are winners. The New York Mets (rich but dumb) are losers.

Congress, cash and the Roman Catholic hierarchy are losers.

Electronic—as in mail, banking, shopping—is an instant winner.

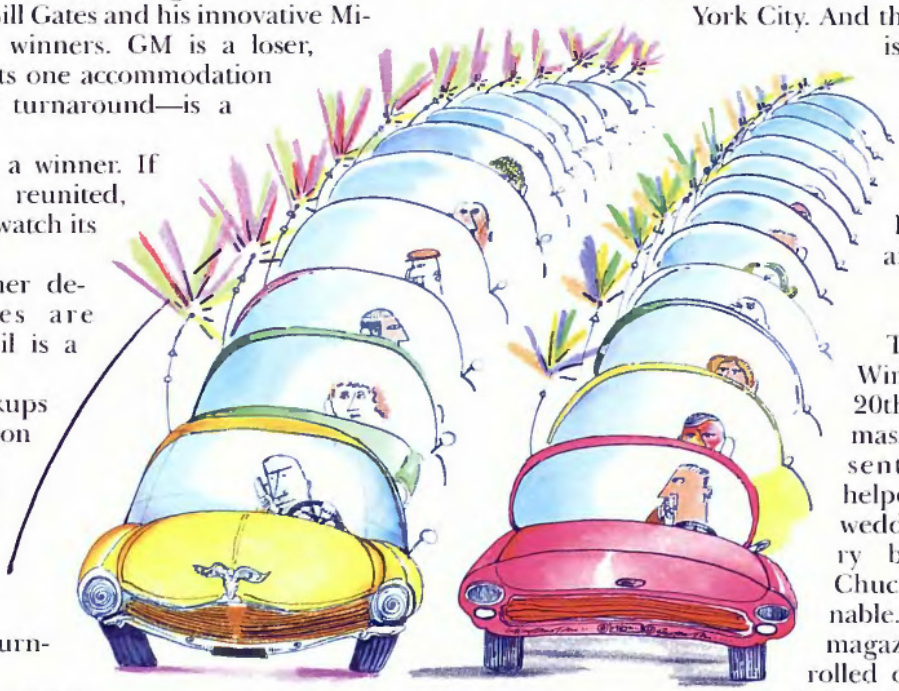
Rifles, mortars and hand grenades are winners, while ICBMs and poison gas, no use in the streets of Sarajevo, are losers.

The end of history—a trendy little intellectual conceit—is history. Things are going to get quite interesting.

THE CENTER CANNOT HOLD

The opening act in the age of turnaround was the collapse of the Soviet Union and its empire. There was nothing organic about the old arrangement. It was pure 20th century—an abstract bureaucratic construction held together by force. Much of the world's map, as we've known it, was drawn this way. A lot of shotgun marriages are going to be breaking up. In many cases, the divorces will be bloody. Consider Yugoslavia. But make no mistake, it took blood to maintain the old factions, too.

The forces of turnaround will continue to move the world toward smaller, more logical political arrangements. The union of Europe, so confidently assumed last year, now appears dicey. The trend is toward secession, not union. Already there is talk in Scotland of going it alone. Quebec wants out of Canada. And northern California has had it with its profligate south. Staten Island wants out of New York City. And there is a secessionist movement in Vermont. Come to think of it, what do Social Circle, Georgia and Venice Beach have in common, anyway?



THE CELLULAR PHONE

Remember how it used to be? Something was pressing and you just had to get to the phone, but, well, you were stuck in traffic. Or the phone, when you finally got to it, had been disassembled by some thug using a pipe wrench. The phone was a static device, and if you wanted to talk, you had to get to where the phone was. Even Superman had to find a phone booth before he could change clothes. Now you call from wherever you are. Information is fluid, and as long as the information moves, nothing else has to.

ROYAL FLUSH

The House of Windsor survived the 20th century through massive infusions of sentiment (money helped) and, after the wedding of the century between Di and Chuck, looked impregnable. The adoring magazine cover stories rolled on endlessly until it seemed that nothing in life could be more sublime than polo and charity balls. Then . . . turnaround. The fictions of royalty could not survive the truths of the information age—not with scanners aimed at cellular phones. Princesses can be suicidal, narcissistic and bulimic, and princes can be insensitive horses' asses. Even the supporting cast can behave like a bunch of plebes. Hey, Fergie, show us your tits. Will the last duke out of Buckingham Palace please turn out the lights? And will he bring the bulbs?

FROM THE PENTHOUSE TO THE BIG HOUSE

Turnaround loves a big, stationary target.

Mike Milken went to jail because he believed what was written about him. He could do any deal, he owned the junk bond market and he would transform American finance. He was a master of the universe.

Now he is an inmate. It's a light lockup, but he's still not allowed to wear his rug.

Mike Tyson heard it all the time. He was the youngest man to win the heavyweight championship. It was his for as long as he wanted it. He was too big, too strong and, above all, too mean to lose or even to get hurt. He ruled the world, until a journeyman took his measurements and then left him flopping on the canvas, looking for his mouthpiece.

Mike still didn't get it. Maybe a man could stop him but, for sure, no woman could. Now he is doing six years of hard time in Indiana. If you want to get into the ring with turnaround, you need to be a counterpuncher.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH

There are other conspicuous people who should have known better. Even in the nation's capital, they didn't catch on when the rules changed. When turnaround cut them off at the knees, they were bewildered and hurt. It seemed so unfair.

Clark Clifford made a career out of being thought of as the shrewdest man in Washington. As advisor to presidents and wheeler-dealer extraordinaire, his reputation and cozy relationship with the press protected him. These days, a reputation can be a liability, and a man in power can't be sure of his friends. When the prosecutors charged fraud, the smartest man in Washington said he'd been duped by a bunch of Arabs—that he was just an ignorant but innocent fool. The grand juries didn't believe him.

Jim Wright made a career out of logrolling in Congress. He was from Texas and believed that if it had worked for Lyndon Johnson, then, hell, boy, it ought to work for him. But LBJ lived in an age when one man could bully all of Washington if he had the stones. Times changed. Washington became a town of scalp hunters. A Speaker of the House would do until it was time to knock off another president.

SURVIVING AND THRIVING

Some people understand almost intuitively what the new world calls for. Where Gary Hart tried to fight back, Bill Clinton hunkered down and let the media punch themselves arm weary. Bill knows turnaround. Alan Dershowitz is the lawyer who understands: Your best chance to win is on appeal. Peter Lynch of Fidelity understood it. David Lynch of *Twin Peaks* did not. Roger Smith at General Motors had never heard of it. Lee Iacocca was just catching on when he retired. Jimmy Johnson and Jerry Jones of the Dallas Cowboys got it. Turn it *all* around, brother. Mike Lynn, who gave them the store for Herschel Walker, didn't have a clue. Leona Helmsley didn't get it. Neither did Donald Trump—but then, arrogance is made to be undone by turnaround. Knowledge makes you humble. People on the front lines of turnaround, such people as Václav Havel, make the point. Havel went from playwright to political prisoner to the presidency of Czechoslovakia and then to private life with the peace and grace that comes with understanding. He is a hero of turnaround.

VANESSA WILLIAMS

The old institutions would ruin you if you didn't go along. Their way or the highway. Vanessa Williams played the Miss America game well enough to win, but some Sapphic photos forced her to resign in . . . disgrace? Eight years later, her album, "The Comfort Zone," went platinum. Miss America hasn't been the same since Bert Parks.

KISS OF DEATH

Talk about not getting it: *Time* named Mikhail Gorbachev Man of the Decade only two years before he was sent to pasture. It was inevitable. *Time* is the perfect 20th century institution, where news flows from the reporters in the field up through layers of bureaucracy. The clerks and ministers rework it and rethink it until it becomes the vision of a few suited men sitting in big offices in a tall, sealed-glass building. Like Gorbachev, they would be the last to know. Like him, they believe the process can be managed. As Emerson knew, events are in the saddle and ride mankind. Those who try to manage turnaround will be buried by it.

YOU WANT TURNAROUND? I'LL GIVE YOU TURNAROUND

Ross Perot. From bantam rooster to cock of the walk to the Dallas chicken to feisty phoenix—all in one season. The experts were a day late and a dollar short the whole time, and, for Perot, turnaround kept turning.

INSTITUTIONAL TURNAROUND

The United States military was nearly ruined by its misadventure in Vietnam. But there are advantages to having nothing left to lose. The officers who were bloodied and disillusioned by Vietnam but chose to stay in uniform remade their services with volunteers instead of conscripts. After shaky road shows in Grenada and Panama, the military met the (conscripted) forces of a nation that had won its last war (and that had, according to popular wisdom, one of the finest, most battle-tested armies of the world). The Americans had fewer men than the Iraqis. But the American military had the technology, the motivation, the *(concluded on page 200)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

"I'll tell you what it means. It means that you and your friend here have made a mess of year one."

STEVE MARTIN *(continued from page 72)*

"I have a quiet side. It's not depression. It's a kind of shyness or maybe insecurity."

MARTIN: Devastating? No, because I wasn't that close to him. It seemed so much a part of the mystique and persona. I remember seeing him standing in the middle of a street in New York. He was directing traffic, shouting, trying to get a taxi, and you could tell he was doing it for show, because he thought he should. He was living the myth. That was my impression.

PLAYBOY: Did his death cause you to reevaluate your own life?

MARTIN: I had nothing to do with that kind of lifestyle.

PLAYBOY: Never?

MARTIN: No. I never got close.

PLAYBOY: You never had to learn about drugs and alcohol the hard way?

MARTIN: No. When I was about twenty, I smoked some marijuana. That was about it. I think some personalities are just addictive. John felt like it was his duty to do it. I have no sense of that. I noticed the difference in the times that I allowed myself to drink and the times I didn't. There was a big difference in my energy and how I slept. Those guys were doing it all the time. It had to take a toll.

PLAYBOY: So you have what might be called a nonaddictive personality?

MARTIN: I wouldn't call myself nonaddictive. I'm obsessive.

PLAYBOY: Was it a conscious decision to stop doing stand-up and start making films?

MARTIN: I just decided to do it. I still had some stand-up bookings, but I knew that there was only one way to go as a stand-up and that was down.

PLAYBOY: Many stand-up comedians fail when they try to get into the movies.

MARTIN: I guess I had enough residual power from stand-up that I could do those five or six films that it takes to learn your craft. I thought it would be an easy transition, but it wasn't.

PLAYBOY: What did you have to learn?

MARTIN: Movie comedy. It is very different from stand-up.

PLAYBOY: How so?

MARTIN: I can't describe it because it's subconscious. It's more about acting. In the early movies, the comedy was way more important than the acting. Then, as I got older and I learned more, it was about learning to let the acting support the comedy. But all this is bullshit. I don't know what I'm talking about. I'm just saying that something happens that makes you better.

PLAYBOY: When *Roxanne* came out, there was a lot of talk that you might win an Academy Award. Did you care about that?

MARTIN: It's hard to answer. No decision is ever made in my life for the Academy. I wasn't expecting anything because I'm not Academy material. Being Academy material is like a hurricane. It just happens. It has its own course. There's nothing you can do to affect it.

PLAYBOY: Have you been overlooked because of your roots in comedy?

MARTIN: Yes. I came from silly standup. But then, as with *Roxanne*, people start talking, "Oh, it's a cinch"—the *L.A. Times* said it was a shoe-in—it becomes kind of puzzling.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the bias against comedy is changing a bit?

MARTIN: Well, it certainly changed for Robin Williams. I mean, he's very nominatable.

PLAYBOY: What made that happen?

MARTIN: I don't know. He did a remarkable thing. He turned his film career completely around. He once commented that he used to get scripts with my fingerprints on them. He doesn't anymore. He turned it around through drama, though, not comedies. *Good Morning, Vietnam*, which was sort of both, and *Awakenings* and *The Fisher King*.

PLAYBOY: Both of your careers were built around comedy. Is there more at stake when you do dramas, as you do when you play a preacher in *Leap of Faith*? Are you intimidated by dramas?

MARTIN: Not at all. I have had enough drama in the movies I've done, starting with *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* and *Roxanne*. *Leap of Faith* is a drama, though there is some showy stuff. I'm a con artist evangelist. When you're preaching and yelling and singing and dancing and all that, it's very much a show. I'm not asking the audience to sit there while I do *Hamlet*.

PLAYBOY: There's still a question of how far to go—how crazy a preacher to be.

MARTIN: Yes, but it's a dramatic question. It's not a comedic question. In this case, I didn't have to go bigger than the character. Evangelists go pretty big on their own.

PLAYBOY: Is your character modeled after any evangelist? Maybe Jimmy Swaggart or Jim Bakker?

MARTIN: Swaggart and Bakker were con men but they were also sincere. This guy's not sincere at all.

PLAYBOY: There were reports of trouble on the set—the producer was fired and your agent was canned for not taking better care of you.

MARTIN: I saw that report and it was unfortunate since it wasn't true. The producer left because he had a dispute with the studio over money. My agent left the agency because of long-standing problems. None of it had anything to do with me.

PLAYBOY: Tom Smothers said that when you stop being funny, you reveal very little about yourself. Is it true?

MARTIN: Was he talking about me or about comedians in general?

PLAYBOY: You.

MARTIN: Yeah, I think that's probably true. You go through a time when you become famous and the demands are constant. Then everyone starts to get offended about what you're not doing. When they get around you, they stand and look at you, waiting for you to do that thing that they know. When it happens once or twice, it's fine, but when it's constant, you start to get mad and you actively withhold that thing to show to yourself that you're not a puppet.

PLAYBOY: How about when you're not around fans who want you to perform for them? How about when you are on your own, with friends.

MARTIN: Perhaps. I have a quiet side and it can certainly appear. I have no idea what generates it. It's not depression. It's a kind of shyness or maybe insecurity. Around my friends I never feel that way. Not my really close friends. But they number, like, four.

PLAYBOY: Who are your best friends?

MARTIN: Marty Short. Chevy Chase. Lorne Michaels. Paul Simon. Kevin Kline. Some of the people you meet in show business are just so fantastic. It's great when you meet someone who's clever, creative and on the same wavelength.

PLAYBOY: Is that why so many of your friends are also actors?

MARTIN: They're just the kind of people you meet. I met most of them in movies. There are Rick Moranis, Larry and Meg Kasdan, Frank Oz. Tom Hanks—he's a very, very funny guy. I had dinner the other night with him and Ron Howard and their families. They're the people in comedy I like to hang around with. Their comedy is different from what they do on-screen. It's more sarcastic or satiric. Marty Short, for example, can do an impression of an assistant director he just worked with. You've never met him, but it's hysterically funny. Glenne Headly has that ability, too. You know who else? Phoebe Cates and Kevin

(concluded on page 92)

TWICE MORE, WITH FEELING
the barbis are back, and more bodacious than ever

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MAKEUP BY DANIEL BLANCO FOR CLOUTIER
HAIR BY JONATHAN SETARO AND BERTRAND WITZ FOR CLOUTIER

WHAT'S more than 11½ feet tall, hotter than a firecracker, sultry as sin, able to spin glamour into gold and to flip coins with superb stomach muscles? Has to be the Barbi twins. Sprung from San Diego on an unsuspecting Hollywood three years ago, they're the 5'9" pair with identically incendiary looks and surprising talents. "We're a fantasy," says Shane, the rationalist. "We're a freak show," says Sia, the kidder. In 1989 they were belly dancers doing back bends and flipping coins around their navels. A billboard on Sunset Boulevard led to a PLAYBOY debut and the rest, as they say, is winning twinning. Fans in Paris cried "*Les Barbis!*" and formed a Barbi queue to touch Shane and Sia. Where are they now?

The twins cohabit twin ranches—one in California, one in Oklahoma. Their horses, mules, ducks and a pig named Barbi Q mob them, as Barbi cultists do on the road. (We're not surprised.) But men can be a much tougher crowd: "Too many of them only want us as a prize."

"We're back," they say. We've noticed. The Barbis are back in PLAYBOY to give you a pleasant case of double vision. "The first time wasn't sexy enough," says Shane. "We wanted to go all the way." Says Sia, "That's right. All the way over the edge to ultra-sexy." For even more, catch their number one top-selling calendar.

The panther (above) is Sara. The sleeker ones are Sia and Shane. They adored Sara's keeper, but he was married. Shane likes policemen and loves L.A. County sheriffs, while Sia goes for bad boys. "So if he's a cop, Shane gets him. If he's wanted by the cops, he's mine."

STEVE MARTIN *(continued from page 80)*

"People point their cameras and say, 'Act crazy.' But hey, what do they want from me? I'm forty-six."

Kline. Chevy and Marty Short and I hang out a lot since we got to be good friends while doing *Three Amigos*. In real life they are some of the funniest people there are.

PLAYBOY: Would a dinner conversation among the three of you sound like the dialog from a movie?

MARTIN: It would be much hipper.

PLAYBOY: Is there a sort of comedy cocksmanship when you're together, with each trying to outdo the others with cleverness?

MARTIN: In the circles I run in it's not about outdoing the other guy, it's about building on the other guy and then he builds on you. That's when it's best. It's just about being funny. It's like the comedy god entered the room and you want to see how far you can go with him.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to be careful not to lose touch with ordinary life when you're rich and famous?

MARTIN: We have our problems, too, and they're just as real as anybody else's problems and, for the most part, they're probably the same. Maybe you don't have to worry about paying a bill, but we're not stupid and we can figure out what it would be like not to be able to pay a bill.

I saw *The Last Boy Scout* on laser disc. It's very ugly. It's about a family falling apart. The wife is having an affair and the husband is a detective who's always at work. The daughter is just plain repellent. Her language is horrible. Toward the end of the movie she supplies the gun to her dad to blow away the people. Early on, the wife is trying to get a rise out of her husband and she says something like, "You don't care about me. Why don't you just say, 'Sarah, fuck you. I'll spit in your face if I ever catch you with another man again.'" By the end of the movie, this has become the love theme. When he says to her, "Fuck you, I'll spit in your face if I ever see you with another man," she melts.

I'm thinking, Is there a world out there I don't know about? Is that the way a lot of people are in this ugly, ugly world? Well, I don't know about those problems. I know about the problems in *Parenthood*.

PLAYBOY: But you have no children.

MARTIN: Well, I know those kinds of people, so I understand them.

PLAYBOY: Do you want kids?

MARTIN: It's not something I talk about.

PLAYBOY: You once said that any time you get the urge to have children, all you have to do is spend some time with one.

MARTIN: Yes, but since then lots of my friends have had children. I have seen what it means to people. So who knows? But I don't want to go into it.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your art collection then. That's safer.

MARTIN: I don't talk about that, either. Talking about personal parts of your life cheapens them, I think. I collect art but I'd rather not talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Was roller-skating through the Los Angeles County Museum of Art in *L.A. Story* a boyhood fantasy?

MARTIN: It was wonderful but very scary, too. The floor is very slippery and you don't want to crash into any of those paintings.

PLAYBOY: You donated an enormous canvas to the museum, didn't you?

MARTIN: It's not something I want to talk about.

PLAYBOY: Excuuuuuuse us.

MARTIN: [*Smiles*]

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to have your lines—such as that one—find their way into the vernacular?

MARTIN: It's sort of funny but it's not anything to be really proud of. It's pop.

PLAYBOY: Where did some of them come from? How about that one: "Well, excuuuuuuse me"?

MARTIN: When I was fifteen, I worked at this shop in Disneyland. A woman there from New Orleans always said, "Well, excuse me for livin'." It came from that. It was never meant to be a catchphrase. The routine was always about getting mad over nothing. For instance, I'd get mad at the spotlight operator because he went to a blue spot when it was supposed to be a white spot. It always made me laugh when entertainers were so self-important that they freak out over these things.

PLAYBOY: How about the "wild and crazy guy" line?

MARTIN: It all started with the idea of playing a folk hero that was completely contrary to the way I look. The folk hero was a rambling man—you know, "Lord, I was born a ramblin' man," from the song. It struck me as funny because of the contrast—somebody who considered himself wild, but who was anything but. One of the *SNL* writers took the line from my act and used it in his sketch for Danny [Aykroyd] and me. I think the idea was Danny's. That's how the Czech brothers became the two wild and crazy guys. After millions of nights ad-libbing on stage, some things stick.

PLAYBOY: Your wife said you have spent years living down that phrase. Are you ever wild and crazy anymore?

MARTIN: Hanging around with friends, never because people want me to be.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult being Steve Martin, as opposed to another famous person, because people expect you to be funny?

MARTIN: Yes, although I don't give in to it. Worse than that is that people laugh at things you say that aren't meant to be funny at all. And yeah, a lot of people want me to, like, go back and do routines I did when I was twenty. They want me to be the wild and crazy guy. People point their cameras and say, "Act crazy." But hey, what do they want from me? I'm forty-six, you know.

PLAYBOY: At forty-six, you're playing the father of the bride. Was it a jolt to find that you're no longer cast as the groom?

MARTIN: There's that moment where you go, "I can't play a *father*!" and you start counting and you realize, "Oh. I guess I can." I think one of the secrets of maturing in the movie business is knowing when something is over and something new is beginning.

PLAYBOY: Is there a bittersweet aspect to the idea of maturing?

MARTIN: No, it feels good. About the stuff in the past? I did it. There's a certain satisfaction in making it through all those years and still being around, knowing that you were not a flash in the pan.

PLAYBOY: Was that a big fear?

MARTIN: When you're a sudden hit like I was, the first thing that enters your head is, when's it going to be over?

PLAYBOY: Have you joined those people in show business who, in spite of good years and bad years, won't go away?

MARTIN: Well, maybe. I never like to take things for granted, but I feel way more at peace with that question. It doesn't now depend on your latest hit or flop.

PLAYBOY: Many of your recent movies, such as *Father of the Bride* and last summer's *Housesitter*, came on quietly yet earned more than the so-called big movies. What is it about them?

MARTIN: They deliver. They're nice. Certain audiences feel too sophisticated and will never like them. But otherwise, it's hard not to like those movies, unless you've got a chip on your shoulder. I've been happy with them. I am happy to realize I'm now a young older leading man. It's nice to know you can be funny, even at forty-six.

"Look, we can either ring out the old year or ring in the new, but we can't do both."

BLUEBEARD IN IRELAND

fiction

BY JOHN UPDIKE

the allensons vowed never to travel together again. now, touring the emerald isle, george remembered why

"THE PEOPLE *are* wonderful," George Allenson had to agree, there in Kenmare. His wife, Vivian, was 20 years younger than he but almost as tall, with dark hair and decided sharp features, and it placed the least strain on their marriage if he agreed with her assertions. Yet he harbored an inner doubt. If the Irish were so wonderful, why was Ireland such a sad, empty country? Vivian, a full generation removed from him, was an instinctive feminist, and to him, an instinctive male chauvinist, any history of unrelieved victimization seemed suspect. Not that it wasn't astonishing to see the 80-room palaces the British landlords had built for themselves, and touching to see the ruins—stone end walls still standing, thatched roofs collapsed—of the hovels where the Irish had lived, eaten their potatoes and drunk their whiskey, and died. Vivian loved the hovels, inexplicably, since they all looked alike from the outside, and when it was possible to enter a doorless doorway or peak through a sashless window-hole, the inside showed a muddy dirt floor, a clutter of rotting boards that might once have been furniture and a few plastic or aluminum leavings of intruders like themselves.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID HODGES

She could see he was unconvinced. "The way they use the language," she insisted, "and leave little children to run their shops for them."

"Wonderful," he agreed again. He was sitting with his, he hoped, not ridiculously much younger wife in the lounge of their hotel, before a flickering blue fire that was either a gas imitation of a peat fire or the real thing, he wasn't sure. A glass of whiskey, whose one ice cube had melted away, added to Allenson's natural sleepiness. He had driven them around the Dingle Peninsula today in a foggy rain and then south to Kenmare over a narrow mountain road from Killarney, Vivian screaming with anxiety all the way, and it had left him exhausted. After a vacation in Italy two years ago, he had vowed never to rent a foreign car with her again, but he had, in a place with narrower roads and left-handed drive. During the trickiest stretch today, over fabled Moll's Gap, with a Mercedes full of gesturing Germans pushing him from behind, Vivian had turned in her seat and pressed her face against the headrest rather than look, and sobbed and called him a sadistic fiend. Afterward, safely delivered to the hotel parking lot, she complained that she had twisted so violently that her lower back hurt slightly. What he resented most about her attacks of hysteria was how, when she recovered from them, she expected him to have recovered, too. For all her feminism she still claimed the feminine right to meaningless storms of emotion, followed by the automatic sunshine of male forgiveness.

As if sensing the sulky residue of a grudge within him and determined to erase it, she flashed there by the sluggish fire her perfect teeth, teeth whose fluoride-protected whiteness was emphasized by the almost-black red in

which she painted her lips. Her lips were long and mobile but thin and sharp, as if—it seemed to him in his drowsy condition by the gassy flickering fire—her eyebrows had been duplicated and sewn together at the ends to make a mouth. "Remember," she said, as if it had not been mere hours ago, "the lady shopkeeper out there beyond Dingle, where I begged you to stop?"

"You insisted I stop," he corrected. She had said that if he didn't admit he was lost, she would jump out of the car and walk back. How could they be lost, he argued, with the sea on their left and hills on their right? But the facts that the sea was obscured by fog and the stony hills vanished upward into rain clouds reinforced her conviction to the point that he slammed on the brakes. As if he might be the one to run away, she had got out of the car with him. The dimly lighted store looked empty, and they had been about to turn away from the door when a shadow materialized within, beyond the lace curtains—the proprietress, emerging from a room where she lived, waiting, rocking perhaps, watching what meager channels of television reached this remoteness. He had been surprised, in southwestern Ireland, by how little television there was to watch, and by the sound of Gaelic being spoken all about him, in shops and pubs, by the young as well as by the old. It was part of his provincialism to be surprised by the provincialism of others; he expected America by now to be everywhere.

This was indeed a store; its shadowy shelves held goods in cans and polyethylene packets, and a cloudy case held candies and newspapers bearing today's date. But it was hard to see it as anything but a stage cleverly set for their entrance and exit, rather than as a real focus for the economic needs of the village around them, which seemed deserted. The proprietress—her hair knotted straight back, her straight figure clad in a dress of nunnish gray—felt to him younger than she looked, like an actress tricked out in bifocals and gray rats. She described the local turnings with a lilting soft urgency, as if in all her years in this unlit store on a cliff above the sea, she had never before been asked to direct a pair of tourists. There was a grave ceremoniousness to the occasion that chastened the fractious Allensons. To pay her for her trouble, they bought a copy of the local newspaper and some bags of candy, which they ate in the car—Licorice Allsorts for him; for her, chocolate-covered malt balls called Maltesers.

They got back into the car enhanced by the encounter, the irritating currents between them momentarily quelled. Yet, even so, for all those sacerdotally careful directions, he must have taken a wrong turning, for they never passed the Gallarus Oratory, which he had wanted to see. It was the Chartres of beehive chapels. In Ireland the sights were mostly stones. The Allensons found themselves driving endlessly upward on the north side of the Dingle Peninsula, needing to traverse the Slieve Mish Mountains to avoid Tralee, and being tailgated by the Germans on Moll's Gap, while Vivian had hysterics and Allenson reflected on the unbridgeable distances between people, even those consecrated to intimacy.

He had had three wives. He had meant Vivian to see him into the grave but unexpected resistances in her were quickening, rather than lulling, his will to live. In his simple and essentially innocent malehood he had married into a swarming host of sexist resentments—men were incompetent (his driving in foreign lands), men were bullies (his occasional desire to share in the planning of their itineraries), men were ridiculous (his desire to see, faute de mieux, old Ireland's lichened gray huts, dolmens, menhirs and ruined abbeys), men were lethal. Two years ago, out of sheer political superstition, she had become furious in Gabriele D'Annunzio's estate above Lake Garda, all because the poet and adventurer had enshrined himself and his 13 loyal followers in matching sarcophagi, lifted up to the sun on pillars. Men were fascists, this had led her to see; she had become absolutely unreasonable concerning poor foppish D'Annunzio, about whom she knew nothing. She proved to be violently allergic to history, and her silver-haired husband loomed to her as history's bearer. So he had, for their next trip abroad, suggested Eire, a land whose history was buried in legend and ignominy. Just its shape on the map, next to Great Britain's spiky upstanding island, suggested the huddled roundness of a docile spouse.

"You insisted," he said, "and then we got lost anyway and saw none of the sights."

Vivian resisted having her bad temper revived. "The whole countryside is the sight," she said, "and the wonderful people. Everybody knows that. And all day, with you jerking that poor little Japanese compact this way and that like a crazy teenaged hood, I couldn't enjoy looking out. If I take my eye off the map for an instant, you get us lost. You're not getting me back into that car tomorrow, I tell you that."

Itching to give the fire a poke, he gave it to her instead. "Darling, I thought we were going to drive south, to Bantry and Skibbereen. Bantry House in the morning and Creagh Gardens in the afternoon, with a quick lunch at Ballydehob." He smiled.

"You're a monster," she said cheerfully. "You really would put me through a whole day of you at the wheel on these awful roads? We're going to walk."

"Walk?"

"George, I talked it over with a man in the office, the assistant manager, while you were putting on a shirt and tie. He couldn't have been sweeter, and said what the tourists do in Kenmare is they take walks. He gave me a map."

"A map?" Another whiskey would sink him to the bottom of the sea. But would that be so bad? This woman was killingly boring, like a schoolteacher from his youth. She had proudly produced a little map, printed by photocopy on green paper, showing a pattern of numbered lines enmeshing the phallic thrust of the Kenmare estuary. "I've come all this way to take a walk?" But there was no arguing. Vivian was so irrational that, because her predecessor wife had been called Claire, she had refused, planning the trip, to include County Clare, where the good cliffs and primitive churches were, and off whose shore part of the Spanish Armada had wrecked.

•

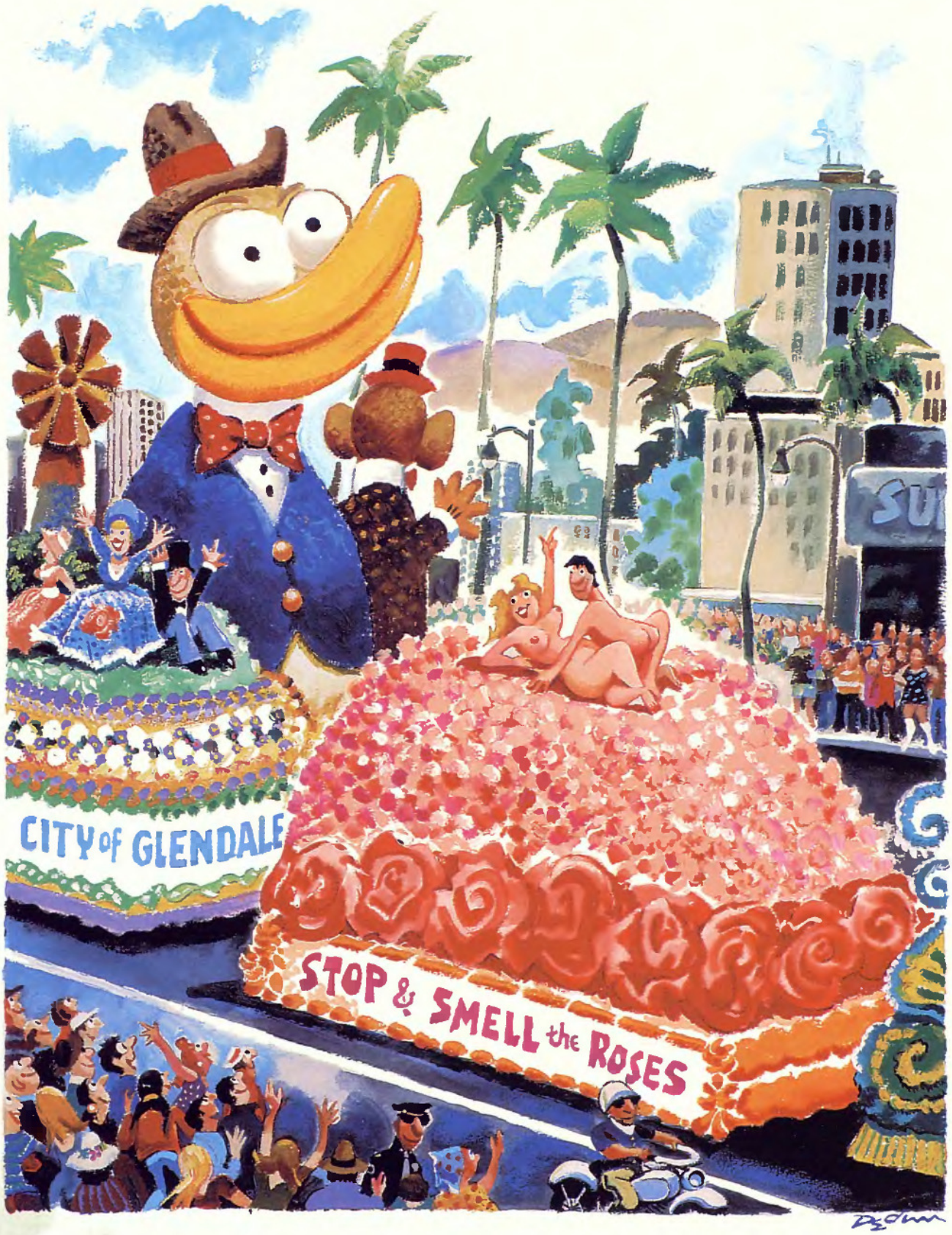
Next morning the devil in him, prompted by the guidebook, could not resist teasing her. "Today's the day," he announced, "to do the Ring of Beara. We can see the Ogham Stone at Ballycrovane, and if there's time, take the cable car to Dursey Island, the only such wonder in this green and pleasant land. The blessed roadway meanders, it says here, through mountainous coastal areas providing panoramic views of both Bantry and Kenmare bays. A famous stone circle there is, and just two miles farther, the ruins of Puxley's mansion. A mere hundred and forty kilometers, the entire ring is. That's eighty-four miles of pleasure, not counting the cable car."

"You must be out of your gourd," Vivian said, using one of those youthful slang expressions that she knew he detested. "I'm not getting back into any car with you at the wheel until we head to Shannon Airport. If then."

Allenson shrugged to hide his hurt. "Well, we could walk downtown to the local circle again. I'm not sure I dug"—tit for tat—"all the nuances the first time."

It had been charming, in a way. They had driven up a little cul-de-sac at the shabbier end of Kenmare, and a small girl in a school jumper had been pushed from a house, while her mother and siblings watched from the

(continued on page 172)


CITY of GLENDALE
STOP & SMELL the ROSES

the man who can
talk to anyone tells how
you, too, can enjoy the
holiday social whirl

QUERENCIA

article by **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

THE PARTY SEASON! Rapturously welcomed by some; by others, greeted with fear and loathing. But everyone understands that in some social situations there are shoals, and these have to be navigated with care. Some demand of you a facility for small talk, which some of us simply don't have, requiring us to make do with what we have, or to veer sharply to one side or another of the reef. Then there are those special perils, the awful bores. These are all the more difficult to circumvent because—unlike the shoals that lurk hidden by at least a few inches of water—the bores are more like stalagmites, rising directly between you and your objective: the bar, the beautiful widow, your best friend.

The questions arise: How to maneuver? What to do? What to stress?

I had a professor who took to writing me four or five times a week for several years, many of his letters seven or eight pages long and almost all of them describing his then-current plight. One of his plights lasted about nine months and had to do with his failure to pay enough money to the IRS a year or two earlier. I don't think Dante devoted more pages to *The Inferno* than my professor did to whether, how, at whose expense and with what recrimination he should come up with the $1300, plus interest and maybe a penalty, to pay Internal Revenue.

His obsessive quandary became amusing enough, after six or seven months, to cause me to make mention of it at lunch to a friend in common. My tax-torn professor knew the great French political philosopher Bertrand de Jouvenel intimately, I only in my capacity as a protégé of the professor. I recounted at lunch the agonies with which my friend

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

belabored in his letters the question of his taxes. And M. Jouvenel smiled and said yes, he knew the professor was that way about all matters, had always been that way. "And it astonishes me, for so intelligent a man. Because every subject in the whole world is more interesting than oneself," said M. Jouvenel, some years before writing his autobiography.

In fact, I think him quite wrong. I don't pretend that my friend mightn't have seized on a more interesting subject than his tax delinquency, but I remember reading all those letters with fascination because they composed, really, a portrait of his mind, which—it happened, happily—was among the most interesting I have ever encountered. It was all there: extraordinary analytical skills, extraordinary capacity for self-justification; paranoia, an innocent perplexity, dependence, a capacity to exfoliate from a routine problem a comprehensive weltschmerz about our life and times.

But for some reason, the general social rule—don't talk about your personal concerns—continues to govern, especially at large parties where social contacts are fleeting and especially at large parties of the kind that generally abound at holiday time. These parties are an institutional imperative, so that just as the blossoms come out in May, so do the large parties constellate about the holiday season. It is then that it is likelier that the ratio between the people you know and the people who are simply there becomes smaller and smaller. It is then that, entering the auditorium, you scan the horizon anxiously in search of a familiar face. And having found one, what do you talk about?

Here is my point! Talk about *his* affairs. M. Jouvenel is wrong in this matter, and I will give you a hypothetical example. The man you recognize is a banker. Yesterday the Labor Party beat the Likud Party in a general election in Israel. The day before that, Gerald Ranck played 31 Scarlatti sonatas at the New York Society for Ethical Culture auditorium, the same day that John McEnroe defeated Ivan Lendl at the French Open in Paris. Hypothetical question: Unless you know your mark extremely well, what reason do you have to suppose that he will discourse on any of these events authoritatively, originally or amusingly?

The answer is, you have no grounds for faith in the matter. You do know that the man you have just approached is interested in banking. If it happens that he is a banker only because his father made him vice president at the age of 22 and he has secretly hated banking ever since, my rule still applies: You are in rare luck, because he can confide to you how much he hates his profession, how filthy, rotten, boring and exploitative it is, and that makes for interesting banter. More likely he is a banker because banking is his thing, so that you can come up with something that encourages him to expatiate there and then on a subject he knows a great deal about, and your question will inflame his didactic spirit.

"Say, Elmore, about the discount rate—is it possible in the futures market to gamble on the discount rate down the line, say, six months or maybe a year?"

I don't happen to know the answer to that question, but I can promise you, sight unseen, that a banker—or, for that matter, a broker, or an economist, or an informed businessman—will gambol off that question for just about as long as you want him to. By this I mean that if he tries to give you an objurgatory reply ("Course not!"), you are still left free to draw him out ("But explain to me exactly why not. It seems to me that . . .").

As he winds into the subject, you can keep him wound up. The subject at hand will inevitably abut on another question and you skate right along with him. One thing you absolutely know is that he will be saying more interesting things to you than in answer to the question "How do you account for Ross Perot's appeal?" The reason for this is that you have, in the past eight months, read more about Perot than about AIDS, the rich and the homeless. So the chances are infinitesimal that you will hear anything new or engaging on the subject. But you are talking to a banker and he *does* know about the vagaries of the discount rate. Moreover, he can illustrate his points by recounting personal experiences. And the most interesting experiences are, really, personal. Would you rather read an account of the Battle of Austerlitz or an account of what Napoleon was thinking during that battle?

However, some people are manifestly incapable of saying anything interesting, even about themselves. On the other hand, some people famously dull by reputation can surprise you. It may happen that the dullard you are talking to will decide that this is the moment to confide that during his youth he was a serial murderer. It is unlikely that in recounting whom he murdered, how and why, he can bore you.

But it is true, as I said, that some people can be boring when talking about any subject. I know someone who would cause my mind to wander between the moment he told me he spotted those funny fighter planes coming in over the hills in Honolulu and the moment, only two minutes later, that they were dropping their bombs on Pearl Harbor. With people such as these, either you are or are not qualified to defend yourself.

The British historian and diplomat Harold Nicolson was famous for, among other things, observing in his diaries that 99 people out of 100 are interesting, and the 100th is interesting because he is the exception. Well, if you have the lepidopterist's interest in the rare butterfly, you can manage—by saying to yourself: I will interest myself in this encounter by analyzing and committing to memory the reasons why he or she is such an infernal bore. You begin, in your mind, to frame the list of his vacuities: He is inarticulate. He is repetitious. He laughs incessantly. He tells you in such excruciating detail how many ducks went by before he shot for the first time, that you find yourself toying with stupid tangents. (Is duck overpopulation something of an ecological problem?)

But most of us aren't well developed as bore taxonomists. It is therefore a good idea to develop means of self-defense when, at a party, you find yourself locked in with the great bore. The first line of defense is, of course, to train your face to register appropriate responses: the half-smile, following on his little wink; the eyebrows raised in suspense, as his voice indicates that what he is about to say is a revelation; and the barely enunciated "I'll be damned!" when it is clear that he is saying something he accounts unusual. The French have the all-purpose word, *tiens*, that is appropriate in absolutely every situation. Depending on the lilt you give it, you can use it to respond to news that your interlocutor's wife has just died of cancer ("*Tieeeeeens*"), or that he just married Miss America ("*Tiens!*"). The closest equivalent in English is "I'll be damned." ("I'll be daaaaaamned." "I'llbedamned!")

These are the rudimentary skills to develop—some kind of facial and spoken reaction to what has been said—and if you have had a lot of practice, which, given the unfortunate incidence of bores, almost everybody has had, you can become very good at it. But there has to be a second line of defense.

You catch the word Mabel, and you jump in. Now, you have to be dogged about this. "Mabel?" you interrupt. "Is she related to Susan Mercer?" He looks at you, surprised—he's never even heard of Susan Mercer (nor have you). He is maybe just slightly annoyed, because his narrative was interrupted.

(continued on page 182)

"It isn't New Year's yet, Tricia."

HOIST ANCHOR and HAPPY NEW YEAR

this holiday, go down to the sea in black-tie style aboard a caribbean-bound charter yacht

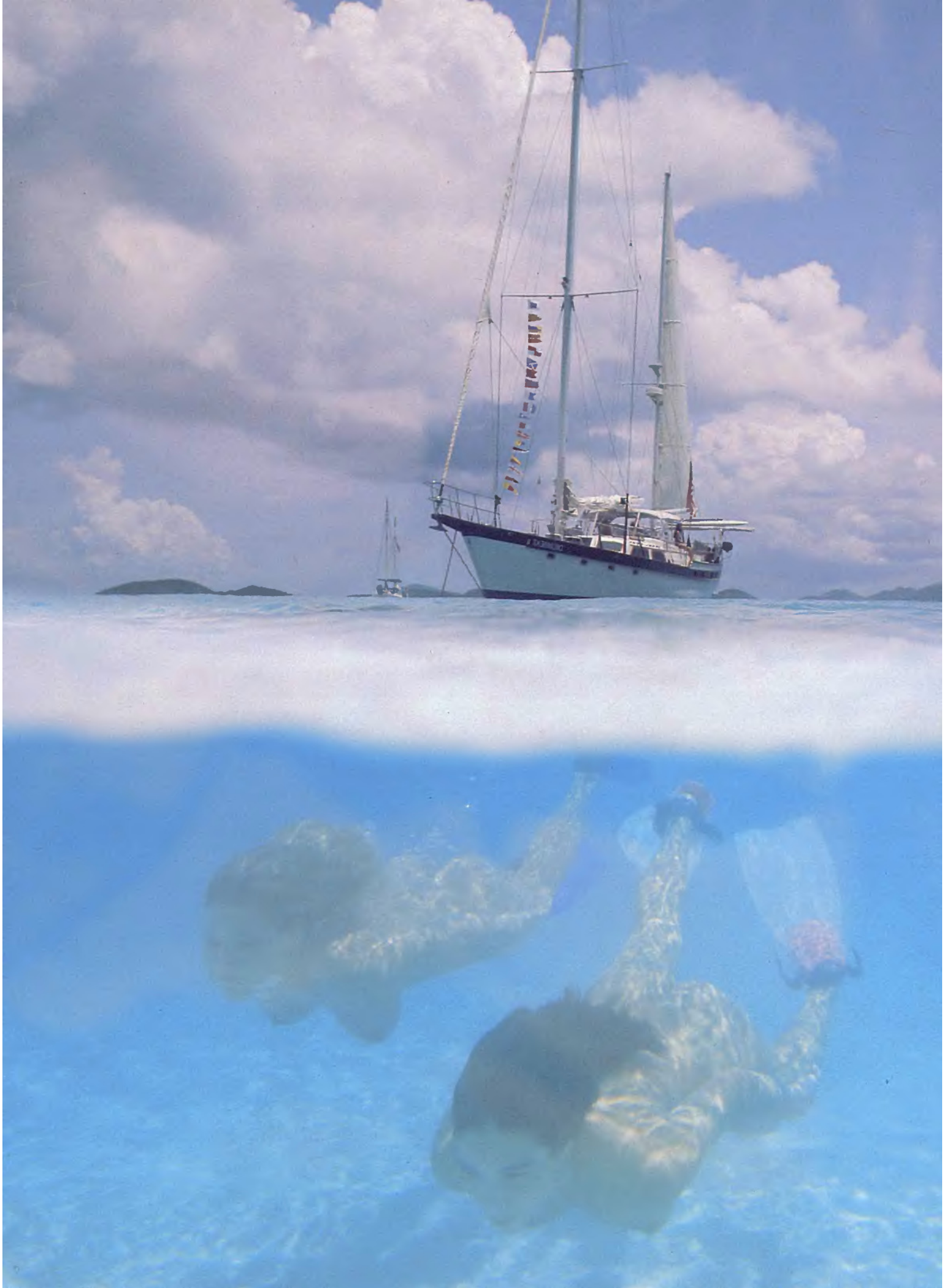
modern living
By JOHN WOOLDRIDGE

"You have shortened sail and it is late at night and there are only two of you in the cockpit. You are moving at racing speed, parting the buttery sea as with a scalpel, and the waters roar by, themselves exuberantly subdued by your powers to command your way through them." —WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

AH, THE ROMANCE of the sea. An ocean voyage aboard a chartered yacht provides a sense of freedom and escape that even the most opulent vacation spots can't offer. And if you decide to set sail over New Year's—as we've done in this feature—you trade screaming revelers in paper hats for champagne and a catered black-tie dinner. Surprisingly, when divided among four couples, the cost of chartering a luxurious yacht such as the Drumbeat II (the 68-foot ketch pictured in our story) is no more expensive *(text concluded on page 108)*

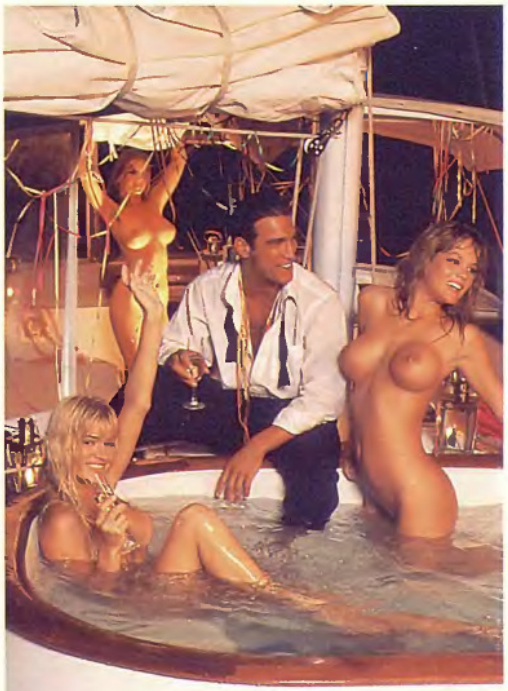
On a 68-foot chartered yacht, such as the Drumbeat II at left, you can expect to sail in complete comfort. Spacious staterooms and a large cockpit with room for dining alfresco are standard accommodations.

Instead of dodging throngs of tourists in such crowded cruise-ship ports as St. Thomas' Charlotte Amalie and St. Croix, ask your captain to anchor in one of the more secluded coves, such as Hawksnest Bay (top) on St. John. Then jump ship and swim in the crystal-clear waters, bask in the sun or board a dinghy (above) and explore the remote recesses of the island. Want to catch dinner? Go ahead—but watch out for those claws (right). You can also snorkel right from the ship as are the explorers on the opposite page, or hail one of numerous rendezvous dive services that will meet your charter boat, provide gear and guide you to the dozens of reefs, drop-offs, caves, canyons and even wrecks, such as R.M.S. Rhone, the mail steamer made famous in some of the scenes from *The Deep*.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Think of your charter experience as a weeklong party at which you can do as much or as little as you please. Left: If you like to live life on the cutting edge, for example, there's bound to be a friendly helping hand on deck. Then kick back with your able-bodied crew members (below) and enjoy the sights. Clothing, as you can see, is casual—T-shirts, shorts and slacks and a sweater for cooler evenings. If you like your tan without lines, let your captain know, as all islands have different regulations regarding sunbathing and skinny-dipping. And if you're planning a New Year's Eve party, make it black-tie as these revelers (bottom left) have done. The formal attire will add an air of elegance and romance to the celebration—even if it ends in the hot tub (bottom right). Yes, the minispa is one of the many amenities of the Drumbeat II, shown opposite with sails billed in the breeze, returning to its home port of St. Thomas.



PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO FUN ASHORE

Besides the seemingly countless bays and anchorages to explore while sailing through the British and U.S. Virgin Islands, there are hundreds of things to do and see ashore. Each island group has its own attractions. Here are a few:

Tortola: The delights in this, the largest of the British Virgin Islands, begin with the J. R. O'Neal Botanic Gardens. Located in Road Town, the island's chief town, this beautiful stop features about three acres of tropical plants, herbs and flowers, such as frangipani, which grows wild on many island anchorages. Take a ride up Sage Mountain, the highest point on Tortola, and enjoy the views, or hike through the 92-plus acres of mahogany and rain forests. Cane Garden Bay's 1.5-mile beach is studded with coconut groves and is home to Rhymer's Beach Hotel—a great spot for lunch. And on the far eastern tip of the island is Trellis Bay, a mecca for board sailors and shell collectors.

Virgin Gorda: The massive boulders, sea pools and grottoes of the Baths at Virgin Gorda are considered to be too touristy for some veteran charterers but are definitely worth exploring for first-timers. There's also the Yacht Harbor, home to luxury vessels, charter companies, a variety of shops and a popular night spot called the Bath and Turtle. Spring Bay and Trunk Bay are two of the favorite snorkeling and exploring stopovers. And resorts such as the renowned Bitter End Yacht Club & Resort offer tennis, water sports and fine dining.

St. Croix: The largest of the U.S. Virgin Islands, it's home to Island Center, a 600-seat theater in the Kingshill section of Christiansted. It's also home to the Crucian Christmas Festival, an energetic mixture of parties, music and parades punctuated by Mocko Jumbis—clever athletes who stroll through town in costume on 17-foot stilts. Look for French perfumes, china, crystal, batik clothing and jewelry of all kinds.

St. John: Of the populated U.S. Virgin Islands, St. John is the smallest and most undeveloped, with nearly two thirds preserved as a national park. Abandoned 18th century sugar plantations dot the landscape—one, Estate Annaberg, is even open for exploration. Coral Bay, Hurricane Hole and Caneel Bay are frequent destinations for visiting yachts. And the selection of fine hotels, excellent restaurants, dive centers and jeep rental shops makes it a great one- or two-day stop.

St. Thomas: In addition to being a bustling commercial and tourist center, St. Thomas is replete with restaurants and resorts for every pocketbook. The largest crewed yacht charter fleet in the world docks here and is right at home among the melting pot of calypso music and Danish architecture. If you're a gambler, you can place pari-mutuel bets on Thoroughbred horses (you can do the same on St. Croix). Then spend your winnings in the world-famous shopping district situated just off the waterfront in Charlotte Amalie.

With an individual $1200 duty-free allowance every 30 days, vacationers find the U.S. Virgin Islands a top destination. Five bottles of spirits—six, if one is of local origin—are also duty free, as are loose unset gems, five cartons of cigarettes and anything made in the USVI.

A few pointers while you're out island hopping. First, the American dollar is the basic currency of the British and U.S. Virgin Islands. Most—but not all—major credit cards are accepted. And while banks and large hotels will often cash traveler's checks, you may have to pay a ten-cent per check duty on those cashed in Tortola, Virgin Gorda and the other British Virgin Islands.

If you plan on renting a car on the islands, you'll need a valid driver's license and a temporary BVI license, usually available for $10 from rental companies.

For more information about the British Virgin Islands, call the BVI Tourist Board in New York (800-835-8530) or San Francisco (800-232-7770). And call or visit the U.S. Virgin Islands Division of Tourism offices in Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami, New York or Washington, D.C. —JOHN WOOLDRIDGE

than skiing the runs at Aspen, chasing down tennis balls in Palm Springs or perfecting your golf swing at Hilton Head. In fact, $3000 per couple will get you the four-cabin yacht—complete with crew, food and a fully stocked bar—for a full week. Chartering a vessel smaller than that will cost less, but you're likely to wind up with a single captain as crew or a bareboat—that is, a charter yacht available to experienced sailors who accept full responsibility for the voyage.

There are plenty of places you can sail to this time of year, from the Bahamas to the Grenadines. We chose to take the Drumbeat II to the Virgin Islands. The perfect spot for virgin sailors, the Virgin Islands are situated just east of Puerto Rico, about 1000 miles from Miami and 1500 miles from New York. They may look minuscule on the map, but don't be fooled. St. Thomas is one of six large islands among a group of 56 that form the Sir Francis Drake channel. That means you'll be sailing in sheltered waters, never too far from a secure anchorage.

The beauty of chartering is that you can do as much or as little as you like. In fact, the toughest part is finding a broker or agency that will connect you with the right yacht and crew. How do you find one? Don't count on your travel agency for much help, since most of them know little about the charter industry. Instead, look for ads in magazines such as *Yachting* and *Sailing*. When you contact a broker, ask for references and agency affiliations, such as membership in the Charter Yacht Brokers Association or the Mediterranean Yacht Brokers Association.

Keep in mind that some yachts are booked months in advance, especially during the holidays. When booking, lay all the specifics on the table—locations, dates, budgets, interests (sailboarding, scuba diving, snorkeling, fishing, etc.), food and drink preferences and any dietary requirements.

Before signing away a week of your life, inspect the charter contract and be sure that you and your group are ready to live by its terms. If you have to cancel, the 50 percent deposit is generally forfeited—unless the yacht is booked by someone else in the interim.

Other than all of that, chartering is a breeze. There is only one problem: It's addictive. But if you get through the first trip without throwing someone overboard, the guest list for next New Year's cruise is set. Happy sailing!

For more information on the yacht we chartered for this feature, the Drumbeat II, contact Jennifer Saia at the Sacks Group, 305-764-7742.

"Happy New Year!"

the once proud officer
is housebound and helpless.
so where does his wife go
every morning?

Fiction By Andre Dubus

The Colonel's Wife

THE RETIRED Marine colonel had two broken legs, both in casts from the soles of his feet to the tops of his thighs. His name was Robert Townsend; he was a tall and broad-shouldered man with black hair and a graying mustache. In the hospital in Boston, he had had five operations; neither leg was healed enough to bear his weight, he had rods in both femurs and his right tibia, and now at home he was downstairs in the living room on a hospital bed whose ends he could raise and lower to evade pain. The bed was narrow, and his golden-haired wife, Lydia, slept upstairs.

He refused to eat in bed, for this made him feel he was still in the hospital; so at mealtimes Lydia helped him into the wheelchair. He raised the bed till his back was upright, she handed him a short board with beveled ends, and he pushed one end under his rump and rested the other on the chair. Then she held his legs while he worked himself across the board and into the chair. He wore cotton gym shorts and T-shirts. Before the horse fell on him, he and Lydia had eaten breakfast and lunch at the kitchen table. He could not go there now. He could wheel through the door from the dining room to the kitchen; then his long legs, held straight out in front of him by leg rests, were blocked by a counter, and at his left the refrigerator stopped him. On his first morning at home, he tried to turn between the counter and refrigerator by lowering the leg rests; when he pressed the switch to release the rests, they dropped quickly, and he gasped at the blades of pain in his falling legs. Lydia bent down and grabbed his ankles and lifted them while he moaned and began to sweat.

His feet in their casts would not fit under the long rectangular mahogany table in the dining room, so he sat parallel to his end of it, removed the right armrest of the wheelchair and ate, as he said, sidesaddle. He looked to his right at his food and Lydia. She had brown eyes and had lately, in the evening, worn her hair in a French braid; she liked candles at dinner, and after her bath in late afternoon she wore a dress or skirt. Her face was tan and pink, her brow and cheeks creased, and lines moved outward from her eyes and lips when she smiled. Every morning after breakfast, she walked two miles east to a red country store. She did this in all weather except blizzards and lightning storms. At the store she bought *The New York Times* and a package of British cigarettes and sat at the counter to drink coffee and read. Then she walked home for lunch, coming in the front door each day as precisely as a clock striking noon. She had not done this since the sunlit morning of January thaw when

ILLUSTRATION BY CHUCK WALKER

Robert's brown mare broke his legs.

To Robert's left, while he ate, was the living room, and to his rear the kitchen. Behind Lydia was a large window, and beyond it the wide lawn ending at woods. They had four acres with many trees and could not see their neighbors' houses; even now, in winter, there were enough evergreens so all the earth they saw from the house was their own. Before dinner, Lydia drew the curtains at her back; she felt exposed through the glass. On Robert's second night at home, he asked her to open the curtains; he said he was sorry, but the covered window reminded him of the hospital. The hospital had been very difficult. He had served in two wars without being injured and had never been confined to a hospital. Now when he saw the curtains behind Lydia, he felt enclosed by something that would take away his breath.

He could wheel slowly down the carpeted hall that began where the living and dining rooms joined, but the hall was too narrow for him to turn into the rooms it led to; one of these was a bathroom. He never felt truly clean and longed for a shower. He kept a plastic urinal hooked by its handle over a railing of the bed, and Lydia emptied and cleaned it. For most of his four weeks and five days in the hospital, he had to use a bedpan, and nurses cleaned him. In his last week, the physical therapist and a nurse helped him from his wheelchair onto a hospital commode; they removed the inside arms from the chair and the commode, pushed the transfer board under him and held his legs as he moved across. Then they propped his legs on pillows on a chair and left him alone. He needed both hands to push himself up from the seat, so when the two women returned, they held his legs and tilted him and the nurse wiped him. Now he did this in the living room with Lydia. He knew Lydia did not mind wiping him; she was cheerful and told him to stop feeling humiliated because his legs were broken and he had to shit. But his stench and filth, and the intimacy of her hands and voice, slapped his soul with a wet cloth.

Five mornings a week, a home-health-aid woman helped him to wash and shave on the bed. The housekeeper came on three mornings and worked upstairs while the woman bathed him. A visiting nurse took his blood pressure and temperature and pulse. A phone was on the bedside table, and their son and two daughters called him often; they had flown to Boston to see him during his first week in the hospital. On some nights friends came; they tired him, but he needed these men and women. He felt removed from the earth as he had known it, and they brought parts of it with them: Its smell was on their coats and hats and scarves, its color was in their cheeks, its motion in their beautiful and miraculous legs.

During his first ten days at home, Lydia left the house only to buy groceries, and she did that while someone was with him. Then on a Friday night, while they were eating dinner, he said, "I'm starting to feel like a cage. I want you to walk to the store tomorrow."

"It's Saturday. You'd be alone."

"I've got the phone and a urinal."

"I don't want you to feel alone."

"I'll be fine."

Next morning, she hung a second urinal on the bed railing, put a pitcher of water and a pitcher of orange juice and two glasses on the bedside table and wrote the phone number of the store on notepaper. She was wearing jeans and boots and a dark-blue sweater. She bent over him and looked at his eyes.

"Listen: If you have to shit, you call me. I'll be through the door in twenty-eight minutes."

She kissed him and put on a blue parka and black beret, and he watched over his right shoulder as she went out the door. He lay facing the mahogany table and the dining room window and the winter light. He could not see the lawn, but he could see trunks and branches of deciduous trees and the green pines. His wheelchair was beside the bed, the transfer board resting on it, but he could not go to the stove, could not even get far enough into the kitchen to see it, and for breakfast they had eaten scrambled eggs; Lydia always turned off burners and the oven, but in his career he had learned to check everything, even when he knew it was done. He had not thought of fire till Lydia was gone, and Lydia had not thought of fire, and he saw himself in the wheelchair pushing away from flames. The back door was in the kitchen, so he could leave only through the front; outside was a deck and four steps to the concrete walk that curved to the long driveway. He closed his eyes and breathed deeply into his stomach and told himself: Proper planning prevents piss-poor performance. Years ago in California a gunnery sergeant had said that to the company at morning formation; Robert was a second lieutenant, watching from the barracks porch; the gunny had fought in the Pacific, and Robert, unblooded still, looked at the man's broad, straight back and believed this was a message brought from the dread and chaos of war. *I can call the fire department, then get on the wheelchair, take the blanket, go out the front door and sit on the deck and wait for the firemen; if it gets bad, I'll tuck my chin and go bass-ackward down the steps and hope the casts hold and I don't crack my head; then if I have to, I can drag myself all the way to the fucking road.* He opened his eyes and looked around the room. He was still afraid, and for a while he read *War and Peace*. Then he slept, and he was dreaming of white-trousered soldiers on horses when Lydia opened the door. He was happy to see her, and said nothing about fire. He said nothing about it when she walked to the store Sunday morning; and when she went Monday, the home-health-aid woman and the housekeeper were with him for all but the last hour.

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He had started reading *War and Peace* a week before his horse slipped and fell on his left leg, scrambled upright, then slipped again and fell on both his legs; then Robert was screaming, and finally the horse got up and watched him. Then he moaned, and breathed in quick rhythm with the pain, and called toward the stables beyond a stand of trees, called for help, and knew he had screamed under the horse because he could not move, and such helplessness felt like drowning in sunlit air near the shadows of pines. In the hospital he had morphine and now, in the bedside table Lydia had carried downstairs, he had Demerol and Percodan. When pain cut through his concentration so he could not focus on talking with Lydia, he took Percodan; when pain was all he could feel of his body, and it filled his brain and spirit so he moaned and tried not to yell, he took Demerol. Always there was pain in his legs, but if he kept them elevated and did not move his body, it was bearable for hours at a time, and he read; and resting from that, he looked out the dining room window, and at the mahogany table.

He had never had any feelings about the things of domestic life. In them, he saw Lydia's choices, and his admiration was not for the objects but for her. If all the furniture in the house were carried off by thieves, his only sorrow would be for Lydia. She had bought the mahogany table early in their marriage. She had money, and when each grandparent and parent had died, she had accumulated more. The table had traveled in moving vans back and forth across the nation. It had remained unmarked by children, and by officers and their wives from Hawaii to Virginia; it had stood amid quarrels and silence and laughter, amid boisterous drinking and storytelling and flirtations, and here it was, in this house in the country north of Boston, without a scar. He had lived with it for decades,

(continued on page 190)

"You are, Miss Louise, one of those rare persons for whom love and friendship are not empty words."

My PRAGUE

OUR BOHEMIAN SNIFFS THE NEW AIR OF FREEDOM IN THE CITY THAT'S BECOME THE PARIS OF THE NINETIES

PRAGUE. A gemstone in the heart of Europe. So haunting in its beauty that Hitler, the great *sensitif*, could not bring himself to ravage it, choosing instead to add the city, untouched, to his collection of architectural treasures. If cities can be said to have a gender, Prague falls into the feminine column and is best described in terms that are politically incorrect—languorous, coquettish, alternately sly and accommodating. Landlocked, surrounded by covetous and historically unreliable neighbors, the gray enchantress has had to use what once were called feminine wiles in order to survive.

I arrive at a time of crisis. Václav Havel, the great Czech playwright who took a reduction in status to become Czechoslovakia's president, has resigned his position. Slovakia, bursting with ethnic pride—some say misguidedly—has made known its intention to become an independent country. I've barely checked into the Palace Hotel and half the country I've come to visit is gone. But the mood in the lobby is philosophical. The Czechs feel that Slovakia doesn't have much to offer and the country will be better off without it. An engineer from Seattle assures me that I'm not to worry. He's there to buy up a shipment of the fabled L-39 Albatross jet trainers and feels confident that the tiny Czech nation, with its pool of brilliant scientists and craftsmen, will rival Germany and France as an economic power within ten years.

"Just leave them to their own devices."

But will they be left to their own devices? All about me, hustlers and schemers from around the globe have arrived in force: Americans to buy up buildings, Canadians to swallow up farms, Germans to snatch up breweries. An Australian pulls me aside and tells me to stay away from crystal and get into light manufacturing. Then he describes an advertising campaign he's concocted that will take Prague by storm: The *(continued on page 156)*

ARTICLE BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY ERICH SOKOL

SOKOL

SEAN YOUNG

hollywood's renegade star defends her sanity, exacts her revenge and explains how to abuse krazy glue

Sean Young is not so crazy. How could a woman who wouldn't even steal the bathrobes from a hotel possibly leave mutilated dolls and other horrors on the doorstep of actor James Woods—much less affix his penis to his leg with Krazy Glue? And just because the 33-year-old actress wore a latex Catwoman suit when she invaded the Warner Bros. lot to face off with "Batman" director Tim Burton, does this mean that she's unbalanced?

Sean Young's talent has never been in question. After noteworthy parts in films as diverse as "Stripes," "Blade Runner" and "Dune," she scorched herself into our memory while having sex in the back of a limo with Kevin Costner in "No Way Out." Young followed that performance with roles in "The Boost" (in which she met co-star Woods), "A Kiss Before Dying" and "Love Crimes," as well as with singing and dancing in the musical "Stardust." Recently she made her country-singing debut. Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Young in Santa Monica, California, when the Sedona, Arizona–based actress was in town lining up new projects.

"I'd assumed Sean would be reluctant to talk about her various travails—from James Woods to Warren Beatty to Catwoman and Tim Burton. Wrong. The woman is hurt and angry and won't stop until some apologies are made. Come on, guys. Bend a knee. Send flowers."

1.

PLAYBOY: When director Tim Burton wouldn't meet with you about the Catwoman part in *Batman Returns*, you crashed the Warner Bros. lot to confront him. Burton hid in the bathroom. What possessed you?

YOUNG: It was just too much shit to eat. Apparently, somebody got to him between the first *Batman* and the second *Batman* and convinced him that I was like something out of *Play Misty for Me*. I know what I did was reckless behavior, but the option for me was to eat shit and say I loved it. So I went because I wondered if, after all that had happened, Burton had any concept of how rude it was to not allow us to meet for five minutes. It was unacceptable. I feel a lot better now that I got it off my chest.

2.

PLAYBOY: If you had one day to be bad, without consequences, what would you do?

YOUNG: Twenty-four whole hours, with all the money and resources I'd need? I'd have a Spinner [air car] from *Blade Runner* built. I'd fly directly to Tim Burton's house and completely demolish it. I'd leave a little message saying, THE REAL CATWOMAN STRUCK. Then I would rush over to [Warner's former senior executive] Mark Canton's office and hold him at gunpoint until the four-foot-two-inch mouse shook in his shoes and hid under the desk and begged for forgiveness. I'd make him apologize for being a phony, fake liar. And then I would probably leave him tied up, hanging from the ceiling, like Dabney Coleman in *Nine to Five*. [*Laughs*] Then I'd visit the balding Bruce Wayne and make him apologize for causing my horse accident on the first *Batman*. We were on stable horses and were told to ride them back to the middle of the ring. Instead, he rode off to the stable and my horse followed. I wasn't an experienced rider, so my accident was directly related to his arrogance. I'd tell him to go get more hair transplants. Then I'd take Burton, Canton and the balding Bruce Wayne and lock them up in a room and let them argue and wave their dicks around at one another to figure out whose fault it was that they didn't make the right decision regarding me in *Batman Returns*. Then I'd visit Warren Beatty. I'd strip him down, tie him spread-eagle to the bed and walk away. [*Laughs*] Then I'd see [James Woods's ex-wife] Sarah Owen and I'd make her apologize to me for being a lying bitch. Then I'd tie her up, take her over to James Woods's house and tie them up together, since they're so fond of each other now, and then hang them over a vat of oil, like in *Romancing the Stone*. That takes care of all my revenge needs. These people should pay for their wicked behavior. I would also visit Barbra Streisand, Meryl Streep, Whoopi Goldberg, Geena Davis, Julia Roberts and Madonna, because I really like them. It would be to say hi and to show them I'm not a monster. Everybody's convinced I'm a monster.

3.

PLAYBOY: Why do people seem to want to believe that there's something crazy about you?

YOUNG: I *am* a little crazy. But to say there's something mean or malicious about me, or to suggest that I would ever try to harm another person on this planet, is outright crap. I fucking dare anybody to say that to my face. That's what hurts the most. You can't meet a nicer person.

4.

PLAYBOY: You were replaced in *Batman* and in *Batman Returns* by blondes. What do brunettes know?

YOUNG: That there aren't very many authentic blondes.

5.

PLAYBOY: Women complain, "Men don't get it." What is it that Hollywood men just don't get?

YOUNG: Do you have a week? Jesus. Men in Hollywood need to grow up. If I could, I'd replace all the men in power with women so that we could have more interesting movies to watch. I saw this comedian on TV—I don't recall his name—who said, "Women cooperate, men negotiate." If women were in power in Hollywood, you might find all of a sudden a new cooperation. In the past, people of culture from a European background ran the industry. There's nobody with culture running a studio today. They're in diapers.

6.

PLAYBOY: Most people wouldn't criticize Beatty publicly. Why would you risk his displeasure?

YOUNG: His firing me from *Dick Tracy* looked very bad, and he was really callous. He had talked to me about playing Breathless Mahoney, though it turned out to be Tess Trueheart by the time we began the movie. He called me for a month before production—incessantly. And then, a week into principal photography, he took me home and tried to kiss me. He put his hands on my ears and tried to force me. I pulled myself away *(continued on page 198)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GWENDOLEN CATES

NUKE THE PENTAGON

america's most decorated living soldier says it's time to shut down the military clown show

David Hackworth joined the U.S. Army in 1946, when he was 15 years old, and quit with the rank of colonel in 1971. Along the way he was awarded more than 80 medals for valor and eight Purple Hearts for wounds sustained in combat in Korea and Vietnam. In 1989 he published the best-selling "About Face: The Odyssey of an American Warrior," co-authored by Julie Sherman. Hackworth stays in close touch with soldiers and wars. He provided distinguished reporting for Newsweek *during Desert Storm and more recently from Croatia, Bosnia and Serbia. He is one of America's preeminent military journalists and has fought in or reported on eight wars.* PLAYBOY *asked him for his assessment of the U.S. military at the end of the 20th century.*

NOW THAT the Cold War is over, the only military entity that threatens the U.S. is our own defense establishment. If we want to save ourselves militarily, we must destroy the way the U.S. military is run. That means shutting down the Pentagon. It is a corrupt, bleak place filled with many people whose mind-set is warped by traditions that are as obsolete as the sword. It is also the anchor of the military-industrial-congressional complex (MICC), which has to be dismantled as well. The Cold War created a military Frankenstein that must be destroyed to free our national energies for more constructive ends.

The first step in the process is to terminate the role of the Pentagon and to move military headquarters as far as possible from the slime and corruption of Washington, D.C., and the army of Beltway bandits. The new HQ would be the center of a brand-new entity—the American Peace Force (APF), which would unify our current military branches into a single service. The Army and Marines would become a single ground force supported by one air arm formed from the air forces of each of today's services. The Navy would also cease to exist as a power unto itself and would join the united team. These moves would eliminate interservice rivalry and gross duplication, which cost us money we do not have and, in combat, make unity of command impossible and casualties from "friendly fire" all but certain.

Turning off the lights in the five-cornered concrete squirrel cage would also have powerful symbolic value. It would signal to the world that we've closed an era and that we're putting America's real priorities—problems at home—into focus.

The Pentagon is incorrigible and impervious to reform from

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article by DAVID HACKWORTH

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

within. The awful twin of its dead Kremlin counterpart, it has had no master. It must be put down like a mad dog.

If we started moving people and jobs to the new HQ immediately, the transfer could be complete by the year 2000. Then, the APF would be cocked and locked to meet the many challenges of the world. But don't let the Pentagon building rot. Turn it into a hospital for sociopaths and the criminally insane. Only they would truly appreciate the weird, evil, distorting vibes that ricochet through its corridors.

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If you work at a place where the sole purpose is self-perpetuation and where there is a concentration of death and destruction, you will find that personality distortions are inevitable. Hangmen seldom like ballet.

I saw it from inside after I finished my first tour in Vietnam. I wanted to go to Fort Benning to teach leaders how to fight the Viet Cong, but I was ordered to a make-work desk job at the Pentagon. I refused to go, but a senior officer laid down the law: If you don't come to the Pentagon, your career will be over. He also tried to stress how valuable the experience would be for me. "Pentagon duty is a must," he told me. "This is the place where the stars are made."

I served five tours in Vietnam and one at the Pentagon. I quickly understood why the vibes there were so bad. On one occasion I ghosted an article for a major general that appeared in *Army* magazine. I didn't mind that he took the byline, but when he also took the check, I asked for my dough. He refused to part with it and claimed he was going to use it for an office party. I never saw the party. This puke went to four stars.

The real problems of the place were not so petty. I tried to do something about what I had decided was the biggest mistake the Army was making in Vietnam—rotating combat officers too frequently. Just when a leader got it together and learned how to fight Uncle Ho's military machine, he would be pulled out and given another job. The entire military career system is based on these regular changes of assignment. It's called punching your ticket, or getting the right jobs in the right order so that you rise in rank. Back then the Pentagon wanted to have as many combat-seasoned people as possible ready to fight the Soviets.

In the war we were losing in Vietnam, that policy was a disaster. A CO should stay with his unit like bark on a tree, because he is the continuity, the institution, the memory, the father and mother. This was especially important in Vietnam because the war was so goddamn complicated that it took time to learn its nature and how to fight it. Whenever a commander got his ticket punched, his shift gutted the unit. The military did it repeatedly. We lost a winnable tactical war preparing to fight an unwinnable, mostly nuclear war against the Soviets.

Many leaders wanted to spike the rotation policy. When I triggered a paper about how to fix things, I was optimistic. After a few months, the paper made its way through the bloated bureaucracy and, ironically, came to my office for action. It looked as if the civilians in the Pentagon's powerful E Ring bought my idea, and the strange Pentagon system was now giving me opportunity to approve my own idea. Far out. I was ready.

"The man says to shoot it down," my boss told me. That was the guidance he had received from the top ranks, nearly all of whom were master ticket punchers and wheeler-dealers.

"I ain't doing it," I said. They went to some staff weenie and got him to write this fucking paper that said the existing rotation policy was a great idea, just fine. The rotation policy stayed the way it was and tickets kept getting punched for eight fucking years while men kept getting killed, until we lost the war with Nixon's "peace with honor."

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The Pentagon system has always tried to squash mavericks, and it has always been mavericks such as George Patton who win wars. Bill Carpenter was a maverick when he was the Lonesome End on the 1958 and 1959 West Point football teams, and he somehow managed to stay that way. I knew him in combat, and he was the kind of guy who said what he thought. He was a total professional, a Patton-like fighter and a great commander. He wouldn't compromise. He rocked the boat. We need people like him at the top. They keep the system straight, build hard units and make tough but honest calls.

Carpenter hated the Pentagon. He avoided it through nearly all his career and stayed with troop commands. The Pentagon went nuts when he refused ticket-punching assignments, but Carpenter didn't care. He was famous and he was good, so he survived. He got three stars, but there was no job for him above three stars because he wouldn't sell his soul and become what warriors call a "Pentagon pussy." He retired at 54. America lost a rare and uniquely talented leader.

We both knew a man who was very outspoken when we were with the 101st Airborne Division in Vietnam in 1966. There had been some heavy fighting. After one firefight this lieutenant was raging and raising hell. He smashed down his M16 in front of his CO, declaring it a piece of junk: "I had two soldiers killed because this rifle jammed. Why don't they get the teething problems out before they give us the goddamn things?"

He went on to become a great warrior and I was proud to see him become a major general. I ran into him when I was lecturing about some of the problems I had seen in my visits with soldiers at bases around the country. One problem I mentioned was a new weapon the Army was introducing that often didn't work. I wanted the people in the audience, people with the power to fix things, to know about it.

In the question-and-answer period after my talk, my old pal referred to the controversial weapon. "Hack, you're barking up the wrong tree on that one," he said. "That's a good weapon. I've fired it many, many times. It's dynamite. So cool it."

I did, and we moved on to other subjects such as why the Army didn't have a decent shoulder-fired antitank weapon or a new family of infantry weapons.

A few weeks later somebody sent me a copy of a letter from the Chief of Staff of the Army to the manufacturer of the weapon. It threatened to cancel the contract.

I sent a note to the major general and included with it a copy of the letter. "I guess I wasn't barking up the wrong tree," I wrote. "What have you got to say?"

He replied that it was a good weapon, even if it had a few small problems. It was a brush-off letter. "It just has teething problems," he wrote. "All new weapons have teething problems."

Teething problems. CRS is a disease in the military, and it's a plague at the Pentagon. It means Can't Remember Shit.

Nearly all of today's top brass served in Vietnam. They may recall Vietnam but, like my friend the major general, they don't really remember it. If they did, they would put their hard-learned lessons into practice. If the Pentagon did remember, today's grunts wouldn't be packing Vietnam-vintage rifles and gas masks and wearing the boots that their fathers wore. If the Pentagon really understood the lessons of Vietnam, it would not have allowed the dangers of friendly fire to remain unattended.

Close air support is what they call efforts of the fly-boys to help grunts fighting on the ground. It can be terrifying and deadly, as I know. I was bombed and strafed from one end of

(continued on page 176)

"Well, 1993 is going to be a year to watch."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND GREG GORMAN

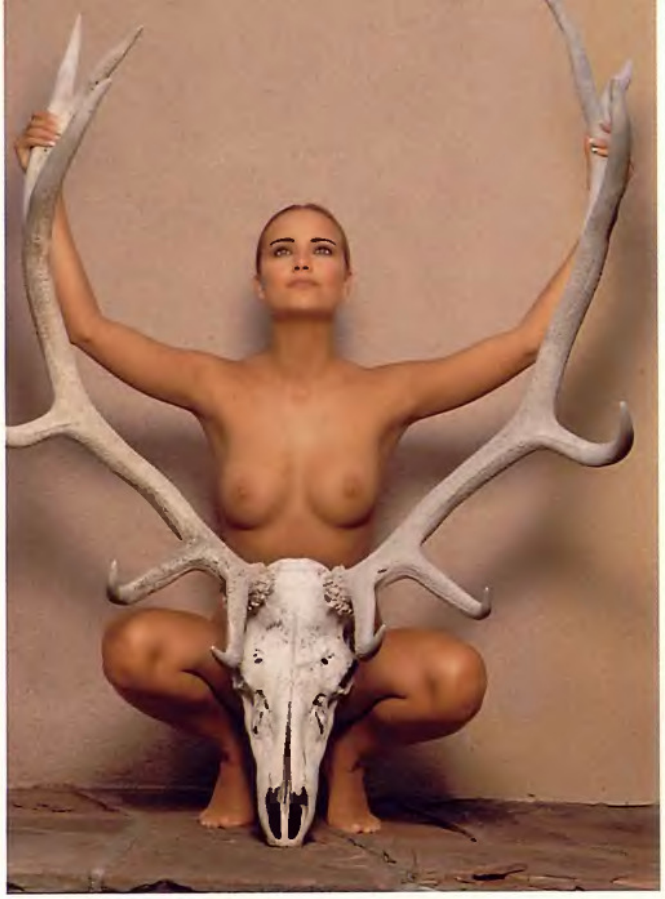
On a trip through the rugged foothills of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains outside Santa Fe, Miss Johnson doffed her hat to her natural habitat. Naturally, the New Mexico hills echoed her praises.

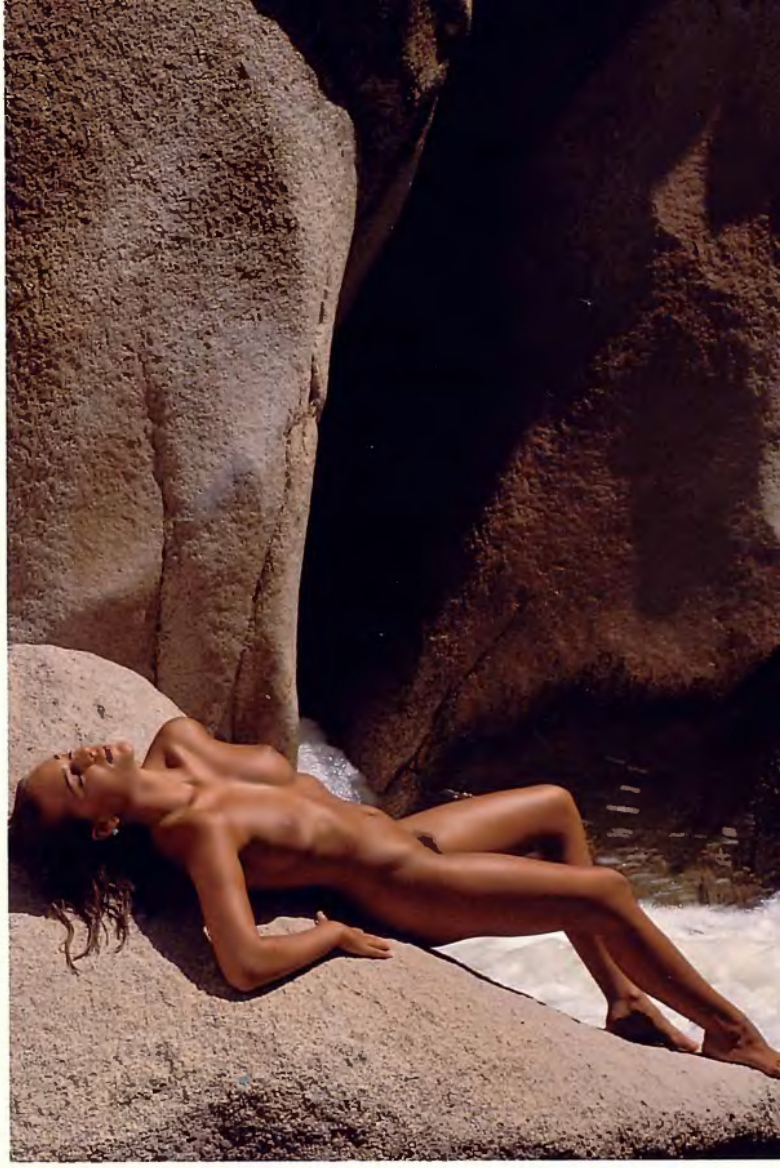
You don't need psychic powers to surmise that a girl with the offbeat name of Echo has parents who were products of the Sixties. But Echo Leta Johnson herself is very much a woman of the Nineties. Take the way our January centerfold—who turns 19 this month—chose to celebrate her 18th birthday. "My best girlfriend and I jumped into her convertible and drove straight through from Santa Fe to Las Vegas and had a blast gambling and going to floor shows every night, sleeping in late and then basking in the sun all afternoon. We blew our stash in three days, but the memory is worth every cent. We were like Thelma and Louise, only we didn't pack a pistol." Not that Echo needs one. Her good looks and her flat-out attitude toward life are lethal enough. Last June, just after graduating from Santa Fe High School (Echo was born, and now lives, in Austin, but she grew up in Ecuador—her father was a hat exporter there—and Santa Fe), Echo entered a

a glimpse at miss january will make you . . .

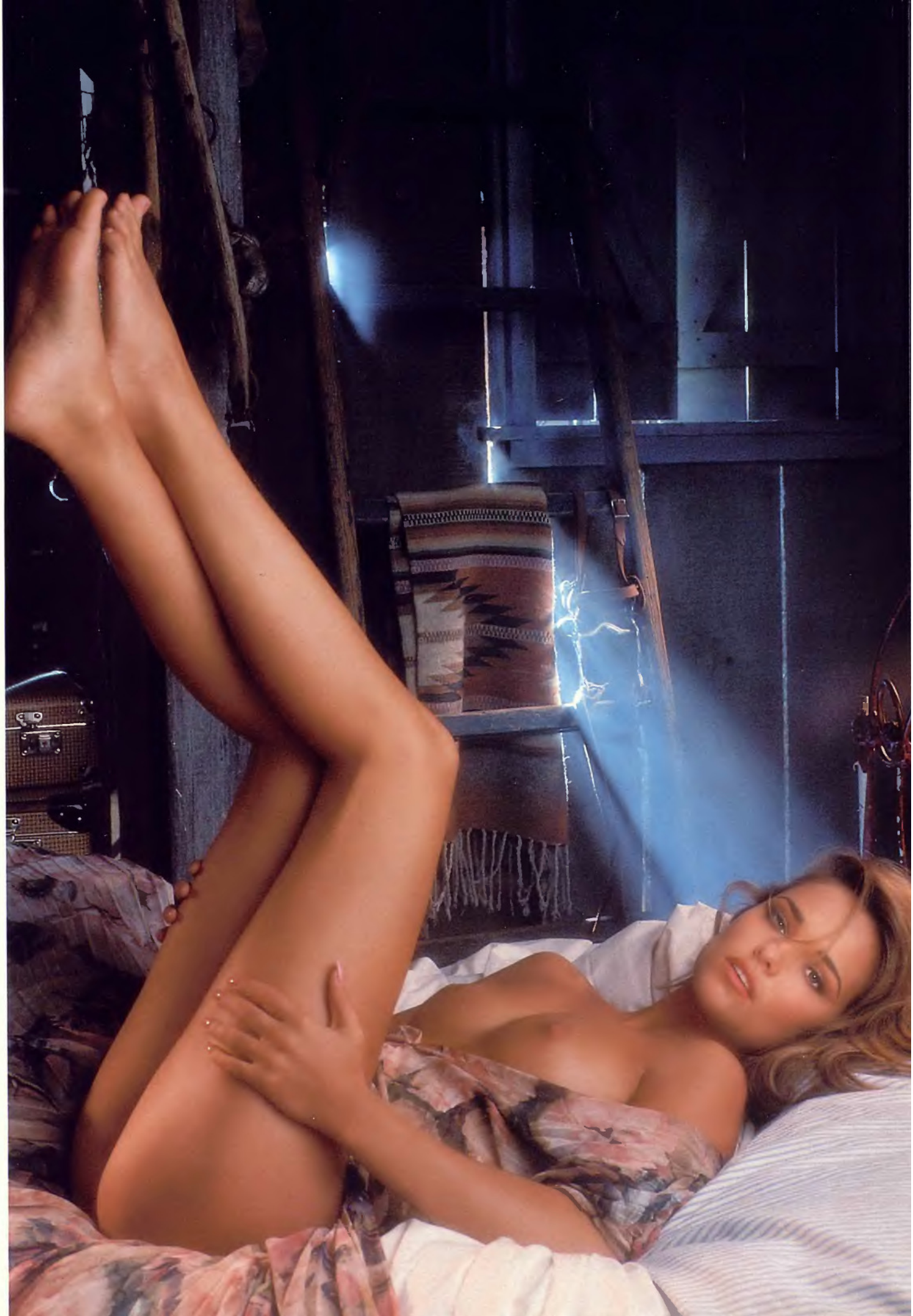
Shout Echo!

local beauty pageant and was promptly crowned Miss Santa Fe. She caught the attention of a photographer shooting for *Playboy Germany* and suddenly was the toast of New Mexico. Although Echo's triumphs have accelerated the pace of her life, they don't seem to have turned her head. "People keep asking me why I don't go to Hollywood, but the starlet route has never appealed to me. I want more control over my life than that." Her intention is to move to Dallas—the apparel-mart capital of Texas—to attend SMU to earn a degree in fashion merchandising. "My dream is to someday own and run a hip,



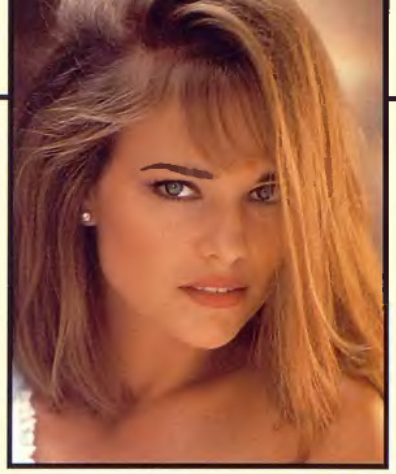


One of Echo's favorite spots in Texas is a botanical garden in Austin's Zilker Park. As she leads us on a tour of this pocket paradise, Echo reveals environmentalist leanings. In the power struggle between developers and conservationists over nearby Barton Springs' swimming hole, our progressive Playmate sides with—who else?—Mother Nature. After all, the lady has been very kind to Echo.



upscale clothing store for men and women. My boyfriend, Alex, and my brother both have absolutely great builds, and I just love to dress them." They are also both naturally great dancers, she adds. "I love everything from the Texas two-step to dirty dancing and hip-hop. If a man can't dance and doesn't look good in his clothes, he'll never get mine off," she vows—a promising threat if we've ever heard one.

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Echo Leta Johnson

BUST: 36B WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 1/11/74 BIRTHPLACE: Austin, Texas

AMBITIONS: To major in fashion Merchandising & eventually own an exclusive clothing store.

TURN-ONS: Taking a long hot shower - when my boyfriend joins me, it's even better.

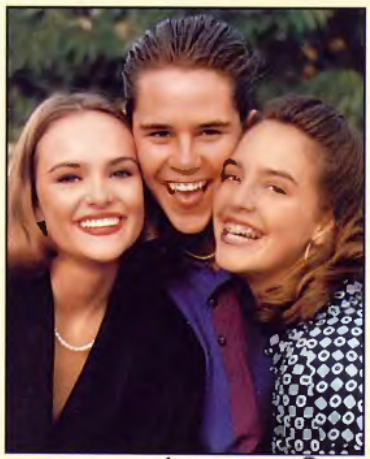
TURN-OFFS: The drop-dead looks from snotty (maybe jealous) females. Racial bigotry. Anything or anyone who pollutes our once pristine planet.

BIGGEST WEAKNESSES: I can be moody, impatient & even a little bit bitchy - believe it or not!

MY BEST ASSET: My free-spirited, artistic Mother, who is solid as a Rock but Remains as sweet and loving as the Angel sculptures she creates.

My first photo shoot at the tender Age of 10.

Miss Santa Fe June 1992!



With two of my sensational siblings on Graduation Day!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

So," the woman asked the detective she'd hired, "did you trail my husband?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did. I followed him to a bar, to an out-of-the-way restaurant and then to an apartment."

A big smile crossed the woman's face. "Aha! Then I've got him!" she said, gloating. "Is there any question about what he was doing?"

"No, ma'am," the sleuth replied. "It's pretty clear that he was following you."

When the ne'er-do-well son refused to get a job, his father insisted he join the Army. At the induction physical, the Army doctor directed the reluctant recruit to read the eye chart across the room.

"What chart?" the young man asked.

"The one on the wall," the medic said.

"What wall?"

Sensing he had a deadbeat on his hands, the doctor asked a beautiful nurse to walk in naked. "What do you see now?"

"Nothing."

"Well, you may not see anything," the doctor said, "but your indicator is pointing toward Fort Dix."

The Roman senate was desperately trying to think of something that would please Caesar on his birthday. The senators finally settled on the idea of lining the Appian Way with 10,000 crucified slaves.

Caesar was delighted. He rode along in review, smiling broadly, until he heard one of the slaves feebly mumbling. Caesar dispatched a centurion to decipher what the wretched man was saying. The centurion climbed up the cross but reported that he could not make out the words. "Let me up there," Caesar roared.

He climbed up and put his ear to the dying man's lips but still could not hear him. "I am Caesar," he bellowed, "and I demand that you speak up!"

The slave mustered his remaining strength and took a deep breath. "Happy birthday to you," he sang, "happy birthday to you. . . ."

How do you get three little old ladies to say "fuck"? Have another little old lady scream "Bingo!"

A motorist was struggling to change his punctured tire outside the grounds of a mental institution when the four lugs dropped down a storm drain. "Damn!" he cried. "Now what am I supposed to do?"

"Take one wheel nut off each of the other three tires," came a voice from behind him.

The man spun around to see one of the inmates of the asylum. "I can tell you're surprised," the inmate said. "But just because I'm mad doesn't mean I'm stupid."

"On the contrary," the motorist said, "you show an obvious capacity for clear and logical thought. As soon as I get home, I'll phone the authorities at this institution and recommend that your case be reviewed."

The man shook the inmate's hand and walked back to his car. Just as he opened the door, he was felled by a rock. As he lay in a semiconscious daze, he heard the inmate shout, "You won't forget, will you?"

How many divorced men does it take to screw in a light bulb? None. The sockets go with the house.

Quasimodo, the bell ringer of Notre Dame, was performing his usual duties when the great cathedral caught fire. Climbing to the highest tower to escape the flames, the hunchback teetered on the edge.

"Jump! Jump! Jump!" thousands of Parisians shouted from below.

Quasimodo responded by pointing to his back and grunting.

"What is he saying?" a newcomer asked.

"He is saying, 'What do you think this is, a parachute?'"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"You look sensational, baby, but I think you've got it on upside down."

Gates of Eden

my name is joe gendreau, california weights and measures. i'm the only thing standing between you and chaos

I PULLED into the self-serve island of Herve's on Highland, up where it meets the freeway. I got out my two five-gallon provers. I put the regular nozzle into the red prover and squeezed. When the pump read five gallons, the bottom of the meniscus rested on 4.59. Herve was coming out to watch, wiping his hands on an oily rag.

I started gassing up the green one, this time unleaded.

"Looks bad, Herve." The pump was humming away, a happy little bandit.

"I had those pumps fixed, man."

"I should hope so, Herve. I gave you three months." We both watched the numbers climbing on the pump. "But the regular sure did look bad."

He looked at the can and licked his lips. "I got those suckers fixed."

The pump was turning over to four gallons but the gas in my state-issue can was bubbling short of its four. "The unleaded doesn't look good either."

I was easing off on the pump. One more spurt.

The pump read five State of California gallons.

The meniscus read 4.41.

Herve paled. "I don't understand."

"You don't understand." I holstered the nozzle, affecting calm. "Well, let me try to explain." When I wheeled, my right fist caught his throat.

He dropped, clutching at his Adam's apple and trying to suck air.

"I told you three months ago. Calibrate these sons of bitches!" I kicked him twice. "Don't fuck with the public! The meniscus don't lie!" He was still scrabbling at his throat, turning the mottled red of an L.A. sunset. "Read the state manual, greaseball!" I bounced a copy of the 400-page book off his ear. "It'll tell you everything you need to know!"

I grabbed a tire iron.

Herve was moaning, trying to *(continued on page 152)*

fiction by Ethan Coen

ILLUSTRATION BY DONALD COLLEY

PLAYBOY PROFILE

Woman on the verge of a legal breakdown

HERE THEY COME, with their steel faces and inflamed eyes, their fearful visions and apocalyptic solutions: the New Victorians. The Cold War is over and Americans are desperate for a new enemy. The New Victorians have found one and, as usual, it is other Americans.

Look there, in a museum, there are photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe. Of naked men! Of sex! And in magazines and movies and video stores, nothing but smut and filth and degradation! The New Victorians tremble at the terrifying sight of the naked female breast, the curly enticements of pubic hair, the heart-stopping reality of the human penis. Disgusting. Degrading. Moral collapse! And if the republic is to be saved, the enemy must be cast into eternal darkness. Or at least returned to the wonderful iron hypocrisies of the 19th century.

The collective public face of the New Victorians is made up of the usual suspects: Senator Jesse Helms, Pat Buchanan, the television Bible-whackers. But in the past few years, these yahoo crusaders have increasingly found themselves marching with unfamiliar allies. For there, at the front of the parade, loudly pounding the drums, is a small group of self-styled radical feminists. Sexual crusades indeed make strange bedfellows.

The unlikely Lenin of the feminist wing of the New Victorians is a 46-year-old lawyer named Catharine MacKinnon. She is a tenured professor of law at the University of Michigan, but that is a blurry job description. Basically, MacKinnon is a professional feminist. That is to say that, like a priest, a theologian or a romantic revolutionary, she is exclusively dedicated to the service of a creed. MacKinnon's feminist vision is not limited to the inarguable liberal formulas of equal pay for equal work, complete legal and political equality and full opportunity to compete with men. Like Lenin, she doesn't want mere reform. She wants to overthrow the entire system of what she sees as male supremacy. During the past decade, when the country shifted to the right and millions of American women rejected the harder ideologies of feminism, MacKinnon labored on with revolutionary zeal.

That zeal was shaped by the social and sexual upheavals of the Sixties and Seventies. MacKinnon was born in Minnesota, where her father was a federal judge, a major player in the state's Republican Party. Like her mother and grandmother, Catharine MacKinnon attended Smith College. In the Seventies she went to Yale Law School, worked with the Black Panthers and rallied against the Vietnam war. But when many of her classmates moved on to the real world and its dense textures of work and family, she stayed on in New Haven and found both a focus and an engine for her life in an almost religious embrace of the women's movement. MacKinnon's basic formulation was simple: "Sexuality is to feminism what work is to Marxism: that which is most one's own, yet most taken away."

At Yale, MacKinnon created the first course in the women's studies program but was never given tenure. For a decade she served as an itinerant lecturer or visiting professor at the best American law schools, including Yale, Chicago, Stanford and Harvard, delivering sermons on the problems of women and the law. As a legal theorist, she is credited with defining sexual harassment and was frequently cited during Justice Clarence Thomas' confirmation hearings. As a public speaker, dripping with scorn and cold passion, she was always in demand. The elusive guarantee of tenure was finally granted at Michigan in 1989.

But for all MacKinnon's passion and occasional brilliance, even some feminists and legal scholars who applaud her work on sexual harassment find the rest of her vision indefensible. She dismisses them all, firm in her belief that she has discovered the truth. In a series of manifestos and lawsuits, MacKinnon has defined the legal agenda of the New Victorians. Their common enemy is that vague concept:

RADICAL FEMINISM IS HER GOSPEL, THE LAW IS HER WEAPON. CATHARINE MACKINNON WON'T STOP UNTIL YOUR LIBIDO IS BEHIND BARS

by pete hamill

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

pornography. MacKinnon's basic legal theory is that pornography is a form of sex discrimination. She says that it's made by men for men, but it is harmful only to women. Therefore, women should have the right to sue those who produce it and sell it. Pornography, in MacKinnon's view, is a civil rights issue.

Andrea Dworkin (author of *Intercourse* and *Pornography: Men Possessing Women)* functions as Trotsky to MacKinnon's Lenin, providing rhetorical fire to her analytical ice. Dworkin came to speak before one of MacKinnon's classes at the University of Minnesota in 1983 and the women have been friends and allies ever since. Here's an example of Dworkin's style: "Know thyself, if you are lucky enough to have a self that hasn't been destroyed by rape in its many forms; and then know the bastard on top of you."

Together, MacKinnon and Dworkin have had some limited successes. Hooking up at various times with such odd fellows as antifeminist Phyllis Schlafly, local opponents of the Equal Rights Amendment or various mountebanks from the religious right, they drafted antiporn ordinances for Indianapolis; Bellingham, Washington; Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Minneapolis and supported them with articles, interviews and public hearings. These proposed laws were either defeated by the voters, vetoed by local politicians or ruled unconstitutional by the courts. But the New Victorians did not surrender.

Last February, Canada's Supreme Court ruled that MacKinnon's basic theory on pornography was correct. It upheld a law suppressing "obscene" material that "subordinates" women, stating that "materials portraying women as a class as objects for sexual exploitation and abuse have a negative impact on the individual's sense of self-worth and acceptance." Yes, the court admitted, this decision limits freedom of expression. But there was a superseding need to halt "the proliferation of materials which seriously offend the values fundamental to our society."

This obviously was a major victory for the New Victorians and for MacKinnon herself; she had worked with a Toronto women's group on the drafting of a brief that supported the Canadian bill. The Canadian court's decision also provided a legal model for what the New Victorians want to see done in the United States. They are now trying to pass similar legislation in Massachusetts.

MacKinnon told *The New York Times*: "It's for the woman whose husband comes home with a video, ties her to the bed, makes her watch and then forces her to do what they did in the video. It's a civil rights law. It's not censorship. It just makes pornographers responsible for the injuries they cause."

That is the heart of this grim little crusade. They want pornographers to disappear under the threat of civil lawsuits. But Massachusetts obviously is a limited target, the focus of parochial attention. They have grander plans for us all. Like the wonderful people who brought us Prohibition (and the Mob), MacKinnon and her allies among the New Victorians want to impose their vision and their rules on the entire country. The likes of Orrin Hatch, Arlen Specter and Alan Simpson moved Senate Bill 1521 out of committee, thus urging their colleagues in the Senate to make the furious, fear-driven visions of MacKinnon and Dworkin the law of the land.

The bill is officially called the Pornography Victims' Compensation Act, and it would allow victims of sex crimes to sue producers and distributors of sexual material if the victims can prove the material incited the crimes. The legislation has been nicknamed the Bundy Bill, after mass killer Ted Bundy, who claimed on the eve of his execution that pornography made him do it. If it passes and is upheld in the current right-wing Supreme Court, Bundy's final victim will surely be the First Amendment.

MacKinnon believes that in America the law is the essential tool of social change. In a narrow sense, this is certainly true. The civil rights of blacks, for example, were more radically altered by *Brown vs. Board of Education* than by many years of prayer, argument and human suffering. But she goes on to insist that the law is not neutral but male, conceived by men to serve the interests of male power. Today, MacKinnon insists, the law serves the interests of male supremacy. And to change the present power arrangements in the United States, the law must be used against itself.

"Our law is designed to . . . help make sex equality real," MacKinnon has written. "Pornography is a practice of discrimination on the basis of sex, on one level because of its role in creating and maintaining sex as a basis for discrimination. It harms many women one at a time and helps keep all women in an inferior status by defining our subordination as our sexuality and equating that with gender."

Surely, that assigns far more power to pornography than it could ever have. But even if you agree with its claims, the question is whether more laws are needed. MacKinnon knows that if a woman is coerced into making a porno film, the people who abused her are subject to a variety of charges, including kidnapping, assault, imprisonment and invasion of privacy. But MacKinnon and Dworkin insist the present laws are not enough. In a discussion of Minneapolis' proposed antiporn ordinance, they said of pornographic acts: "No existing laws are effective against them. If they were, pornography would not flourish as it does, and its victims would not be victimized through it as they are." In other words, because the present laws don't work, add another law. Maybe *that* will work.

The world as MacKinnon sees it is now "a pornographic place" and, as a result, women are being held down, tied up and destroyed. "Men treat women as who they see women as being," MacKinnon writes. "Pornography constructs who that is. Men's power over women means that the way men see women defines who women can be. Pornography is that way. . . . It is not a distortion, reflection, projection, expression, fantasy, representation or symbol, either. It is a sexual reality."

Of course, common sense tells us otherwise. The vast majority of men simply don't use pornography to "construct" women, because the vast majority of men don't ever see much pornography. And the vast majority of men don't spend their days and nights dreaming of inflicting cruelties on women and then carrying them out. If they did, Americans would be up to their rib cages in blood. There are violent men and there is violent pornography (estimated by one study at about five percent of the total produced in the United States). But MacKinnon isn't attacking only the violence she says suffuses the "pornotopia"; she is after pornography itself, as she and her allies define it.

•

The word that names that concept, as Walter Kendrick points out in his 1987 history of the subject, *The Secret Museum*, can be traced back to the Greek *pornographoi* ("whore-painter"), apparently coined by the second century writer Athenaeus and promptly forgotten. The word was revived, appropriately, during the Victorian era, and by 1975 the *American Heritage Dictionary* was defining it as "written, graphic, or other forms of communication intended to excite lascivious feelings."

The inequality of women and men in this poor world goes back at least to the late Neolithic Period, long before the creation of pornography or its naming. But MacKinnon and the radical feminists insist that such inequality was "constructed" by pornography. And obviously, the current usage of the

(continued on page 184)

"My pastor says Christmas is a time for thoughtfulness, so I've thought it over and I think you should come home and make love to me."

THE WATCH

some promises are never kept.
some promises are kept in ways
we never expect

MEMOIR BY DAVID MAMET

THE CHICAGO in which I wanted to participate was a worker's town. It was, and, in my memory, is, the various districts and the jobs that I did there: factories out in Cicero or down in Blue Island, the Inland Steel plant in East Chicago, Yellow Cab Unit 13 on Halsted.

I grew up on Theodore Dreiser and Frank Norris and Sherwood Anderson, and I felt, following what I took to be their lead, that the bourgeoisie was not the fit subject of literature.

So the jobs paid my rent and showed me something of life, and they were irrefutable evidence of my escape from the literarily unworthy middle class.

For not only was I a son of the middle class, I was, and perhaps I still am, the ne plus ultra of that breed: a Nice Jewish Boy.

And, as that Nice Jewish Boy, I went to college.

I went to college in the East, at a countercultural institution, a year-round camp, really, where I and those of my class griped about the war and took ourselves seriously.

The college was in the very lovely midst of nowhere in New England. It was ten miles from the nearest town, and those who either did not possess an auto or have a good friend with an auto were under a de facto house arrest on the college grounds.

I did not have an auto. My father was a child of immigrants and born right off the boat. He had sent his first-born *(continued on page 178)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAT ANDREA

THE YEAR

THEY'RE STILL THERE, PAT

In a year in which everybody was parading around (or getting caught) in his or her unmentionables, erstwhile presidential candidate Pat Buchanan demonstrated that he was just one of the boys, after all.

KEN NAMED IN PATERNITY SUIT

Barbie's latest competitor (Judy, the "pregnant" doll with the snap-on baby pouch on her tummy) was ridiculed by moms who found childbirth a bit more difficult.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A J MAKES

Rumors of extramarital affairs with singer Gennifer Flowers and bureaucrat Jennifer Fitzgerald plagued the Bill Clinton and George Bush campaigns, respectively. But while Gennifer with a G offered to show and tell all, Jennifer with a J kept a properly Republican zipped lip.

I'M TUTU SEXY FOR MY CLOTHES

In his next film, *Rough Stuff*, wrestler-cum-movie-actor Hulk Hogan plays a nanny to a couple of brats who talk him into, among other things, a prima ballerina's costume.

A NEW KIND OF RUSSIAN BARE

Says a striptease student at Moscow's Institute of Erotic and Commercial Studies: "We study as hard as anyone at university."

IN SEX

ciao to 1992, a bum year for royalty but a boomlet for the underwear biz

THANK PREVIN FOR LITTLE GIRLS

Everything we never wanted to know about sex and Woody Allen surfaced when the tale of his relationship with Soon-Yi Farrow Previn, adopted daughter of his longtime lady Mia Farrow, came out in a custody case marred by a charge of child molestation and countercharges of plain unadulterated craziness.

M IS FOR THE EMMY VOTES YOU GAVE ME

After Vice President Dan Quayle took aim at TV's Murphy Brown for demeaning dads by becoming a single mother, the show won a trio of Emmy awards. "I want to thank the vice president," said Candice Bergen as she picked up her best-comedy-actress prize. "You owe me big time," responded the veep, saying that he'd been misunderstood.

BUM RAP

Her own is delectable, but there'll be no parliamentary seat for Italian porn star Moana Pozzi, whose Party of Love ticket lost.

WHY IS THIS MAN SUING?

Sex-harassment suits are in. Ex–*Dance Fever* host Deney Terrio alleged romantic advances by Merv Griffin. The judge tossed the charge.

WHERE'S THE MATERIAL, GIRL?

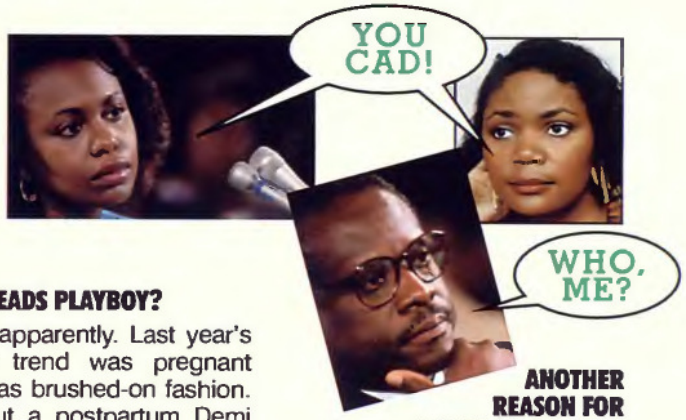
At a fashion show in Los Angeles, Madonna previewed the contents of her titillating tome *Sex*, easily the year's steamiest cause célèbre.

BUM RAP II

New York City hostess Nell Campbell's skirt of cards caught on a chair at a party. Nell's loss, our gain.

THE ROOK, THE KING, HIS QUEEN AND THEIR LOVERS

This erotic chess set was sold recently at a London auction house. We would like to know how anyone who bought it could concentrate on his (or her) game.



ANOTHER REASON FOR DOUBTING THOMAS

A March *Spy* exposé revealed that conservative Republican editor Angela Wright (above right) had expected to add to Anita Hill's testimony against Clarence Thomas. The Senate committee failed to call her as a witness.

WHAT SORT OF MAG READS PLAYBOY?

Vanity Fair and *Spy*, apparently. Last year's hot magazine-cover trend was pregnant women. In 1992, it was brushed-on fashion. *Vanity Fair* trotted out a postpartum Demi Moore exactly a year after her nude great-with-child appearance in August 1991. *Spy* countered in September with a paint-by-numbers Madonna. Nice try, but we were there first—nearly a quarter of a century ago. Check out the lady at left, from our March 1968 issue.

WEAR A CONDOM, JUST IN CASEY

That was the message on T-shirts peddled in Dublin when Eamonn Casey, bishop of Galway, admitted fathering Peter Murphy (who's shown with his mother, Annie, above).

The Not So Merry Wife of Windsor

Amid barbs from Buckingham Palace and press criticism of "Duchess Do-Little," Fergie dea[r]

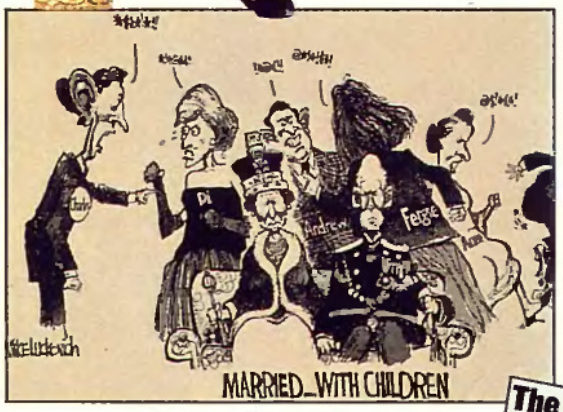
DAILY Mirror

ANNE: I WANT A QUICKIE

She seeks divorce [from] Captain Mark

ROYAL PAINS

The year's most reliable newsmakers were its bluest bloods. At bottom left, Monaco's Princess Stephanie and her ex-bodyguard Daniel Ducruet conceived a child out of wedlock. But Prince Rainier's family problems paled beside those of Britain's Queen Elizabeth. Clockwise from the cartoon below left: Princess Anne divorced Mark Phillips, reportedly to marry ex-equerry Tim Laurence; Phillips faced New Zealand equestrienne Heather Tonkin's claim that he'd fathered her daughter Felicity; a columnist branded thespian Prince Edward gay; Fergie, Duchess of York, split from hubby Prince Andrew amid allegations of relationships with Texans Steve Wyatt (in fanciful headgear) and balding tycoon John Bryan, with whom she was photographed frolicking topless in Saint-Tropez; Princess Diana was portrayed as suffering, while Charles dallied with old pals Lady Dale "Kanga" Tryon and (inset) Camilla Parker Bowles. That was before tapes of lovey-dovey phone conversations, supposedly between Di and bachelor James Gilbey, aired on the Brit equivalent of a 900 line.



Advice to Di:

Throw The Bum Out

The Princess, the Bodyguard and the Baby

Was it too much pâté, or there another reason for th roundness of the royal tum The palace denied the rep but Monaco's rebellious P cess Stephanie, 27, told a j story. "Yes, it's true," sh in the Italian weekly Oggi going to have a baby [in] vember and the [f] Ducruet [is]

THE Sun

Dear Diana,

First came the book. Next came the tapes. Now you're accused of visiting a deserted house with Gilbey. The Sun humbly

THE EVES OF DESTRUCTION

Figuring it would lure more tourists to Australia's Gold Coast (and boost his mayoral campaign), entrepreneur Christian Jocumsem staffed his new demolition firm with well-endowed topless females.

PLAY BALLS!

Some 300 women at a Chicago White Sox "women in baseball" clinic oohed, aahed and covered their eyes when catcher Carlton Fisk dropped trou to display the hazards of guarding home plate: an ugly inner-thigh bruise.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A DAME

Barry Humphries' better known alter ego, Dame Edna Everage, arrived from England to entertain viewers with a pair of NBC television specials on her Hollywood adventures.

HOW TO GET HEAD IN ADVERTISING

Right after we published a comprehensive feature on sex in advertising, Wilke-Rodriguez came up with some wild ad pages in the September issues of *Details* and *GQ*. Of course, the models were concentrating on fashion. Not.

MEMO TO ASPIRING WRITERS: SHARE A COLD SHOWER WITH MRS. BROWN

When Tina Brown was named *New Yorker* editor, media buffs feared she would pick stories as she had done at *Vanity Fair*. Per *VF* writer Kevin Sessums: "If it makes Tina's nipples firm, then she goes with it."

WHAT SORT OF MAG READS PLAYBOY? CONTINUED

In their layout for *Vanity Fair*'s October issue, Madonna and lensman Steven Meisel were clearly inspired by our 1967 centerfold of April Playmate Gwen Wong.

BUM RAP III

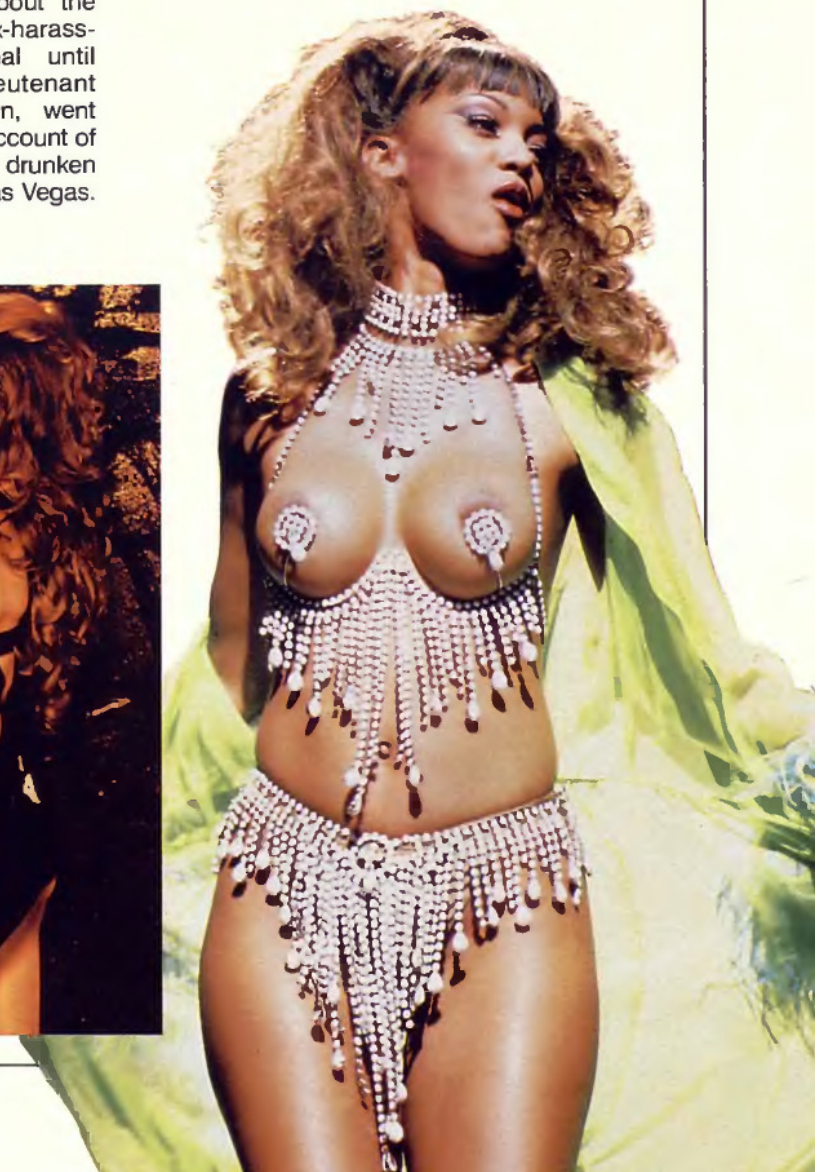
To promote *Baby Got Back*, rapper Sir Mix-a-Lot's ode to big-bottomed women, publicists sent giant inflatable buttocks floating over record stores throughout the country.

AGONY OF DE FLEET

Navy brass looked the other way about the Tailhook sex-harassment scandal until a victim, Lieutenant Paula Coughlin, went public with her account of being pawed by drunken officers at a reunion in Las Vegas.

THE BREASTPLATE SPECIAL; WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN' GOIN' ON

George Michael picked top models to star in his steamy video *Too Funky*. In one scene, Shana Zadrick opens Linda Evangelista's dress and fondles her plated breast; in another, Tyra is shaking those tassels.



NEWS BRIEFS

SELLING SHORT(S)

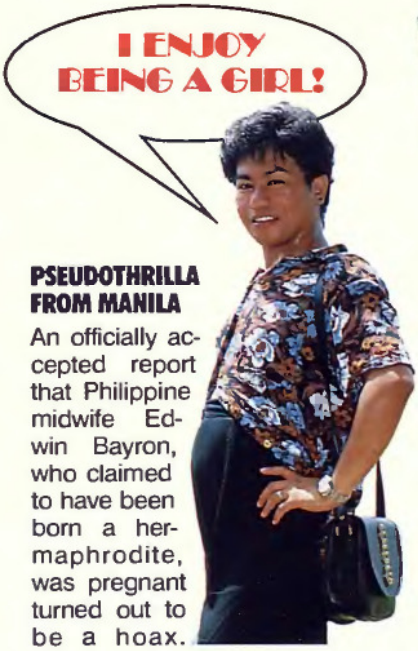
Has anybody seen rapper Marky Mark with his pants on lately? Now he's posing for a Calvin Klein ad campaign.

CIVIL LIBERTIES

"With any luck, Dan Quayle will watch and we'll be on forever," said Mariel Hemingway of this scene from ABC's *Civil Wars*—more of Mariel than viewers had seen since PLAYBOY's January 1984 issue.

THEY SEE LONDON, WE SEE FRANCE

Reasoning "they're French, after all," Brits blinked shutters but nary an eyelash when confronted by Gallic performance artists Ilotopie, outside London's Royal Festival Hall.

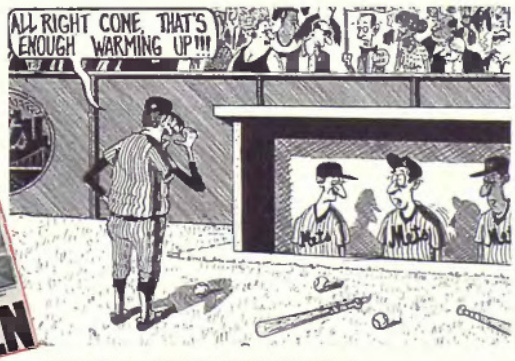


PSEUDOTHRILLA FROM MANILA

An officially accepted report that Philippine midwife Edwin Bayron, who claimed to have been born a hermaphrodite, was pregnant turned out to be a hoax.

BUM RAP IV

"Every man's dream lawn ornament," says Kansas State University senior Steve Adams of his Lawn Babe, on sale for $25 from Crazy Ideas Co., 2079 Tecumseh, Manhattan, KS 66502.



THREE STROKES, YOU'RE OUT

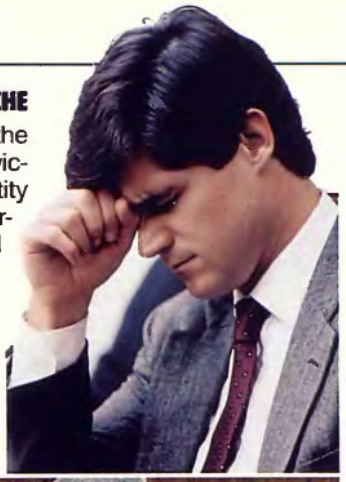
Two suburban women alleged ex–Mets pitcher David Cone lured them into Shea Stadium's bullpen and masturbated in front of them. So far, no similar incidents have surfaced in Toronto, where Cone has played for the Blue Jays.

ARNOLD SCHVANTZENEGGER

It's a safe bet that control freak Arnold Schwarzenegger wasn't pleased over this pic (and even more revealing bio), which appeared in *Spy*'s March issue—not to mention the June letter to the editor recalling his early posing for gay mags.

WILLIE'S EXCEDRIN HEADACHE

A new venue for underwear: the courtroom telecast. Alleged victim Patty Bowman—her identity concealed by a blue dot during the trial—saw her bra and panty hose displayed to the world on TV as William Kennedy Smith attempted—successfully—to strike down her accusation of sexual assault at the Kennedys' Palm Beach, Florida, compound.



CHER AND CHER ALIKE

Cher and Diana Ross performing onstage? Nope, these are astonishingly realistic impersonations of the famed pop divas by the Fabulous Fakes—New York City drag queens voguing at the Apollo.

EMBRACE ME, MY SWEET INFLATABLE YOU

For bathing beauties who feel their figures need amplification, Cole of California's Top Secret bikini bra sports a pump-up valve not unlike those developed earlier for athletic shoes.

Gates of Eden (continued from page 136)

"I hate a gyp. I hate it more than anything. The man who laughs at standards must be put down."

crawl away with one hand clawing at the pavement, the other pressed to his inflamed left ear. "That green card you got ain't a license to steal." I hefted the tire iron. "This is your second warning," I bellowed. "The state don't give three!"

I spun, around and around and around, and let go the tire iron. There was a crack like a pistol shot and the plate-glass front of Herve's went away.

I tossed the provers into my car and took off.

My name is Joe Gendreau. California Weights and Measures.

•

Our bureau works out of an avocado-colored bunker in Hollywood. It isn't much, but then I don't have clients to impress. My duty is to the public—not that they ever thank me. Your average consumer doesn't know that I'm the only thing standing between him and chaos.

Standards are what make us a society. A community agrees. A gallon is a gallon. A pound is a pound. He who says 15 ounces is a pound—he must be put down. A pound is a pound, or we go bango.

I hate a gyp. I hate it more than anything. The man who laughs at standards—that man must be put down. We are none of us perfect; I know that. But we must agree on what perfection is. I thought I'd met the perfect woman once. I was wrong, yes. Terribly wrong. But that doesn't alter the fact.

•

As usual, there was a knot of idlers laughing around Marty Shechter's desk. He was doing his Charles Nelson Reilly impression. Marty is a skillful operative, but he lacks commitment. For a lawn party—sure, ask Marty Shechter. For a job of work—no. Or rather, for a job of work—yes, Marty Shechter, provided there's no one around for him to showboat to. That's how I feel about Marty Shechter.

On my desk were messages from two gypmeisters who were contesting. I would have to make court appearances. And then there was a new complaint, from a Miss O'Hara, a colleen with a West Side number. Ordinarily I call to make an appointment for an interview, but her line was busy and, what the hell, she'd left her address.

•

I knocked at the door of a big sort of ranch house up Brentwood way. The Jap maid who opened the door was got up in native dress. She was young, and pretty in that dolly way of theirs.

"Hiya, sweets," I swept my hat off my head and grinned. "I'm here to see Miss O'Hara."

She exploded into tittering laughter, like the sound stars would make if they bounced off one another like wind chimes—or for that matter, like the sound of wind chimes.

I wasn't in on the okejay, but sweet as her laugh was, I didn't mind. I did a fast little soft-shoe and kidded her: "Tell her it's Fred Astaire."

She tittered some more, her hands flying to cover her cute little dolly mouth, her knees punching at the front of her kimono. "Missa Astaire," she finally gibbered, laying to rest my fear that she didn't savvy the English. "Name not a O'Hara. Ohara. I Ohara. I a house a head a house a."

It took a moment for me to decode it, that she was the mistress and not the maid. She tittered and bounced around some more, getting quite a kick out of watching my face drippin' egg.

I kicked at the stoop and mumbled, "I'm terribly sorry, Miss Ohara. I guess my message—I thought it was from a—well, never mind. But my name isn't really Fred Astaire—it's Gendreau, Joe Gendreau. California Weights and Measures." I flipped out my leatherette wallet and flashed the buzzer. "I hope you'll excuse the misunderstanding."

"A Missa Gendreau," she was still giggling in her girlish, dolly way. "Come in a talk."

I did go in. The place was pleasant like I somehow knew it would be, with clean gleaming wood and paper-paned partitions. It felt all open and airy, like a Jap restaurant but without that plinky-plink music.

Her little dolly head bounced in front of me as she led with a mincing walk, hands gathering the kimono in front. I reflected on how she hadn't been offended by my little gaffe, whereas her Western sister would undoubtedly have pitched a mood. Well, that's the beauty of the Eastern female. We might tag her submissive or unliberated or what have you, but to my mind she has a grace and dignity all her own, bred by centuries of tradition. Her purpose in life, which she will ever strive to perfect, is the serving of her master, Jap though he may be.

We were entering a little area with a low wood dining table set out for two.

"We eat a fuss."

"I appreciate that offer, Miss Ohara, but I really couldn't impose. Whatever I can help you with, if you'll just——"

"We eat a fuss. Fussa we eat."

She bowed and grinned, not giving an inch. Departmental regs have things to say about chumming up with complainants, but they don't tell you to be rude either, and the woman had it in her head that we were going to eat.

I sat down on the floor, as chairs there were none. Little Miss Ohara, still grinning, slipped off my shoes and briefly rubbed my feet. I was embarrassed, but if she was aware of any foot odor, she didn't let on. She poured something from a little crockery doodad into the little crockery cup in front of me, then went away chirping. I reached for the cup and smelled. Sake. I tossed it back. Nice stuff, sake. Easy going down.

The little duchess was trotting back in with a lacquered board upon which were various fishments and wrapped textured tidbits, laid out with plenty of grace and charm, like a little garden. I marveled at the grace and charm.

She knelt before me, giggling, holding the board above her bowed head.

"Thanks, Miss Ohara, but why don't you sit down also and——"

"You eat a. Man muss eat a."

I shrugged and popped one of the morsels into the old boccarino. It was tasty, delicate. I reached for more. My fingers felt big and clumsy on the cool daintiness of the food. "You finis," she said, setting the platter in front of me. She poured some more sake and bounced to her feet. As she did so, I couldn't help noticing some chestiness where her kimono hung momentarily open. I knocked back more sake, dancing in hob boots on departmental regs. What the hell. Some bureaucrat sitting in an office in Sacramento can't possibly anticipate all the situations faced by the man in the field.

The little contessa had skipped out of sight, into the living room. "Miss Ohara," I called after her, "I sure do appreciate the hospitality, and you have a beautiful house and whatnot. But if we could just get down to cases here, we——"

I heard humming and, naked as a jaybird, she flitted across the wedge of living room open to my view. She did it in a dancing, carefree kind of motion, her arms held out at her sides, Zorba-like, with a faraway smile on her face.

It was the damnedest thing.

I sat quietly, watching, hoping, I guess, that she would Zorba back the other way.

Well, no such luck. She reappeared,

(continued on page 194)

HOLIDAY PARTIES OF THE RICH & FAMOUS

HUMOR BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

here are some invitations that may not have made it to your mailbox

From: Montrose Peete,
Lord Chamberlain to Her Majesty
Queen Elizabeth II
To: Members of the Palace Personal Staff only

With regard to the Royal Family's annual private holiday observance, please take note of the following: Place settings for Duchess Sarah Ferguson and Captain Mark Phillips will not be required. There are to be no knives at Princess Diana's setting. The electronic sweep of the Palace for surveillance devices must be completed by sunset. All current Royal Family members will be in attendance. God save the Queen.

Official Schedule of Events and Ceremonies

5:00	Consort Prince Philip offers "Roast in Hell" toast to the British press.
5:15	Light yule log; burn negatives.
5:35	Presentation and introduction to the Royal Family of Princess Anne's escort and Prince Andrew's date.
5:45	Prince Andrew and Duchess Sarah officially present petitions to the Queen.
6:00	Her Majesty to issue Royal Decree (Who Gets Custody of the Children, Who Gets Land in Wales).
6:10	Queen's Attendants to separate family members, restore order.
6:30	Formal Holiday Banquet. (Staff to remove and replace broken glassware and china as needed.)
8:00	Her Majesty's Toast: 1993—A Year of Wiser Choices.
8:30	Party games for Royal Children (Musical Thrones, Bobbing for Scotland, etc.).
9:30	Ritual of Reassurance: Her Majesty's annual pledge to Prince Charles that she will seriously consider abdication this year.
10:00	Queen's Indulgence: Her Majesty to present jocular novelty gifts to Prince Philip (King O'Lawn riding mower), Prince Charles (case of Royal gelatin), Princess Diana (crying towel), Prince Andrew (locking codpiece), Princess Anne (subscription to *Glamour*).
10:30	Conclude with Royal Family's annual exchange of personal holiday sentiments. (Royal Physician to remain in attendance.)

NOTE: It is impossible, as always, to anticipate precisely when the Queen Mother will launch into a chorus of *Roll Me Over.* Staff is reminded to be prepared to withdraw discreetly from the room at that point.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

▪ SUSAN FALUDI ▪

REQUESTS

THE HONOR OF YOUR

PRESENCE

Join Susan, Gloria Steinem, Susan Brownmiller and others for an evening of male-free jubilation, a celebration of the Year of the Woman (i.e., every year).

OUR HOLIDAY AGENDA

- A toast to role models Glenn Close, Geena Davis, Susan Sarandon and Sharon Stone.
- Formally redesignate mistletoe as Mstletoe.
- Trim the tree (with custom vagina-shaped ornaments in lieu of phallic glass balls).
- Assemble the feminist manger scene (Mary, Josephine and Baby Jessica).
- Sing-along: At Christmas, we abandon the oppressive patriarchal hymns (read hims) and rejoice with self-affirming, aptly named carols. In that spirit, let us raise our voices in feminist song: *Good Queen Wenceslas, Arrest Ye Merry Gentlemen, Single Belles, Chet's Nuts Roasting on an Open Fire* and more.
- P.C. Skit: "The Three Wise Women" (Anita Hill, Patricia Ireland, Kate Michelman).
- Contests: Pin the Penis on Camille Paglia, Pissing Names in the Snow.
- Midnight Finale: "Mother Time" (Catharine MacKinnon) appears, performs ritual-emasculation Scythe Dance.

We'll have lots of "party theme" munchies for you to sink your teeth into (gingerbread men, melon balls, mixed nuts, Vienna sausages, etc.) and a festive feminism-packs-a-punch instead of phallocentrist cocktails. There will be gifts for all (Mace, scissors, Rush Limbaugh dart board, Thelma & Louise Charm School sweatshirts) and a vibrator in every Christmas stocking.

Don't miss (correction: Don't Ms.) this celebration of Peace on Earth, Good Riddance to Men. You've earned it.

You owe it to yourself and to your country to witness and participate in "The Grassy Noel: A Christmas Cover-up"

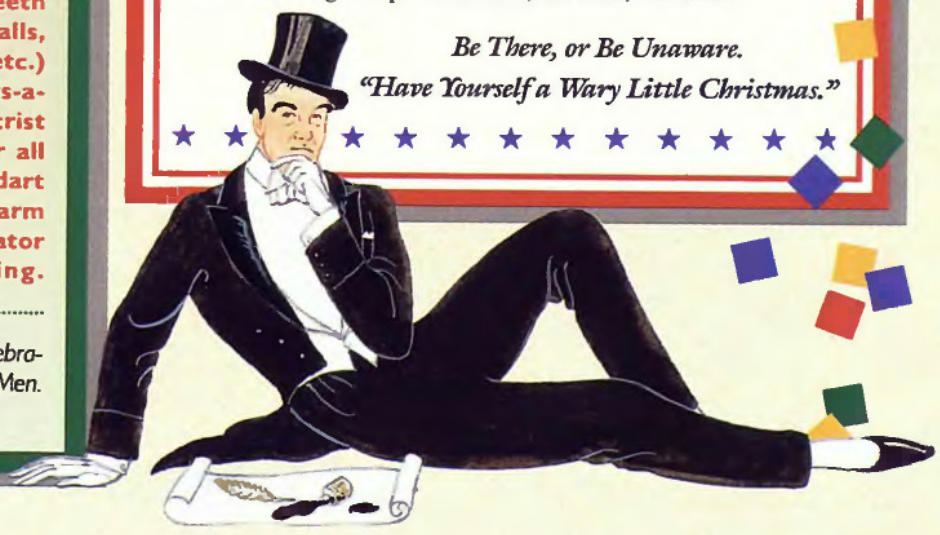
CONCEIVED, PLOTTED AND DIRECTED BY OLIVER STONE

Come in disguise as your favorite assassination conspirator: Lyndon Johnson, J. Edgar Hoover, Fidel Castro, Earl Warren, Jack Ruby, Judith Exner, G. Gordon Liddy, Ernst Stavro Blofeld. Surprise us (if you can). Enjoy dining and dancing in a soundstage magically transformed into a replica of Dealey Plaza. Then follow this crucial sequence of events:

9:00—Santa arrives by sleigh, waving to partygoers.
9:02—Sound of gunfire; Santa slumps over, mortally wounded.
9:03—Elves spotted hurriedly leaving the scene.
9:10—Police arrest suspect named Lee Harvey Cratchit.
9:30—Suspect is shot by underworld figure known as Dasher.
9:45—Jim Garrison, Mark Lane and host appear as the Three Wise Men bearing subpoenas.
10:00—Guests give depositions. How, and when, will it end?

Be There, or Be Unaware.
"Have Yourself a Wary Little Christmas."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



☛ **MR. JOHN GOTTI WOULD TAKE IT AS A PERSONAL INSULT IF YOU DECLINED TO ATTEND**

HOLIDAY ON ICE

A CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION FOR ALL HIS FRIENDS IN DETENTION BLOCK E

Hey, you can still have a good time, even when you're doing time, right? Mr. Gotti thinks so, and he's having a little party at his place to prove the point. We'll trim the tree with handmade ornaments (*grazie* to the guys in License Plates) and play party games (and no getting frisky during Bobbing for Apples). We'll get a visit from the Three Wiseguys bringing authentic-looking *full pardons* suitable (like us) for framing. Plus, everybody gets a Christmas stocking filled with stuff: cigarette papers, lice powder, blow-up doll, Vaseline, Preparation H, soap-on-a-rope, the works. We'll have a closed-circuit TV linkup with special VIP guests Charles Keating, Manuel Noriega, Mike Tyson, Jim Bakker, Leona Helmsley and Michael Milken. It'll be just like the Christmas parties on the outside (except without the mistletoe), so don't miss it. You know how Mr. Gotti hates to take no for an answer. There are two ways to cement our relationship. This is the easy one.

(Official Recycled Stationery)

~~Mikhail Gorbachev~~
Boris Yeltsin
~~Premier~~
President
~~The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics~~
Russia

SCHEDULE

(Is tentative, like everything)

- Toast George Bush or whoever is U.S. president.
- Toast U.S. vice president, if president not looking well lately.
- Light festive yule fire (bales of rubles, cheaper than wood).
- Toast U.S. presidents Washington through Reagan, in order.
- Sumptuous Official Banquet (Kentucky Fried Chicken Kiev).
- Toast IBM, McDonald's, Disneyland, New York Yankees, Coca-Cola, Exxon, the Alamo, Elvis, Morgan Guaranty, Wheaties.
- Games: Pin the Tail on Stalin, Hoard the Salami, I've Got a Secret (official KGB home version).
- Hand out VIP party gifts: socks, toilet paper, turnips, gum.
- Toast Hollywood, Levi's, Michael Jordan, Nashville, World Series, Madonna, Kmart, Simpsons, Rocky Balboa, Spuds MacKenzie, Fourth of July.
- Annual Good-Spirited Prank: Stripping unconscious members of parliament to underwear and leaving outside in snow.
- Toast Fortune 500 U.S. companies, Super Bowl winners (1967–1992), Billboard Top 40, all U.S. state capitals, etc. (Continues till dawn.)

(B.Y.O.B.)

SISTER SOULJAH WANTS YOU AT HER PARTY SCENE. "SHOOT-A-WHITE CHRISTMAS" IS THE THEME.

Santa will be black,
Pissed and female, too,
With "gifts" (talking ammo)
For each of you.
No sorry-ass cider,
No jive charades.
Gonna trim our tree
With hand grenades.
We've got a holiday skit,
Dig on this sucker:
"Father Christmas
Meets motherfucker."
We'll take a hayride
Through the nice white hoods,
Singing hard-rap carols
Just to chill their moods,
Like *Jungle Bells*
And We Be Kings
And Duck!
The Smith & Wesson Sings.
Rich bitches will shake
Inside their nighties
To *Deck the Halls*
With Parts of Whitey.
It's Xmas with a message,
So spread it around:
"Kunta Claus is
Coming to town."

 (continued from page 114)

"The Czechs may have engineered a glorious revolution, but they can't believe they've pulled it off."

Rainbow Man Is Coming to Town.

"What product are you selling?" I ask.

"What difference does it make?" he says snappishly. Then, retreating a bit, he adds: "In Sydney, it was bread."

I visit Wenceslas Square in the center of the city. Its grandeur and size hit you in the face with an almost physical force—much in the manner of the Piazza San Marco in Venice. I'm drawn into a great multinational orgy of buying and selling. Shoppers from all over the world have come to join the Czechs in buying imitation Seiko watches, Led Zeppelin T-shirts and dresses that look as if they've been taken from a truck in Passaic, New Jersey. Havel has described the velvet revolution as being "a revolt of color, authenticity, history in all of its variety and human individuality against imprisonment." But here on the square, it's as if the Czechs revolted so that they could shop for discontinued jogging suits.

The shopping is eerie and silent, since there is no automobile traffic on the square and the enormous cobblestoned space (about half a mile long, 60 yards wide) absorbs the shouts of a thousand hawkers. There may never have been such a vast international stewpot. Icelanders and Uruguayans line up to buy U.S. popcorn and pizza from Bosnians who've managed to escape the carnage in Sarajevo and set themselves up in stalls. Bolivian Indians serenade French teenagers as they have their hair braided with colored cotton by spike-haired Boy George look-alikes. Black softball stars from the Netherlands, cash in hand, circle the square, asking where the girls are (they are told to check the hotel lobbies at night). Czechs, who've been known to get in any line no matter where it leads, queue up to pay 30 crowns for a look inside a stretch limousine whose occupants, a pair of Brits, are presenting themselves as rock stars.

Kafka merchandise is in hot demand, the brooding novelist having become an unlikely pop icon. T-shirts, beer mugs and even cuff links bearing his likeness disappear quickly from the shelves. There may be an explanation in the Prague Baedecker that points out that "two of his novels were made into films." Close on Kafka's heels as the James Dean of Prague is Mozart, whom the Czechs have seized as one of their own, though, strictly speaking, the composer spent only a short time in the city, having gone there to have his operas produced after they'd received poor reviews at home. Gorbachev T-shirts fly out of the stalls along with hats said to have been left behind by Soviet military commanders (all, mysteriously, in small sizes).

Threaded in among the crowd are young Americans (there may be as many as 40,000 living in the city), many of them with a Czech in tow, delivering paid instructions in English on the run. Chris Scheer, formerly of Santa Barbara and editor in chief of the English-language newspaper *Prognosis*, has defined them as Posties—post-Sixties, postmodern, post–sexual revolution, post-Reagan, post-everything—living in something of a moral vacuum with nothing to be for or against. They've come to Prague because the living is cheap (50-cent lunches, ten-cent subway rides) and because there is not much for them in the States at the moment. But to be fair about it, it isn't only the economics that has drawn them to the Golden City. The overthrow of a 40-year-old Communist regime, arguably the most repressive in eastern Europe, had a literary flavor to it, driven as it was by artists and writers and particularly by Havel, who is a hero to the Americans here. Alan Levy, editor in chief of the English-language *Prague Post*, suggests, perhaps too sweepingly, that the Americans in Prague are the equivalent of the Lost Generation in the Paris of the Twenties and that there are future Isherwoods, Audens and Fitzgeralds among them. He concedes that not a single glittering paragraph has yet been produced but insists that many are holed up in garrets, "working on their novels." Many more have been taken on by government ministers as "consultants."

"What are they consulted about?" I ask a Czech journalist.

"It doesn't matter," he replies. "For many years Americans were held up as the enemy. Now it's fashionable to have one as a consultant."

Although the Czechs have seized private enterprise with a passion, the transition from Marxism has not been an entirely smooth one. Czech women haven't quite learned to negotiate their miniskirts, with the result that there are exquisite blunders on the trams and in the taverns. Czechs in their 60s and 70s shake their heads dolefully at the skyrocketing prices for sausage and cabbage, and there's little question many would welcome a return to the old system. On Národní Street, a merchant, confident of becoming rich overnight, stocked his store with fur coats and gloves and seems puzzled that they are not being snapped up in the suffocating July sun. An American grad student from the Wharton School of Business is proudly taken on a tour of a 1300-employee factory by a 30-year-old Czech who's replaced an old-line Communist Party figure as manager. Suddenly panicked, he takes the American aside and says, "What on God's earth do I do now?"

There is a desperate need to get it right, to get it Western, as though there were a precise mathematical formula that eludes the Czechs. At privatized restaurants, bartenders, with quavering hands, carefully pour vodka as if it's a rare elixir, as supervisors, with folded arms, sternly oversee them. The waitresses and chambermaids seem scared out of their wits, as if one incorrectly positioned saucer would cause the entire new society to crumble.

The Czechs may have engineered a glorious revolution and sent the Soviets packing, but they can't seem to believe they've pulled it off. At night, I ask a cabdriver to take me to a highly recommended jazz club on Krákovská Street. When we arrive, the streets are dark and deserted. The cabdriver is nervous about stopping but finally does so. I knock on the door, which opens slightly. I'm scrutinized and then admitted, tentatively, as if we're back in Prohibition days. Inside, several hundred sweating Czech jazz lovers are packed together in a cloud of smoke and haze, listening intently to a trio led by a spin-off Gerry Mulligan. The mood is clandestine, quietly defiant, as if being present at this white-bread performance is an act of defiance, a show of the irrepressibility of the human spirit. Eyes turn from time to time toward the entranceway, anticipating the KGB, which will smash down the door. But this is 1992 and the KGB is long gone. Any prerevolution informers are happily dispersed among the crowd. There's nothing to rebel *against*. Yet the Czechs continue reflexively to resist a phantom regime.

After dark, the prostitutes come out in force. They are blonde and pretty, for the most part, and no one seems to have made sure they're of a correct age. "The Russians," I'm told by a journalist, "have made off with the really beautiful ones." Droves of couples cross the Old Town Square, hand in hand. It's a city for lovers, but there is also a field day to be had for the lonely,

(concluded on page 181)

Hugh Hefner

ONCE UPON A TIME

A LYNCH/FROST PRODUCTION

Narrated by JAMES COBURN Executive Producer MARK FROST Produced by GARY H. GROSSMAN, ROBERT HEATH

Executive in charge of Production KEN SCHERER Original Music CHARLOTTE LANSBERG

I.R.S. RELEASING

Written by GARY H.GROSSMAN, MICHAEL GROSS, ROBERT HEATH Directed by ROBERT HEATH

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PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

They want you. Twelve of the most famously fabulous women on earth are sitting around talking, checking their watches, tapping their long, shiny fingernails beside the phone. They want you to call. It's that time of year—a time for champagne, confetti, parades and Playmate perusal—when you help us settle the first great question of the year. Who's the best of the best? Of the dozen Playmates of the Month whose beauty was unfolded before you in 1992, which one outshone the rest? Call her and you'll hear a message she has recorded especially for her supporters in our annual phonefest (calls cost one dollar). If your Playmate prevails, you'll see her again in a lavish Playmate of the Year layout featured in the June issue of PLAYBOY. She'll receive a sleek new sports car with a $100,000 check in the glove box. She'll reign for a year as the fairest and sexiest of the fair sex. And you'll tell everyone you were part of it. "That's my Playmate," you'll say. "I knew she was the one. That's why I called her." You'll be right, too—if you made the right call (or if you called all twelve). Every clue you need can be found in this pictorial encore. So can our Playmate of the Year 1993, and all you have to do to hear her voice is call us and pick the right month. Why keep her waiting?

In 1992 Corinna Harney (above) was our Playmate of the Year. Who will win the crown in 1993? Make your choice by calling 900-680-4000. Only $1 per call.

HELP US CHOOSE THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

CALL YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE: 900-680-4000

ONLY $1 PER CALL. EIGHTEEN YEARS OR OLDER, PLEASE.

Let us—and your favorite Playmate—know your preference in the Playmate of the Year tally. Simply call the above number, and when instructed, punch in the code to make your pick: **Miss January, 01; Miss February, 02; Miss March, 03; Miss April, 04; Miss May, 05; Miss June, 06; Miss July, 07; Miss August, 08; Miss September, 09; Miss October, 10; Miss November, 11; Miss December, 12.** Polling ends February 28, 1993.

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MISS JANUARY

MISS FEBRUARY

MISS MARCH

MISS APRIL

MISS MAY

MISS JUNE

MISS JULY

MISS AUGUST

MISS SEPTEMBER

MISS OCTOBER

MISS NOVEMBER

MISS DECEMBER

Miss November

STEPHANIE ADAMS

Stephanie (left) did some heavy-duty modeling in 1992. After guesting in a video with rapper Heavy D., she appeared in ads for Miss Clairol and starred in a campaign for Tropéz cosmetics. A veteran of runways and fashion spreads, the New York–based Elite model says she hopes to be the first black model to sign a major cosmetics contract. Still, she says, "PLAYBOY was my favorite modeling job of all."

Miss December

BARBARA MOORE

"Can I switch to my walk-around phone?" asked Barbara (right) when we called. She is back home in Nashville, taking in the view of the swimming pool outside her condo. But this Southern belle is getting ready for Hollywood. Since you last had a look, Barbara has joined an acting class. Goldie Hawn is a role model for Miss December because "she's sexy, aggressive and funny."

Miss October

TIFFANY SLOAN

Yes, she still wants to be a cop. Tiffany (right) is a dancer, gymnast, choreographer and model. If all goes as planned, she'll be officer Tiffany soon, with a degree in criminal law, a husband and two kids. This Las Vegan has toured Germany and Spain in Playboy's Girls of Rock 'n' Roll show—something to tell the grandkids about when they're old enough to see pictures of their grandma in her prime.

Miss April

CADY CANTRELL

When last you read about Cady (left) in these pages, she was living in Atlanta and studying acting. Now she's a Floridian, and her screen dreams have been upstaged by modeling work. "I love it! I'm the center of attention. People are running around getting things for me. It's great." Between assignments, Cady attends to her other passion of the moment: luxuriating in the sun and surf.

Miss July

AMANDA HOPE

Amanda (right) held the rank of specialist in the U.S. Army's First Armored Division band when stationed in Germany in 1992. A clarinetist, this Texan used her furloughs to travel the German and Austrian countrysides on what she calls "the $11 tour," which featured *deutsch* hospitality and free rooms and meals for U.S. soldiers. Back in Texas, she's on the move: "I'm finally learning how to drive a car."

Miss January

SUZI SIMPSON

"I know this sounds real John-Boy Waltonish, but this year has been like a dream to me," said Suzi (left). She was home for one day between modeling jobs in Mexico and Greece. Let others suffer jet lag. Suzi is "happy and grateful." This sunny southern Californian has also modeled in Jamaica and Hawaii. Living out of suitcases hasn't lost its charm. Good thing—Suzi's "caught the acting bug."

Miss September

MORENA CORWIN

She hasn't yet driven a race car or walked on the moon—two ambitions listed on her Playmate Data Sheet. Morena (right) has been too busy getting her career together. The Korean-born model and aspiring actress has settled in Jacksonville, Florida. She has audited acting classes and strikes poses for fashion photographers. It's no surprise that her specialty is formfitting "bodywear clothes."

Miss August

ASHLEY ALLEN

When Ashley (left) hit the stands as PLAYBOY's centerfold, her phone jumped to life with calls from friends. "People said, 'Why didn't you tell us?'" Why didn't she tell them? "I'm not one to brag. I guess I was nervous," Ashley confesses. Settled in Dallas with an eye on L.A., the Hawaiian Tropic suntan lotion model spent two memorable weeks in Spain last summer at the Olympic Games.

Miss March

TYLYN JOHN

Motorcycle racer Tylyn (right) went straight from our pages to a fast-track acting career. The producers of the upcoming film *Rising Sun*, which stars Sean Connery and Wesley Snipes, saw Tylyn in PLAYBOY and chose her over 350 other actresses for a cameo role. "I play a crazy redhead who jumps on Wesley's back at a party," she says. "I punch him, cuss him out. I feel so lucky I got to do it!"

Miss February

TANYA BEYER

"I need the flavor of Europe in my life," says Tanya (left). The Minnesota-born model is speaking from her apartment in Hamburg, Germany. Soon she will jet to Paris and Milan for couture shows. Earlier this season she watched her beloved Denver Broncos play an exhibition game in Berlin. She was stateside, though, for her 21st birthday in June—club-hopping in L.A. with her two sisters.

Miss June

ANGELA MELINI

Saigon-born Angela (left) still occasionally styles hair in a Seattle salon. That's one of a few things that haven't changed. "I've auditioned for a TV show about the Seattle music scene," she says. She has also become pals with Miss March, Tylyn John, modeled swimwear coast to coast and turned heads on Seattle streets. As one friend said upon seeing Angela's pictorial, "Man, you are so beautiful!"

Miss May

VICKIE SMITH

Guess what? Texan Vickie (right) is now seen in Guess jeans ads. You know—the ones that made Claudia Schiffer so famous. Guess what else? Her number-one fan is six years old. "My son Daniel is *so* proud. He's got my pictures up all over his room. 'That's my mommy!' he says." Mom makes music videos, too, and in her hometown of Mexia (pop. 6933), "Everyone's my best friend now."

WE REVISIT THOSE CELEBS WHO COULDN'T KEEP THEIR FEET OUT OF THEIR MOUTHS LAST YEAR

BONEHEAD QUOTES OF THE YEAR

"We're finally going to wrestle to the ground this gigantic orgasm that is just out of control."

—Senator Dennis DeConcini (D.–Ariz.), talking about a balanced-budget constitutional amendment

"I just can't wait till this campaign is over so I can say, 'Bob, open the garage and get out the Maserati. Open up the safe and get out the jewels.'"

—Georgette Mosbacher, wife of Robert Mosbacher, chairman of George Bush's campaign on enforced frugality in Washington

"We're enjoying sluggish times, and not enjoying them very much."

—President George Bush on the troubled state of the American economy

"Will had to reluctantly admit that was true, which has certainly helped him with dates since then."

—Attorney Roy Black, joking about William Kennedy Smith's testimony that he had sex twice in 30 minutes with Patricia Bowman

"Until recently the word fascist was considered shameful. Fortunately, that period has passed. In fact, there is now a reassessment of how much Grandpa Benito did for Italy."

—Alessandra Mussolini, the granddaughter of Benito Mussolini, announcing her plan to run for parliament as a neofascist candidate

"I have no problems with Mississippi. You know why I like Mississippi? Because they still sell those little pickaninny dolls down there. And I bought me a few of them, too."

—Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas

"This country's tires are bald. People are going to look at their own tires and say, 'I'm ready, I can do this. I begin to feel better about things, and I'm not going to drive my family around on bald tires.'"

—Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady on how he thinks the recession will end in the U.S.

"I know this will sound Pollyannaish to you, but I wasn't basically focused on making money."

—Michael Milken, serving a federal term in Pleasanton, California, for securities fraud

"Unlike the show, the majority of cars are not Porsches and Corvettes. There are lots of BMWs and Jeeps."

—Beverly Hills high school student Sara Mayers on the difference between her school and the one portrayed on "Beverly Hills, 90210"

"I'm so excited to meet you. I've always modeled myself after Ginger."

—Marla Maples on meeting actress Tina Louise, who played Ginger on "Gilligan's Island"

"It's the best book I've certainly read. And he goes through it; he starts around the turn of the century up through Vietnam. And it's a very good historical book about history."

—Vice President Dan Quayle on Paul Johnson's "Modern Times"

"He's a rarity as a father. He's so there. It's all about purity, honesty and that cliché: unconditional love. I always knew he was that way, though. He was that way with his dogs."

—Robin Wright on husband Sean Penn

"I am like a natural amphetamine. I can be sitting in the recording studio for ten hours without making wee-wee. Forgetting that I have to make wee-wee."

—Julio Iglesias

"It's been a very good trip, with the exception of the tear gas."

—White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater, trying to make the best of a visit to Panama when President Bush was forced to flee an anti-American protest rally

BY LARRY ENGELMANN

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER

BLUEBEARD IN IRELAND

(continued from page 96)

"'Which of these would you recommend?' said Vivian. 'We don't want to start him out on anything too steep.'"

window, and shyly asked for the 50p admission. Then through a swinging gate and up a muddy lane the couple had walked, past stacks of roof tiles and a ditch brimming with plastic trash, arriving at a small mowed plateau where 15 mismatched stones in a rough circle held their mute old pattern. He had paced among them, trying to unearth in his atavistic heart the planetary meaning of these pre-Celtic stones. Sacrifice. This must have been, at certain moments of heavenly alignment, a place of sacrifice, he thought, as, in the corner of his eye, Vivian stood at the ring's center like a stranger in too vividly blue a raincoat.

"We're walking," she agreed with him, "but not back to those awful rocks that got you so excited, I'll never know why. It's *stupid* to keep looking at rocks somebody could have arranged yesterday, for all we know. There are more of these prehistoric beehive huts today than there were a hundred years ago, the nice young man in the office was telling me. He says what people who come to Kenmare do is take long walks."

"Who is this guy, that he's become so fucking big in my life suddenly? Why doesn't *he* take you for the walk if that's what's on his mind?"

Did she blush? "George, really—he's young enough to be my son." This was an awkward assertion, made in the sweep of the moment. She could be the mother of a 21-year-old if she had been pregnant at 19; but in truth she had never borne a child, and when they were first married and she was in her mid-30s, he had had enough children by other women. Now the possibility had slipped away. He thought of her as racily younger than himself, but she was 40, and since they had surreptitiously courted, in the flattering shadows of Claire's unknowing, Vivian's face had grown angular and incised with lines of chronic vexation. She was old enough to be the mother of an adult, but was not.

The young man in the office—a kind of rabbit hole around the corner from the key rack, in which the Irish staff could be heard buzzing like bees in a hive—was at least 25 and might have been 30, with children of his own. He was slender, black-eyed, milky-skinned and impeccably courteous. Yet his courtesy carried a charge, a lilt, of mischief. "Yes, and walking is the thing in these parts—we're not much for the organized sports that you Americans are used to."

"We passed some golf courses, driving here," Allenson said, not really wanting to argue.

"Would you call golf organized?" the assistant manager said quickly. "Not the way I play it, I fear. As we say here, it's an ungrateful way to take a walk."

"Speaking of walks"—Vivian produced her little green map—"which of these would you recommend for my husband and me?"

With his bright black eyes he looked from one to the other and then settled on looking at her, with a cock to his neatly combed head. "Well, how hardy a fellow is he?"

Dear little wife, Vivian took the question seriously. "Well, when he drives, his reflexes are poor, but other than that he can do most things."

Allenson resented this discussion. "The last time I saw my doctor," he announced, "he told me I had beautiful arteries."

"Ah, I would have guessed that," said the young man, looking him benignly in the face.

"We don't want to start him out on anything too steep," Vivian said, again with an offensive seriousness.

"Currabeg might be your best option then. It's mostly on the level road, with fine views of the Roughty Valley and the bay. Take an umbrella against the mist, along with your fine blue coat, and if he begins to look blue in the face, then you might fancy hailing a passing motorcar to bring his body in."

"Are we going to be walking in traffic?" She sounded alarmed. For all her assertiveness, Vivian had irritating pockets of timidity. Claire, Allenson remembered, drove on a motor scooter all over Bermuda with him, clinging to his midriff trustfully, 20 years ago, and would race with the children on bicycles all over Nantucket. He and his first wife, Jeaneanne, owned a Ford Thunderbird convertible when they lived in Texas and would commonly hit 100 miles an hour on the stretch between Lubbock and Abilene, the top down and the dips in Route 84 full of watery mirages. He remembered how her hair, bleached blonde in Fifties-style streaks, would whip back from her sweaty temples, and how she would hike her skirt up to her waist to give her crotch air, there under the steering wheel. Jeaneanne had been tough, but her exudations had been nectar, until her recklessness and love of speed had carried her out of his life.

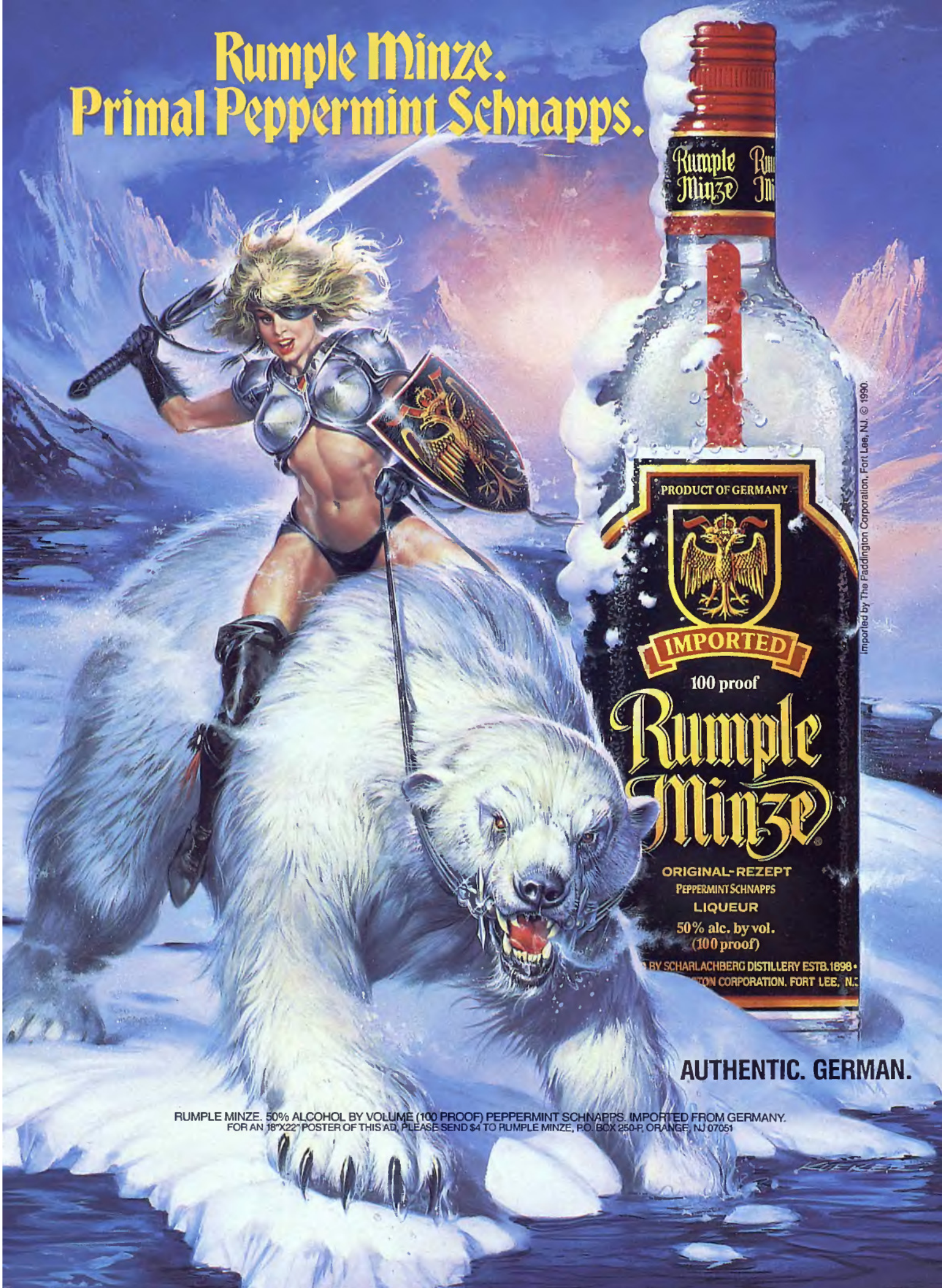
The assistant manager appeared to give Vivian's anxiety his solemn consideration; there was, in his second of feigned thought, that ceremonious touch of parody with which the Irish brought music to the most factual transactions. "Oh, I judge in this off-time of year there won't be enough to interfere with your easiness. These are high country roads. You park at the crossroads, as the map shows clearly, and take the rights to bring you back."

Still, Allenson felt their advisor had some politely unspoken reservation about their undertaking. As if also wary, Vivian tried to hold her tongue from criticism while he drove their left-hand-drive rental car, with its mirrors where you didn't expect them and a balky jumble of gears on the floor, out of Kenmare, past a cemetery containing famous holy wells, over a one-lane hump of stone bridge, up between occluding hedgerows into the bare blue hills whose silhouettes, in the view from the Allensons' hotel room, boiled upward like clouds from the mirroring sheen of the lakelike estuary. They met no other cars, so Vivian had less need to tense up than on the ring roads. The map was in her lap. She announced at last, "This must be the crossroads." A modest intersection, with only enough parking space on the dirt shoulder. They parked in the space and locked the car. It was the middle of a morning of watery wan sunshine. A bit of breeze told them they were higher than in Kenmare.

On foot they followed a long straight road, not as long and shimmering as the straightaways in Texas, yet with something of the same sense of mirage. They crossed a stream hidden, but for its gurgle, in greenery. A house being built, or rebuilt, stood back and up from the road, with no sign of life. Land and houses must be cheap. Ireland had been emptying out for ages. Cromwell had reduced the Irish to half a million, but they had stubbornly bred back, only to be decimated by the potato famine two centuries later. Allenson found himself wondering about the Irish who stayed—if they didn't have a softness, an elfin unreality, which had been left behind by the American Irish, with their bloated brick churches, their grim theology, their buttoned-shut pugnacious faces.

At first Vivian athletically strode ahead, hungry for hovels and unspoiled views. She had brought new running shoes on the trip—snow-white, red-chevroned, chunky, with the newest wrinkles of pedal technology. They were not flattering, but then, compared with Jeaneanne's, this wife's ankles were rather thick. Her feet looked silly under the hem of her bright blue raincoat, flickering along the road surface, striped like big birds. Where were the real birds? Ireland didn't seem to have many. Perhaps they had migrated with the people. Famines are hard on birds, but the last one had been long ago.

The hedgerows were thinning, and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after the invisible stream, the road had a steady upward trend. He found himself overtaking his young wife, and then slowing his pace to match hers. "You know," she told him, "I really did twist my back in the car yesterday, and these new sneakers aren't all they were advertised. They have so much structure inside, my feet feel bullied. It's as if they keep pushing my hips out of alignment."

"Well," he said, "you could go barefoot." Jeaneanne would have. "Or we could go back to the car. We've gone less than a mile."

"That's all? I wouldn't dream of telling them at the hotel that we couldn't do their walk. This must be the first right turn already, coming up."

The T-crossing was unmarked. He looked at the green map and wished it weren't quite so schematic. "This must be it," he agreed uncertainly.

A smaller road, it continued the upward trend through emptier terrain. Irish emptiness had a quality different from that of Texas emptiness, or that of the Scotch Highlands, where he and Claire had once toured. The desolation here was more intimate. Domes of stone-littered grass formed a high horizon under roiling clouds with leaden blue-black centers. There was little color in anything; he had expected greener grass, bluer sky. The landscape wore the dull, chastened colors of the people in the towns. It was a shy, unscreaming sort of desolation. "I suppose," Allenson said to break the silence of their laborious walking, "all this was once full of farms."

"I haven't seen a single hovel," Vivian said with a sharpness that he blamed on her back.

"Some of these heaps of stones—it's hard to tell if man or God, so to speak, put them there." Jeaneanne had been a liberated Baptist, Claire a practicing Episcopalian. Vivian was from a determinedly unchurched family of ex-Catholic scientists whose treeless Christmases and thankless Thanksgivings Allenson found painful. Strange, he thought as he walked along, he had never had a Jewish wife, though Jewish women had been his best lovers—the warmest, the cleverest. Next time?

"It said in the guidebook that even up in the hills you could see the green places left by the old potato patches, but I haven't seen any," Vivian complained.

Allenson cleared his throat and said, "You can see why Beckett wrote the way he did." He had lost track of how long their forward-plodding silence had stretched; his voice felt rusty. "There's an amazing amount of nothingness in the Irish landscape." On cue, a gap in the clouds sent a silvery light scudding across the tops of the dull hills slowly drawing closer.

"I know this isn't the road," Vivian said. "We haven't seen a sign, a house, a car, anything." She sounded near tears.

"But we've seen sheep," he said with an enthusiasm that was becoming cruel. "Hundreds of them."

It was true. Paler than boulders but no less enigmatic, scattered sheep populated the wide fields that unrolled on both sides of the road. With their rectangular purple pupils, the animals stared in profile at the couple. Sometimes an especially buoyant ram, his chest powdered a startling turquoise or magenta color, dashed among the ewes at the approach of these human intruders. Single strands of barbed wire reinforced the stone walls and rotting fences of an older pastoralism. Only these wires and the pine poles bearing wires overhead testified that 20th century people had been here before them. The land dipped and crested like a vast sluggish ocean; each new rise revealed more sheep, more stones, more road. A cloud with an especially large leaden center darkened this lunar landscape, but by the time Vivian had put up their umbrella, the sprinkle had passed. Allenson looked around for a rainbow, but it eluded his vision, like the leprechauns promised yesterday at Moll's Gap, in the roadside sign LEPRECHAUN CROSSING.

"Where *is* that second right turn?" Vivian asked. "Give me back the map."

"The map tells us nothing," he said. "The way it's drawn, it looks like we're walking around a city block."

"I *knew* this was the wrong road; I don't know *why* I let you talk me into it. We've gone miles. My back is killing me. Truly, George. I *hate* these bossy, clunky running shoes."

"They're the newest thing," he reminded her. "And far from cheap." Trying to recover his streak of kindness, he went on, "The total walk is four and a half miles. Americans have lost all sense of how long a mile is. They think it's a minute of sitting in a car." Or less, if Jeaneanne were driving, her skirt tucked up to expose her thighs.

"Don't be so pedantic," Vivian told him. "I hate men. They grab the map out of your hands and never ask directions and then refuse to admit that they're lost."

"Whom, my dear, would we have asked directions of? We haven't seen a soul. The last soul we saw was your cow-eyed pal at the hotel. I can hear him now, talking to the police. 'Ah, the American couple,' he'll be saying. 'She a mere colleen and he a grizzly old fella. They were heading for Macgillicuddy's Reeks, wi' scarcely a cup of poteen or a pig's knuckle in their knapsacks.'"

"Not funny," she said in a new on-the-edge voice. Without his noticing it, she had become frantic. There was a silvery light in her eyes, tears. "I can't walk another step," she announced. "I can't and I won't."

"Here," he said, pointing out a convenient large stone in the wall at the side of the road. "Rest a bit."

She sat and repeated, as if proudly, "I will not go another step. I can't, George. I'm in agony." She flipped back her bandanna with a decisive gesture, but the effect was not the same as Jeaneanne's gold-streaked hair whipping back in the convertible. Vivian looked old, worn. Lamed.

"What do you want me to do? Walk back and bring the car?" He meant the offer to be absurd, but she didn't reject it, merely thinned her lips and stared at him angrily, defiantly.

"You've got us lost and won't admit it. I'm not walking another step."

He pictured it. Her body would weaken and die within a week; her skin and bones would be washed by the weather and blend into the earth like the corpse of a stillborn lamb. Only the sheep would witness it. Only the sheep were watching them now, with the sides of their heads. Allenson turned his own head away, gazing up the road, so Vivian wouldn't see the naked mercilessness in his face.

"Darling, look," he said after a moment. "See, way up the road, the way the line of telephone poles turns? I bet that's the second right turn. We're on the map!"

"I don't see anything turning," Vivian said, but in a voice that wanted to be persuaded.

"Just under the silhouette of the second little hill. Follow the road with your eyes." Allenson was feeling abnormally tall, as if his vision of Vivian stuck in the Irish landscape forever had a centrifugal force, spilling him outward, into a new future, toward yet another wife. Still, in a kind of social inertia, he kept pleading with her. "If there's no right turn up there, then you can sit down on a rock and I'll walk back for the car."

"How can you walk back?" she despairingly asked. "It'll take forever."

"I won't walk, I'll run," he promised.

"You'll have a heart attack."

"What do you care? One male killer less in the world. One less splash of testosterone." Death, the thought of somebody's death within the marriage felt exalting in this green-gray landscape emptied by famine and English savagery. British soldiers would break the roof-beams of the starving natives' cottages and then ignite the thatch.

"I care," Vivian said. She sounded subdued. What an effort they are to win, these tiny submissions within the marital entanglement! A constant wrestle. Seated on her stone, she looked prim and hopeful, a wallflower waiting to be asked to dance.

"How's your back?"

"I'll stand and see," she said.

Her figure, he noticed when she stood, had broadened since he first knew her—thicker in the waist and ankles, chunky like her aggravating shoes. And

developing a bad back besides. She took a few experimental steps on the narrow macadam road, built, it seemed, for the Allensons alone.

"Let's go," she stoutly said. Then she added, "I'm doing this just to prove you're wrong."

But he was right. The road branched; the thinner piece of it continued straight, over the little hill, and the thicker turned right, with the wooden power poles. Parallel to the rocky crests on the left, with a view of valley on the right, the road went up and down in an animated, diverting way and took them past houses now and then and small plowed areas to vary the stony pastures. "You think those are potato patches?" he asked. He felt shy, wondering how many of his murderous thoughts she had read. His vision of her sitting there, as good as a corpse, kept widening its rings in his mind, like a stone dropped into black water. The momentary ecstasy of a stone briskly applied to her skull, or a piece of flint sharp as a knife to her throat—had he entertained these visions, too, in that biblical wilderness back there on the level?

Now, on the higher, winding road, a car passed them, and then another. It was Sunday morning, and unsmiling country families were driving to mass. Their faces were less friendly than those of the shopkeepers in Kenmare; no waves were offered, or invitations to ride. Once, on a blind curve, the Allensons had to jump to the grassy shoulder to avoid being hit. Vivian seemed quite agile in the pinch.

"How's your poor back holding up?" he asked. "Your sneakers still pushing your hips around?"

"I'm better," she said, "when I don't think about it."

"Oh. Sorry."

He should have let her have a baby. Now it was too late. Still, he wasn't sorry.

The road turned the third right on their map gradually, unmistakably, while several graveled driveways led off into the hills. Although Kenmare Bay gleamed ahead of them, a thin tongue of silver in the smoky distance, the road still tended upward, dipping and turning, ever closer to the rocky crests, which were becoming dramatic. There were no more fences; a ram with a crimson chest skittered down a rock face and across the road, spilling scree with its hooves. In what seemed another nation, so far away did it now appear, a line of minuscule telephone poles marked the straight road where Vivian had said she would not move another step. Overhead, faint whistling signaled a hawk. A pair of hawks, drifting near the highest face of rock, hung motionless in a wind the Allensons could not feel. Their thin hesitant cry felt forgiving, as did Vivian's voice announcing, "Now I have this killing need to pee."

"Go ahead."

"Suppose a car comes?"

"It won't. They're all in church now."

"There's no place to go behind anything," she complained.

"Just squat down beside the road. My goodness, what a fussbudget."

"I'll lose my balance." Young as she was, she was physically timid, and he had noticed on other occasions, on ice or on heights, how precarious her sense of balance was.

"No you won't. Here. Give me your hand and prop yourself against my leg. Just don't pee on my shoe."

"Or on my own," she said, letting herself be lowered into a squatting position.

"It might teach them a lesson," he said. "It might soften them up."

"Don't make me laugh. I'll get urinary impotence." A concept of Nabokov's, out of *Pale Fire*, that they both had admired in the courting days when they were sharing books. She managed to let go. In Ireland's great silence of abandonment, the sheepish splashing sound seemed loud, almost to echo. Allenson looked up to see if the hawks were watching. Hawks could read a newspaper, he had once read, from the height of a mile. But what would they make of it? The headlines, the halftones? Who could tell what a hawk saw? Or a sheep? Only what they selfishly needed to see, he suspected. A tuft of edible grass, or the twitch of a vole scurrying for cover.

Vivian stood, pulling up her underpants and pantyhose, and the couple moved on, not unpleasantly numbed by the miles that had passed beneath their feet. They reached the road's highest point and saw far below, as small as an orange star, their Eurodollar Toyota compact, parked at a tilt on the shoulder of their first crossroads. As they descended to it, Vivian asked, "Would Jeaneanne have enjoyed Ireland?"

What an effort it seemed, to cast his mind so far back. "Jeaneanne," he answered, "enjoyed everything, for the first seven minutes. Then she got bored. What made you think of Jeaneanne?"

"You. Your face, when we started out, had its Jeaneanne look. Which is different from its Claire look. Your Claire look is sort of woebegone. Your Jeaneanne look is fierce."

"Darling," he told her. "You're fantasizing."

"Jeaneanne and you were so young," she pursued. "At the age I was just entering graduate school, you and she were married with a child."

"We had that Fifties greed. We thought we could have it all," he said rather absently, trying to agree. His own feet in their use-softened cordovans were beginning to protest; walking downhill, surprisingly, was the most jarring.

"You still are. You haven't asked me if I like Ireland. The shy sort of nothingness of it."

"Do you?" he asked her.

"I do."

They were back where they had started.

"So, bottom line, the options are—we go for a car that pushes the envelope or we have a kid."

THE PENTAGON (continued from page 120)

"More than anyone, the top brass realize how desperately they needed their Kremlin twin."

Korea to the other by U.S. air. And the same thing happened to me in Vietnam. When I was covering Desert Storm, it happened again.

"Incoming," a Green Beret NCO yelled. He thought the Iraqis were shelling us.

"Incoming, hell. That was our own air," I said. I could see the U.S. plane climbing away. It had dropped two 500-pound bombs within our perimeter. One fourth of all American casualties in Desert Storm were caused by U.S. air power.

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Did Desert Storm provide any lessons about the dangers of the current system, especially about the lethal consequences of continued interservice rivalry? It certainly did. But one of the most important lessons and most effective weapons has been deliberately abandoned.

The performance of the Air Force's A10—the Warthog—was a happy surprise for Schwarzkopf's troops. It turned out to be one of our best weapons in the desert. It was perfect for close air support because it flew slowly and could loiter and make deadly passes over a target. The pilot could get a clear view of targets and could talk to the grunts on the ground. And the Warthog could take hits and keep on flying. I saw some A10s that had more holes in them than Saddam Hussein's tanks. They limped back to base and three days later they were up kicking ass and painting Iraqis red. The A10 was so heavily armored that it was as if the pilot were wearing a steel bathtub for a flak jacket.

Goodbye Warthog. The most effective killing machine of the war—the one most feared by the Iraqis—has been retired from frontline duty. It has been replaced by the Air Force F-16. The F-16 is a fast burner, which means a pilot can't hang over the battlefield and get to know where everything is. One rifle slug can zap it. It's designed for other missions, not just close air support, because that was what the Air Force wanted. Historically, the Air Force has never given a rat's ass about close air support. It always plays second fiddle to other tasks such as interdiction bombing. That's why the Army has helicopter gunships. It doesn't trust the Air Force.

It doesn't make sense if the users—the troops on the ground—do not have control of the close air support that is supposed to help them. It's as if the post office kept all the fire department's hoses. Then, when there was a fire, the fire fighters had to go over to the post office and negotiate to get their hoses. The hoses should be screwed to the fire engines, ready to ride, ready to be used to put out a fire.

But the Pentagon recoils from common sense. And besides, upgrading the F-16 for a close-air-support role is great for the MICC. It keeps the money wheel spinning in high gear. Just as the top brass ignored the value of the A10, they show every sign of ignoring our need to adapt to the post–Cold War period.

The U.S. can no longer toss away dollars for defense like a drunken recruit. Soviet defense spending killed the bear, and if we don't cut spending, it will kill America. But the Pentagon is practically a government by itself; after all, it distributes close to $300 billion a year. And it is a government that has declared war—a war of survival—in which the country it supposedly serves is its foe. The top brass see the threat quite clearly. Without an enemy such as the Kremlin, the Pentagon has no job. Now the Pentagon fears that the American public will realize that it is an old war horse with no war and should be put out to pasture or shot for glue. More than anyone, the top brass realize how desperately they needed their Kremlin twin.

Since the Sixties, with rare exceptions, the wrong people have become generals and admirals. The Pentagon has few leaders with vision who have the guts to bring about the reforms that would blast our armed forces from the past. Most of the guys at the top are slicker at staff infighting than they are in real war fighting. Most are writers, not fighters. Most are perfumed princes brainwashed to sell their service over the good of America or their own warriors. Most of the guys who get to the top are quick to go along. They don't fight for the right stuff, which explains why our warriors who get in the arena with the lions don't have the right killing gear. Decent rifles, radios and ground-support aircraft don't pad up the budget like the big-ticket Stealths and exotic choppers. These slick dudes are protecting their own billets at the expense of the fighters.

Many of these guys with stars cash out to cash in. They jump aboard the defense contractors' money train, making big salaries selling the stuff they used to buy. Then they call back to the people still at the Pentagon and massage them with promises of good jobs later. Or they ask, "Remember when? Remember when I got your ass out of a crack—or when I got you promoted?"

If the Pentagon isn't winning its war to date, it certainly is holding its own. Spending for the wrong weapons continues unabated. The Pentagon still gives priority to heavy-duty, high-priced wonder weapons—the top end of the military market. The big-bucks items get priority because they are the direct connection between the defense industry and Congress. The MICC is a greed club wrapped in an American flag. It will take as much money as it can until everything goes pop. It is armed and dangerous.

Inside the Pentagon the momentum of the Cold War hasn't slowed. Day in and day out, the basic mission of hundreds of Pentagon officers is to get more money for their individual services. Senior military officers become master salesmen, and the MICC determines how America is defended. The Pentagon can't go broke until the taxpayer has nothing more to give, which ain't far down the track. The nation can no longer afford such waste. If the services continue to do their own thing, America will end up broke and with a hollow military, to boot.

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At last count there were more than 1000 generals and admirals on active duty. During World War Two, when the military was six times larger, there were 2058. For the brass and their entourage, the trenches more often than not are Washington cocktail parties where they dress in medal-bedecked uniforms and sell their service and hustle their needs. I saw an episode of the Pentagon process at a gathering a few years ago. A Marine Corps officer buttonholed a U.S. senator and spoke about the need to extend the Corps' reach to get in deep behind the shoreline. For this, the Marines (joined by the Navy and Air Force) decided they needed a new type of aircraft.

Listening to this pitch, I thought my drink had been laced with LSD. Here was the Corps hustling for a new billion-dollar bird for a questionable mission.

The cocktail party encounter showed the MICC at its most proficient and most dangerous. Out of conversations such as that one came the Osprey—an aircraft that is half helicopter, half fixed-wing airplane and all problem. The prototype performed two functions well: eating money and crashing.

For the defense contractors the Osprey was an entirely new candy store. If the military could get money to build a wacko contraption such as the Osprey, the MICC might one day get away with brave Marines in flying submarines. In Pennsylvania and Texas, where the prototypes are built, political muscle

protects and promotes it. The Osprey means jobs for the local voters, pork and hefty political contributions to keep the bums in Congress. So far the cost has been over $2 billion and seven lives.

The Pentagon has two weapons that work in concert with big spending in its campaign of self-perpetuation: promoting fear that a bad guy is going to eat up America and duplicating make-work.

Right now, for example, you can be sure that an Army colonel, Marine colonel, Air Force colonel and Navy captain are all at work on papers that one of them alone could do. It may be a study on what to do about senior officers' piles, or whether or not blow-driers should be standard issue. The four services have dozens of common functions: service schools, entry and specialty training, personnel, finance, intelligence, quartermasters, laboratories, storage, weapons testing, research and development, lawyers, medics and chaplains. Work is now duplicated like a hot-wired automatic copier churning out copies at ten bucks a pop.

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Until the president pulls the Pentagon's plug, we remain in danger. Only then can our military begin moving in a new direction. Federal law must limit the size of the American Peace Force HQ and abolish ticket punching, which has killed more men than friendly fire.

The APF won't happen overnight. It will take years before the merger's "teething problems" are fixed. But now is the time to strike, because America does not have an external enemy. Over the next decade, wars will be like those in Eastern Europe, Peru and Burma—what the military calls low-intensity conflicts. The U.S. must take extreme care before jumping into such fights. But we must be ready to support friends and freedom.

With only one service, by the year 2000 the U.S. military will look very different from what it is today. Our active-duty armed forces, which now total nearly 2 million men and women, would total no more than 800,000, and the reserves would be scaled down. Annual defense spending would be cut by two thirds, to $100 billion. Yet with all the cuts, we would have a more flexible and effective military defense than we have today.

The worms that crawl in the Pentagon's dead brain will say that if defense spending is reduced, the U.S. economy will take a hit. There is some truth to this. But America is in a crisis and we must take action. In fact, with proper planning to convert from war to peace, a reorganization of the military will help make America healthy again.

In time the new HQ can make logical consolidations and slowly cut away the layers of duplication and redundancy. Unification would create a faster exchange of information. There would be less waste, more efficiency and big taxpayer savings.

There are a million things to do. Here are just a few first steps:

- It's time for West Point, Annapolis and the Air Force Academy to fold up their tents. They breed interservice rivalry. The American Peace Force will require one academy that would take the best traditions of all service academies and produce future leaders to run the new defense team. The academies should continue their roles as teaching institutions, perhaps as national universities devoted to the environment, ecology or conflict resolution.
- Merge the Seals, Green Berets, Air Commandos and Marine Recon. A new special-operations branch of the APF would have one headquarters, one training place, one budget, one staff, one support system and would be the key players in low-intensity fights. It would be dynamite.
- Streamline military intelligence. Take a major step away from the secret wars of recent years that have been so disastrous and shameful.
- Keep Star Wars in the lab.
- Cut nuclear weapons to the bone.
- Park the B-1 and B-2 bombers next to Howard Hughes' Spruce Goose and charge admission to see two of the MICC's biggest rip-offs.
- Dump the National Guard. This force, though valiant in the past, as was the horse cavalry, is too inefficient and corrupt to fit into a modern military. Merge the Air Guard into the Air Reserves. It has some of the hottest pilots going. Retool the reserves and give them active-duty priority.
- Reinstate the draft, but make it an obligation of national service with the military as one option. Put everybody through eight weeks of basic training that includes U.S. history and citizenship in general. Afterward, some would go to the military and others could perform domestic Peace Corps–type work.

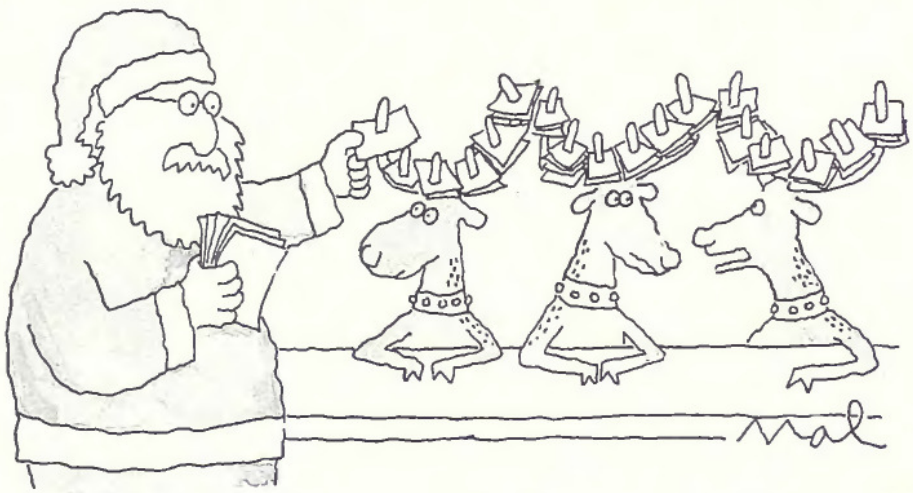
Unification would mean that, after specialty training, you would go to a unit. Let's say you were a close-air-support fighter pilot. You go to a squadron that would always work in direct support of the Seventh Infantry Division. The units would train together and become a tight team.

What nearly happened to me in Desert Storm when the Air Force pilot thought we were the enemy would not happen with one defense team. The guys on the ground and the guys in the air would all work together. The problems would be ironed out early. The guys on the ground would demand damn good communications and reliable systems to mark their positions.

Ideally you'd stay in one assignment, as we used to, perhaps for your entire career. You wouldn't have the turnover that comes with ticket punching, which rips the vital cohesiveness out of a unit.

Because units won't be rotating to Germany and around the world (our post–Cold War overseas commitments can be scaled back drastically), the American Peace Force warriors will not become isolated from the American community and values. The military would not be as removed from the rest of society as it is now. No more Fort Nowhere.

Reforming the military will be a tough job. The brass, the politicians and the arms merchants won't like it and will fight change just as a bronco fights its rider. But change is overdue. Unification will provide the lean military muscle needed to guard America's future in the troubled times ahead.



"I'll sure be happy when he gets his filing system on computer."

THE WATCH *(continued from page 143)*

"The gift was magnificent, and his effort to understand me—that was the gift, the magnificent gift."

son, in effect, to finishing school, and it never would have occurred to him to compound this enormity by supplying that son with the sybaritic indulgence of a car.

Nor would it have occurred to me to expect the same. However, I had been told, from what seems to me to have been my earliest youth, that on my graduation from college, I would be given a convertible.

It was not any car that I would receive, it was The Convertible. How it got started, I don't know. But my grandmother said it and my father said it, and I looked forward to it as a fixed point in my life.

Was it a bribe, was it to be a reward? I don't know. It was an out-of-character assurance on my father's part, for he was capable of generosity and, indeed, on occasion, of real lavishness. But both, in my memory, were much more likely to stem from impulse than from a thought-out plan.

However, he had promised it, and not only had the family heard it but we joked about it. It became, it seemed, part of our family phrase book, e.g.: "Study hard, or you won't get to college, and then you know what you aren't going to get."

So much that I forgot about it. It was nothing to long for, or even, truly, to anticipate. One event would bring about the other, as retirement, the agreed-upon pension. It was not a subject for anticipation, or even, on receipt, for gratitude, but the correct conclusion of an agreement.

It was my final year at college. Graduation was to come in May, and in the preceding November I would turn 21.

In three and a half years at college I had learned not a damned thing. I had no skills or demonstrable talents.

Upon graduation I would be out in the world with no money, no prospects, no plan. Not only did I not care, I had given the matter no thought at all, and I believe I assumed that some happy force would intervene and allow me to spend the rest of my life in school. Just before the Thanksgiving break my father called. He told me he was looking forward to my return to Chicago for the holiday.

Now, this was news to me, as we had not discussed my going to Chicago, and I'd made plans to spend the long weekend with friends in the East.

But, no, he said, the holiday fell two days before my birthday, and it was important to him that I be back home.

I tried to beg off, and he persevered. He pressed me to come home and told me that it was essential, as he had something for me. He was sending me a ticket and I had to come.

Well. There it was. It was the convertible. My father had remembered his promise and was calling to tell me that he was about to make good his pledge.

I left the phone booth smiling and quite touched. And I told my friends I would be flying to Chicago, but I would be driving back. I flew to O'Hare, took a bus downtown and took a city bus to the North Side.

On the plane and on the bus I rehearsed both my gratitude and my surprise. Surprise, I knew, was difficult to counterfeit, and this troubled me. I would hate to disappoint my father, or to give him less than what he might consider his just due for the award of a magnificent gift.

But, no, I thought, no. The moment boded well to sweep us up in sentiment free of hypocrisy on either of our parts.

For was he not the child of immigrants? And was he not raised in poverty, in the Depression, by his mother, my beloved grandmother? Had we not heard countless times, my sister and I, of their poverty and our ingratitude?

And here before us was a ceremony of abundance—a ceremony, finally, of manhood. It was my 21st birthday, I was graduating from college.

I got off the Broadway bus and walked down the side street, rehearsing all the while, and there, across from his building, was the car.

No. I had doubted. I realized that as I saw the car. No, I would admit it. To my shame. I'd doubted him. How could I have doubted? What other reason would he have had for his insistence, his almost pleading, that I come back home? Of course it was the car, and I was ashamed I had doubted him. I looked at the car from across the street.

It was a Volkswagen convertible. It was a tricked-out model called the Super Beetle. It had, I remember, outsized bubble skirts and wheels, and it was painted with broad racing stripes. I chuckled. I'm not sure what sort of vehicle I'd expected—perhaps I'd thought he'd take me shopping down on Western Avenue and we'd be buyers together at the horse fair. I don't know what I expected from him, but when I saw that Beetle, I was moved. It was, I thought, a choice both touching and naive. It seemed that he had tried to put himself in the place of his son. It was as if he'd thought, What sort of car would the youth of today desire?

And there was his answer, across the street. I thought, No, that's not my style, and then reproached myself. And I was worthy of reproach. For the gift was magnificent and, with the gift, his effort to understand me—that was the gift, the magnificent gift. Rather than insist that I be like him, he'd tried to make himself like me. And if my chums thought that the car was somewhat obvious, well, they could go to hell. For I was not some kid in the schoolyard who could be embarrassed by his parents, I was a man and in possession of a valuable possession. The car could take me to work and it could take me from one city to the next. And finally, my father had given it to me.

As I walked close to it, I saw the error of my momentary reluctance to appreciate its decoration.

It was truly beautiful. That such a car would not have been my first choice spoke not to the defects of the car but of my taste.

I try to remember the colors, and I seem to remember a metallic black, with stripes of yellow and orange.

I remember the new-car sticker on the window, and I remember thinking that my dad must have expected me to go into the building by the other door or he wouldn't have left the gift out here so prominently. Or did he mean me to observe it? That was my question as I rode the elevator up.

He met me at the door. There was the table, laid out for a party, in the living room beyond.

Did he look wary? No. I wondered whether to say which route I had taken home, but, no, if he'd wanted to test me, he would ask. No. It was clear that I wasn't supposed to have seen the car.

But why would he have chanced my viewing it? Well, I thought, it's obvious. They'd delivered the car from the showroom, and he'd carefully, as he did all things, instructed them on where it should be parked, and the car salesman had failed him. I saw that this could present a problem.

If we came out of the building on the side opposite from where the car was parked—if we began what he would refer to as a simple walk and could not find the car (which, after all, would not be parked where he'd directed it should be), would it be my place to reveal I had seen it?

No. For he'd be angry, then, at the car salesman. It would be wiser to be ignorant and not to be part of that confluence that spoiled his surprise.

But I could steer our progress back into the building by the other door. Aha. Yes. That is what I'd do. There was another possibility: that we would leave the building by the door near the car, and

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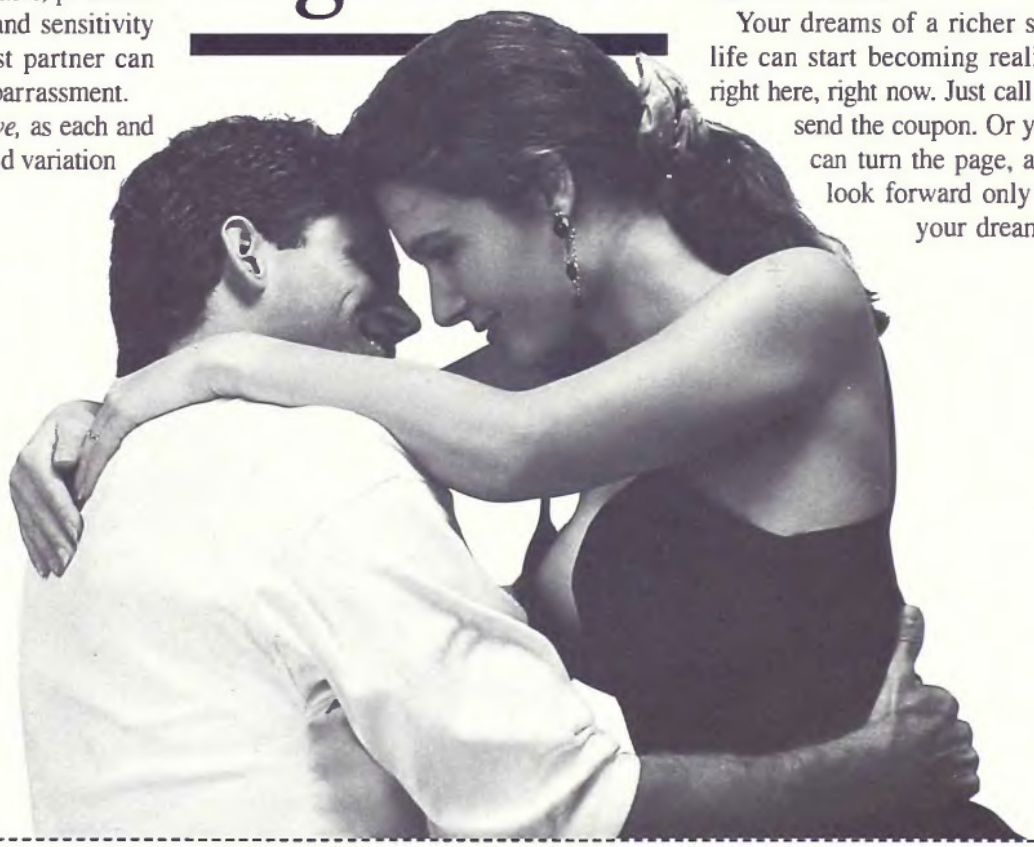

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that he'd come across it in the unexpected place and be caught off guard.

But that need not be feared, as, if I stayed oblivious to his confusion for the scantest second, he would realize that the surprise would in no way be mitigated by the car's location.

He would improvise and say, "Look here!" And that he'd doubtless have words with the car dealership later was not my responsibility. We sat down to dinner. My father, my stepmother, my half siblings and several aunts.

After the meal, my father made a speech about my becoming a man. He told the table how he'd, in effect, demanded my return as he had something to give me. Then he reached into the lapel pocket of his jacket, draped over the back of his chair, and brought out a small case.

Yes, I thought, this is as it should be. There's the key.

Some further words were said. I took the case and fought down an impulse to confess that I knew what it contained, etc., thus finessing the question of whether or not to feign surprise. No, I thanked him and opened the case. Inside there was a watch.

I looked at the watch and at the case beneath the watch, where the key would be found. There was no key. I understood that this gift would be in two parts, that this was the element of the trip which was the surprise.

I'd underestimated my father. How could I have thought that he would let an opportunity for patriarchal drama drift by unexploited?

No mention had been made of the car. It was possible, though unlikely, that I'd forgotten that the car was owing to me. But in any case, and even if, as was most likely, I had returned to Chicago expecting the car, such hopes would indeed be dashed before they would be realized. He would make me the present of the watch, and then the party would go on, and at some point he'd say, "Oh, by the way," and draw my attention to the key, secreted in the lining of the watch case, or he'd suggest we go for a walk.

Once again, he would keep control. Well, that was as it should be, I thought. And a brand-new car—a car of any sort—was not the sort of present that should be given or accepted lightly. If he chose to present the gift in his own way, it came, I did see, not primarily from desire for control but from a sense on his part of drama, which is to say, of what was fitting. I thought that was fine.

That I had accidentally discovered the real present parked outside was to my advantage. It allowed me to feign, no, not to feign, to *feel* true gratitude for the watch he had given me. For, in truth, it was magnificent.

It was an Illinois pocket watch. In a gold hunter case. The case was covered with scrollwork and, in a small crest, it had my initials.

The back of the case had a small diamond set in it. There was a quite heavy gold chain. And, in all, it was a superb and an obviously quite expensive present. I thanked him for it. He explained that it was a railroad watch; that is, a watch that was made to the stringent standards called for by the railroads in the past century.

The railroads, in the days before the radio, relied exclusively on the accuracy of the railroaders' watches to ensure safety. Yes. I understood. I admired the watch at length and tried it in various pockets and said that, had I known, I would have worn a vest.

As the party wound down, I excused myself from the table and took the watch and the case into a back room, where I pried up the lining of the case to find the key.

But there was no key and there was, of course, no car, and, to one not emotionally involved, the presence of a convertible with a new-car sticker on the street would not be worthy of note.

•

I pawned the watch many times, and once I sold it outright to the pawnbroker under the el on Van Buren Street.

He was a man who knew my father, and several years after I'd sold it, I ran into him and he asked if I'd like my watch back. I asked why such a fine watch had lain unsold in his store, and he said that he'd never put it out, he'd kept it for me, as he thought someday I'd like it back.

So I redeemed it for what I had sold it for. I wore it now and then, over the years, with a tuxedo. But most of the time it stayed in a box in my desk.

I had it appraised at one point and found it was, as it looked, quite valuable. Over the years I thought of selling it but never did. I had another fantasy. I thought, or *felt*, perhaps, that the watch was in fact a token in code from my father, and that the token could be redeemed after his death.

I thought that, after his death, at the reading of his will, it would be shown that he'd never forgotten the convertible and that the watch was only a test; that if I would present the watch to his executors—my continued possession of it a sign I had never broken faith with him—I would receive a fitting legacy.

My father died a year ago, may he rest in peace.

Like him I have turned, I'm afraid, into something of a patriarch and something of a burgher. Like him I am, I think, overly fond of the few difficulties I enjoyed on my travels toward substantiality. Like him I will, doubtless, subject my children, in some degree, to my personality and my affection for my youth.

I still have the watch, which I still don't like. And several years ago I bought myself a convertible, which, I think, I never drive without enjoyment.

"If your wife's are slightly smaller, then I would suggest you go with the C cup."

 (continued from page 156)

"Is this the picture of a society in transition, or has Prague always been the city of irony?"

if such is your persuasion. The streets are maze-like and it takes little effort to walk for an hour only to end up at your starting point. There is an aimless quality about the city that is infectious, so that a visitor may start with the intention of having a look at the Schwarzenberg Palace and end, instead, spending hours inspecting antique Czech muskets at a Národní Street gun shop. In the evening, the entire population seems to shift to the 600-year-old Charles Bridge. The city is at its most stunning when seen from that vantage point. A strolling Englishman stops for a moment and is overcome by the massive Hradčany Castle and its surrounding fairy-tale complex of medieval palaces and chapels, all haloed in gray and gold.

"My God!" he exclaims. "This is more beautiful than Venice. Why wasn't I told about it?"

The huge crowd that comes under the inspection of 31 baroque statues of saints on the Charles Bridge seems to be a Woodstock nation come alive again. It is held together by music, both good and bad. It's irritating to see a guitarist from UCLA hold the locals in thrall with a fraternity-level version of *Hotel California* while making them feel as if they were on the cutting edge of Western music. But then a mad Czech jazz violinist lures them away and is backed up by a gifted Senegalese percussionist. Still another wing of the crowd falls in behind a Dixieland combo, which pipes it off to an all-night jazz club in Malá Strana. The hope arises that this multination of people in their 20s will never make war on one another, held together as they are by a common music. Of course, Hitler wasn't deterred by his love for Alice Faye movies.

Prague is a study in wild swings and contradictions. The Vltava River, which curls importantly through the city, is decorative but has absolutely no commercial or navigational use. Czech food, with its base of cabbage and duck and dumplings, is numbingly routine—but then one is presented with a masterful and possibly life-changing goulash at Vladimir Vacek's spectacular restaurant adjacent to the Old Town Square. A bloody mary will cost $11 at one bar and less than a dollar at a more attractive spot across the street. Caviar, prohibitively priced at one restaurant, is practically given away by the bucketful at another. The entire world seems to be trooping to Prague at the moment. Much of the city is under construction, yet the streets are somehow immaculately clear of litter. Czechs are tremendously polite to one another, but the result is often chaotic. A young man on a crowded tram will yield his seat to a young woman, who in turn gives it up to an older man, who immediately offers it to someone he insists is more decrepit than he is. The resulting disorder is greater than it would have been if everyone had stayed in their places. The ultimate irony is that many of the Czechs who supported the velvet revolution are still in $100-a-month jobs, while the evil Communists of the old regime are cheerfully ensconced in their old government and managerial jobs. Banned from government, the dreaded secret-police functionaries have grown prosperous in private security firms. Is this the picture of a society in transition, or has Prague always been the city of irony, taking for its saints and heroes individuals who have thrown themselves from balustrades in defense of some forgotten principle?

I decide to stop chasing after Prague and take up shop outdoors in a *pivniče*, or beer bar, on Na struze Street to see if the city will come to me. Before long, I'm joined by a middle-aged Czech who describes himself as a financial consultant. He is 50 and looks 70, a condition I've noticed in many residents of this much-traumatized city. He points toward a villa in the hills that he has been able to build with the single word of advice he's given to foreign investors: wait.

"For what?" I ask, always the dogged investigator.

"For stage three," he says. "In stage one, right after the revolution, outsiders arrived with ten thousand dollars in hand, pointed to a building and asked: How much for that one? In stage two, we politely showed them to the airport."

"And stage three?"

"The good stuff," he says, and then quickly calls over a textiles salesman he describes as "the most sophisticated man in Prague."

He joins us just as a woman with a substantial bosom passes by.

The world-class sophisticate winks. "It's what's up front that counts, no?"

The two men—as do all the Czechs I meet—begin to list their grievances with the current government. Prices are too high; the man who pushed a broom under the Communists is still pushing a broom. The bureaucracy is worse than ever, one big game of musical chairs. The minute you make contact with a minister, he's replaced by some new idiot. Drugs now flood the city—though, in a sense, this is a good thing, since the laboratory-produced concoctions under the Soviets caused more havoc than the currently available heroin and cocaine.

A beautiful young dancer joins us and adds her litany of complaints. Her rent has been raised and she's about to lose her apartment. Yes, she's free to travel abroad now, but where will she get the money to do so? The arts—music, ballet, theater—have shriveled up. At least under the Communists they were state-supported and there was always money.

She seems defeated by the system. Yet when I ask her if there's anything she has now that she didn't have before, she looks at me with surprise, her shoulders straighten and she breathes freshness and passion into a single word I would have thought had become stale through its overuse by politicians and ninth-rate patriots: "Freedom."

"Hi. Come on in. We're watching reruns of Johnny Carson."

QUERENCIA (continued from page 100)

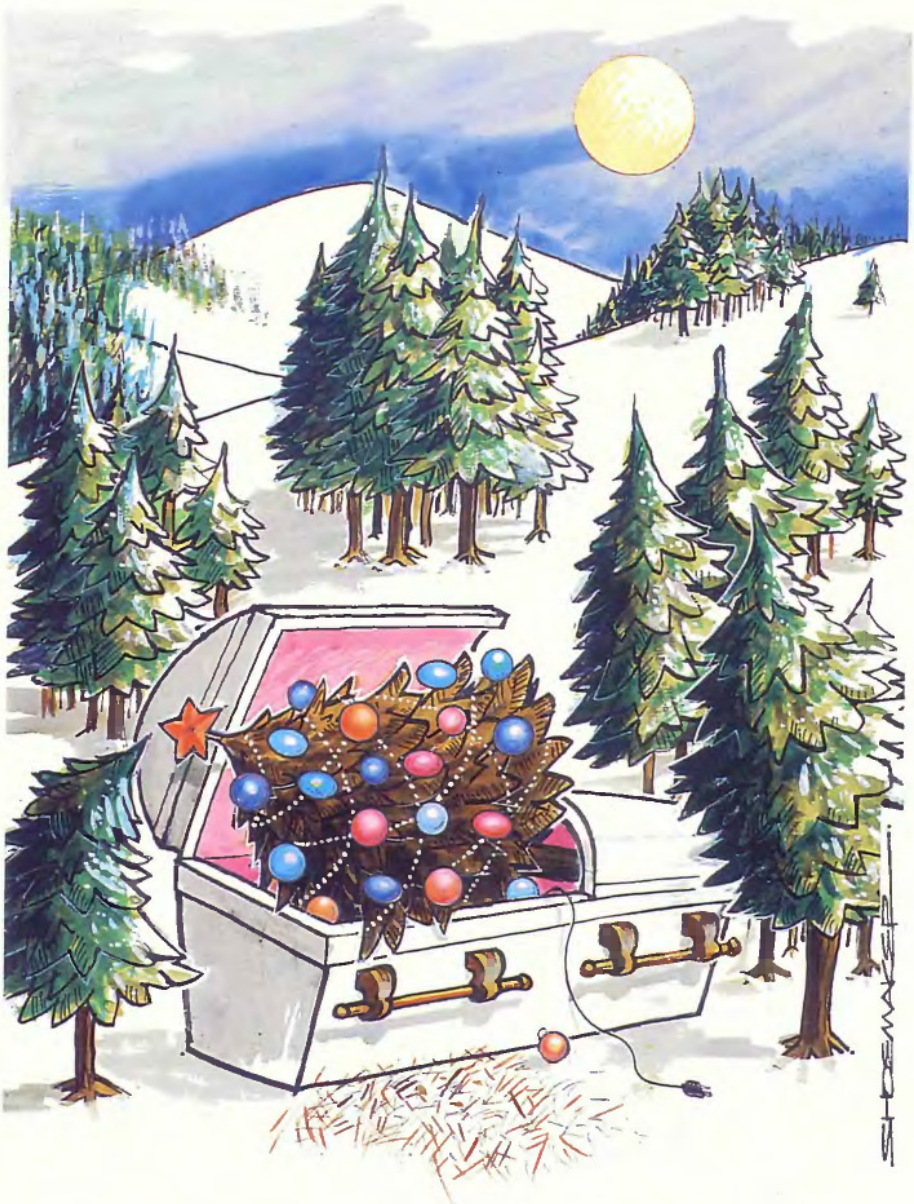
"The woman we had interrupted turned around and smiled. She was our hostess, the Queen of England."

You need to dig in.

"Who is Susan Mercer? She was Mabel's half sister, wasn't she? You remember, of course, the famous lawsuit? God, what a case! One of my best friends was working at the law firm that took Susan's case. He spent over a year on it, he said, tracking down all the evidence, what with the disappearance of the will and the stepmother's refusal to confirm that Susan had been legally adopted. I remember the lawyer saying that it—the case, *Mercer vs. Mabel What's-her-name*—introduced the legal concept of 'pleading in the alternative.' You know: Lawyer stands up, addresses the court and says (1) Mabel didn't have the money, (2) Mabel had the money and it was her right to have it or (3) Mabel had the money but gave it back to Susan." You look up in turn for a reaction. Ah, but your friend has dematerialized.

But that course of action, needless to say, requires a certain histrionic resolve, and most of us don't have it and need then to go to another line of defense. There are several of these, but the easiest to get away with is to gulp down your drink and then confess you must go to the bar and fetch another, but you'll be right back, har-har.

There is the special problem raised by the party at which you have a social objective. There are difficulties here because it may be necessary, having spotted your mark, for you to move over to him or her, passing by 11 people with whom, in the normal course, you would feel obliged to dally, even if only for a moment. And then in the pursuit of your quarry, you may find yourself guilty of behavior if not exactly boring, certainly boorish.



I have a memory of this. Along with my wife, I arrived at a boat party with Mrs. Dolly Schiff, whom I liked, who was among my employers (she published my syndicated column in the *New York Post*, the newspaper she owned) and who was an important political presence in New York at a time when my brother James was its junior senator, preparing to run for reelection. Boarding the boat, Mrs. Schiff said to me: "Do you know, I have never even met your brother?" Well, said I, I shall certainly cure that tonight—I knew that my brother was among the invited guests.

A half hour later, chatting with my brother on the crowded deck, I spotted at the extreme other end the imperious forehead of Dolly Schiff. I grabbed my brother and told him we must forthwith go to the other end of the deck, past the 80-odd people sipping champagne, so that he could be introduced to Mrs. Schiff. Ignoring a dozen old friends, we reached her—at a moment when her head was slightly bent down, exchanging conversation with a petite woman whose back was to us. I charged in, "Dolly, this is my brother Jim, whom you wanted to meet. Jim, Dolly Schiff." The little woman we had interrupted turned around slowly to us and smiled.

She was our hostess, the Queen of England, but it was too late to undo the damage, so I proceeded with the introduction to Mrs. Schiff (Jim had sat next to the queen at dinner and needed no introduction to her; the rest of us had been through the receiving line). Jim said he was sorry to interrupt Mrs. Schiff, who smiled down at Her Majesty. I thought I'd break the ice by suggesting that the entire company join me in pleading with Mrs. Schiff to give me a raise. The queen reacted with a half-smile and excused herself to greet another of her guests. There can be casualties of a determined mission at a party.

It is, of course, the objective of some guests to mingle with absolutely everybody at the party. I remember at the casual cocktail hour in California talking quietly at the edge of a social congregation with the president-elect of Yale University. I told him that a year earlier the outgoing president, Kingman Brewster, had been at this same affair. "The difference between King and me," Bart Giamatti said, "is that when he walks into a social gathering, his eyes fix instinctively

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on the center of the densest social activity and he homes right in on it, the true social animal. My own instinct is to look to the farthermost edges of the gathering and head softly in that direction. Where I am standing right now," he said, smiling.

Yes, and that raises the question of one's querencia, a favorite word of mine, one that I learned many years ago from Barnaby Conrad and have tirelessly used. The word describes a tiny area in the bullring, maybe 50 square feet, within which the fighting bull fancies himself entirely safe. The difficulty lies in that each bull has his own idea exactly where his querencia is, and it is up to the matador to divine, from a ferociously concentrated study of the bull's movements as he charges into the ring, its location; because the matador must, at peril to life and limb, stay well clear of it when executing his critical passes. The bull who finds himself close to his querencia and is pained or perplexed will suddenly head for it, and in doing so jerk his horns in an unpredictable direction, the same direction the matador's groin or abdomen might find themselves.

We all have, in any social situation, an undefined querencia, and we instinctively seek it out immediately upon entering the crowded room. Most usually, it is where one's spouse is—but that is a difficult sanctuary to avail yourself of because it is deemed socially backward at a party to glue yourself to your spouse. So you look elsewhere for your querencia. Generally, it is one human being, someone with whom you feel entirely comfortable, whom you can trust to greet you as if your company were the highlight of his day. You have tons to tell him, and he has tons to tell you, all of it of common interest. Is he . . . she . . . there? You look around.

No.

Is there an alternative querencia anywhere about?

Well, yes. Somebody told you that Algernon MacNair was going to be there. Not quite the company you most looked forward to attaching yourself to, but quite good enough to avoid the high stilt of tonight's social affair, and there is a specific point of interest. Maybe his oped piece this morning, in which he took those peculiar positions about taxation. But no. He is not there, nor is anyone else who will fill the bill in the same way.

Ah, but then the querencia can be greatly elastic. You can develop a consuming interest in the appointments of the sumptuous apartment. Every picture deserves close attention, worth at least three minutes of your time, as you look first this way at it, then that way, then examine the artist's signature. And the books! You pick up one from the fourth shelf and open it with delight transfiguring your face. How is it that this neglected volume found its place into this library? How discriminating the taste of our hostess! By the time you have examined that book, perhaps two or three others and a dozen pictures and a score of family photographs—it is time for dinner!

With some apprehension you look down at your card and wonder who will be seated on your right, who on your left; and it is at such moments, as when in a foxhole, or on a sinking boat, that you rediscover God and the need to utter a silent prayer.

"I miss the evil empire."

MacKinnon

(continued from page 140)

word was too mild to serve their purposes. They needed to make it more specific. In *Pornography and Civil Rights*, a 1988 pamphlet that MacKinnon wrote with Dworkin, it is defined as follows:

> Pornography is the graphic, sexually explicit subordination of women through pictures and/or words that also include one or more of the following: (i) women are presented dehumanized as sexual objects, things or commodities; or (ii) women are presented as sexual objects who enjoy pain or humiliation; or (iii) women are presented as sexual objects who experience sexual pleasure in being raped; or (iv) women are presented as sexual objects tied up or cut up or mutilated or bruised or physically hurt; or (v) women are presented in postures or positions of sexual submission, servility or display; or (vi) women's body parts—including but not limited to vaginas, breasts or buttocks—are exhibited such that women are reduced to those parts; or (vii) women are presented as whores by nature; or (viii) women are presented being penetrated by objects or animals; or (ix) women are presented in scenarios of degradation, injury, torture, shown as filthy or inferior, bleeding, bruised or hurt in a context that makes these conditions sexual.
>
> The use of men, children or transsexuals in the place of women in [the acts cited in the paragraph] above is also pornography.

Obviously, in spite of the specifics, this is a great vague glob of a definition. MacKinnon would most certainly ban PLAYBOY, which she says reduces women to mere objects for the use of men. But her definition of pornography limned in *Pornography and Civil Rights* could cover everything from the latest Madonna video to the novels of Henry Miller, Al Capp's Moonbeam McSwine and Gustave Flaubert's *Salammbô*, acres of surrealist paintings, the Koran and James Cagney hitting Mae Clarke with that grapefruit. We would see the last of *Black Bun Busters*, but we could also lose *Don Giovanni*. The great flaw in the antiporn agitation is that it's based on a mystery: the elusive nature of sexuality.

MacKinnon and Dworkin assume that descriptions of sexual cruelty incite men. They write: "Basically, for pornography to work sexually with its major market, which is heterosexual men, it must excite the penis." And "to accomplish its end, it must show sex and subordinate a woman at the same time."

And they follow with an immense leap of logic: "Subordination includes

objectification, hierarchy, forced submission and violence."

None of this elaboration solves the basic mystery of sexual excitement. Across the centuries, men have been excited by everything from high heels and nuns' habits to veiled faces and the aroma of rose petals. Some find erotic inspiration in Rubens, others in Giacometti; in the complex mesh of sexuality, there are no rules. Some men may get excited at written or visual images of women being subordinated, others may see those images as appalling and many would be indifferent to them.

But to think that banning pornography will bring about the political goal of eliminating human inequalities or hierarchies is absurd. The world has always been composed of hierarchies: the strong over the weak, the smart above the dumb, the talented above the ordinary. MacKinnon may not like the existence of those hierarchies (nor the liberal project of protecting the weak, the dumb and the ordinary), but they are unlikely to be changed by a municipal ordinance banning *Three-Way Girls*. Some feminists would tell you that just being a wife is a condition of subordination. There have been hundreds of novels written by literature professors that relate sexual affairs between male teachers and female students; are such works automatically pornographic? The boss-worker equation has been examined in hundreds of thousands of novels, short stories, movies and cartoons. Does that mean that their relationships include "objectification, hierarchy, forced submission and violence"? And if, heaven forbid, they have sex, are they actors in pornography?

MacKinnon and Dworkin allow no room for such questions. Pornography, as they define it, is everywhere around them, the defining presence in American society. They write:

> Pornographers' consumers make decisions every day over women's employment and educational opportunities. They decide how women will be hired, advanced, what we are worth being paid, what our grades are, whether to give us credit, whether to publish our work. . . . They raise and teach our children and man our police forces and speak from our pulpits and write our news and our songs and our laws, telling us what women are and what girls can be. Pornography is their Dr. Spock, their Bible, their Constitution.

If that torrid vision were true, you would be forced to lose all hope for the nation; there would be almost nobody left who is not part of the pornographic lodge. But common sense tells us that the assertion is not true. It is an almost clinically paranoid view of reality (try substituting "communists" or "Jews" for "pornographer's consumers"). Perhaps more important, it is based on a profound ignorance of men.

Like most men I know, I haven't seen or read much hard-core pornography. I gave up after 90 pages of *The 120 Days of Sodom*, the alleged masterpiece by the Marquis de Sade. I found the anonymous Victorian chronicle *My Secret Life* as repetitive in its sexual scorekeeping as a sports autobiography. *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* held my attention more than the average Doris Day movie ever did, but I thought Eric Rohmer's *Claire's Knee* was far more erotic. That's me. One person.

But in a lifetime as a man, growing up in a Brooklyn slum, as a sailor in the Navy, as a student in Mexico, as a reporter who moved among cops and criminals, schoolteachers and preachers, musicians and athletes, drunks and bartenders, I have never heard anyone celebrate pornography as defined by MacKinnon and Dworkin. Men talk about sex, of course; though the men who talk the most are usually getting the least. And they talk about women, too; but not so often as women think they do. Most S&M books (and acts) are dismissed by most men as freak shows. Even by the bad guys. Every criminal

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I've known (there are many) has told me that in prison the rapist is the most loathed of all prisoners, except, perhaps, those jailed for abusing children. Pornography simply wasn't central to their lives and usually wasn't even marginal.

I'm hardly an innocent about the realities of sexual violence. As a reporter for more than three decades, I've seen more brutalized bodies of men and women than most people. But their degradation certainly does nothing at all for my penis. I don't think there is any such animal as a "typical" man. But most men I've known are like me: They have no interest in this junk.

My own lack of interest in the hardcore is based on another critique: The people are not people, they are abstractions. In all pornography, men and women are reduced to their genitals.

Oddly enough, that is precisely the way MacKinnon, Dworkin and most of the New Victorians see human beings: as abstractions. They speak of generalized women who are given names and faces only when they are victims. And over and over again, MacKinnon speaks about men as if they all behaved in the same way and were sexually excited by the same imagery. But which men are they talking about? Read this chilly prose and you are asked to believe that Seamus Heaney and Michael Jordan, Sean Connery and François Mitterrand, Gabriel García Márquez and Arnold Schwarzenegger, along with auto mechanics, bread-truck drivers, carpenters and guitar players, are all fully covered by the same word, respond to the same stimuli and are equally dedicated to the subordination of women. That is absurd.

But this sectarian narrowness does help define their vision of human life in this world. That vision is descended from a basic Victorian assumption: All men are beasts and all women are innocents. Women fall into vice or degradation only at the hands of cruel, unscrupulous, power-obsessed men. They have no free will and never choose their own loss of grace. Men only see women the way they are presented in pornography and use pornography as a kind of male instruction manual to maintain all forms of supremacy. Women are never brutal, corrupt or evil and they never truly choose to make porno films, dance topless, pose for centerfolds, work as secretaries or, worst of all, get married. Original sin was the fault of men. Eve was framed.

These women claim to know what billions of other women were never smart enough, or enlightened enough, to understand: Sexual intercourse is the essential act of male domination, created by a sinister male cabal to hurt and humiliate all women and thus maintain power over them forever. As Maureen Mullarkey has written in *The Nation*: "In the Dworkin–MacKinnon pornotopia, there are only the fuckers and the fuckees. The sooner the fuckers' books are burned, the better." She doesn't exaggerate. According to Dworkin, all women are "force-fucked," either directly through the crime of rape or by the male power of mass media, by male economic power or by the male version of the law.

It doesn't matter to the New Victorians that the vast majority of women, even many proud feminists, don't see the world the way they do. With the same amazing knowledge of the entire human race that allows her to speak so glibly about men, MacKinnon dismisses their viewpoints as well.

At a 1987 conference organized by Women Against Pornography, MacKinnon was blunt about the pro-sex feminists who had formed the Feminists Against Censorship Taskforce. That group included such women as Betty Friedan, Adrienne Rich and Rita Mae Brown. "The labor movement had its scabs, the slavery movement had its Uncle Toms," MacKinnon said, "and we have FACT." In another enlightening speech she simply dismissed her feminist opponents as "house niggers who sided with the masters."

Today, absolutely certain of their rectitude, totally free of doubt, equipped with an understanding of human beings that has eluded all previous generations, MacKinnon, Dworkin and their allies have been shaping a Victorian solution to their Victorian nightmares. That solution is, pardon the expression, paternalistic. As MacKinnon writes: "Some of the same reasons children are granted some specific legal avenues for redress . . . also hold true for the social position of women compared to men." Since women are, in the MacKinnon view, essentially children, they must be shielded from harm, corruption and filthy thoughts. The savage impulses of the male must be caged. And women must be alerted to the true nature of the beast.

"If we live in a world that pornography creates through the power of men in

"I always get depressed at Christmas."

a male-dominated situation," MacKinnon writes, "the issue is not what the harm of pornography is but how that harm is to become visible."

That's it: Simply make harm visible and we shall live happily ever after. Common sense and wide experience count for nothing. They know that men are loathsome and are clear about how to tame them. Once tamed, they can be subverted, their powers over women will vanish and the grand utopia of complete equality will arrive for all. That bleak vision of human nature has its own escalating logic, just as Lenin's sentimental abstraction of the proletariat led inevitably to the gulag. In her bizarre 257-page book *Intercourse*, Dworkin repeats the theory that MacKinnon and other academic feminists accept as proven: Gender is a mere "social construct," enforced, in Dworkin's elegant phrase, by "vagina-specific fucking."

Once more, the Victorian sense of sexual horror permeates the discussion. If men are the source of all savagery to women, then sexual intercourse with men is itself a savage act. Women who claim to enjoy heterosexual lovemaking are, says Dworkin, "collaborators, more base in their collaboration than other collaborators have ever been, experiencing pleasure in their own inferiority, calling intercourse freedom."

Forget whips, chains and handcuffs. All heterosexual intercourse is disgusting, an act of physical and psychic invasion. As Dworkin writes: "The woman in intercourse is a space inhabited, a literal territory occupied literally: occupied even if there has been no resistance, no force; even if the occupied person said yes please, yes hurry, yes more."

Obviously, this is a total denial of any biologically driven sexual need. To follow the logic to its inevitable conclusion, the only pure feminists, the only noncollaborators with the enemy, would be celibates or lesbians. Alas, billions of human beings, male and female, from Tibet to Miami, don't see the world—or the nature of sexuality—that way. They keep on doing what men and women have been doing since before history or the invention of religion. To the New Victorians this must be infuriating. And so they will attempt an act of hubris that even the old Victorians, in their imperial arrogance, did not try. They will correct nature.

As Americans, MacKinnon, Dworkin and their allies have one major roadblock to their crusade: the Constitution. In their attack on "First Amendment absolutism," the New Victorians want to discard a basic tenet of our lives: It doesn't matter what we say, it is what we do that matters. That is a mere sentimentality, beloved of the hated liberals and the American Civil Liberties Union. Feminism first, says MacKinnon, the legal theorist, the law second. Or put another way: "The bottom line of the First Amendment is that porn stays. Our bottom line is that porn goes. We're going to win in the long term."

For the past few decades there has been a growth in the making and distribution of pornography. The reasons are complicated: the liberalizing of obscenity laws, the development of cheap offset printing and desktop publishing, the triumph of the VCR, the fear of women among some males that was caused by the ferocious oratory of the early days of the feminist movement itself and, lately, the fear of AIDS.

But there is no proof that pornography—even as defined by MacKinnon and Dworkin—causes all human beings to act upon the bodies of women. As MacKinnon herself points out, pornography is essentially an aid to masturbation. And as Gore Vidal once wrote, masturbation is "normal" sex, in the sense that it is surely the most frequent practice among all the world's billions. Certainly the old Victorian belief that masturbation itself is a loathsome evil, a mortal sin, underlies much of the public rhetoric about pornography. But there is one effect that it may have that the New Victorians can't admit. Rather than inspire men to loathsome acts, pornography may actually prevent them. For every rapist who is discovered to have pornography at home, there may be a thousand men who are content to look at the pictures, read the text, whack off and go to sleep. Nobody can prove this, but MacKinnon can't prove that pornography creates monsters, either.

At the various public hearings she and Dworkin have staged, MacKinnon has brought forth a number of women to relate tales of horror. Some were forced into the making of pornography, others were forced by lovers or husbands into imitating the sex acts described by pornography. Those stories were painful and heartbreaking, and their narrators were clearly damaged by their experiences. But it is unlikely that any future hearings will present balancing testimony from a man who says that he lives a perfectly respectable life, except when he gets off a few times a week in private with a copy of *Water Sports Fetish*. As far as I know, even Geraldo hasn't done a show on the joys of masturbation and its amazing social values.

The Meese Commission on Pornography, called into existence by the antiporn forces of the Reagan administration, asserted in 1986 its belief that pornography causes sex crimes. But the fine print in its 1960-page report showed that it couldn't prove it. Six of the 11 commissioners were committed to the antiporn position before studying the evidence and they still could not make a convincing case. They heard from many experts, including MacKinnon. But even an examination of those incidents where pornography was found

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in the homes of rapists couldn't prove the longed-for assumption.

The reason wasn't elusive. It is a classic error in logic—heightened into an ideological certainty by the New Victorians—to confuse correlation with causality. A survey may discover that 97 percent of heroin addicts consumed white bread in grade school, but that would not prove that white bread caused heroin addiction. Pornography, as defined by MacKinnon and Dworkin, may inspire a small percentage of men to experiment with more elaborate forms of their own preexisting sexual deviances. But it is just as likely that if they had never seen the material, they would have committed sexual crimes anyway. Alcohol is probably involved in more sex crimes than pornography is, and there have been many cases where religious or social repression led to the explosion, particularly among the young.

But one legal and social principle that the Bundy Bill and other New Victorian legislation casts aside is one of the most cherished conservative beliefs: personal responsibility. In a court of law, you can't go free by saying that your upbringing made you do it, or your environment, your mother, father or friends. Still, many try to make that case. Whining has become one of the most widespread characteristics of Americans, even among criminals. In my experience, the classic excuse of the amateur American murderer has been "God made me do it." Guys shoot up post offices or obliterate entire families and claim that God was in the getaway car giving orders. Charles Manson said he was inspired by the Book of Revelations. John Hinckley said he knew he had to shoot President Reagan after reading *The Catcher in the Rye*, and though J. D. Salinger is God only to a small number of fans, the reasoning is the same. When Ted Bundy said that pornography made him do it, the New Victorians cheered. But he was still only copping a plea. *He* did it. Nobody else. Murderers are responsible for their murders. And in every country on earth, rapists do the raping, not some collective called men.

The legal theory that endorses pornography-made-me-do-it, if accepted, would have no limits. Someone could claim that his family was destroyed as the result of published feminist theories attacking the family, and that feminist writers and their publishers must pay for the damage. Environmentalists could be sued for articles and speeches that place the spotted owl above the jobs of loggers.

And it could go beyond such possibilities. Violence permeates American society, and most of its victims are male. If the producers of *Debbie Does Dallas* can be held responsible for the crimes of someone who watched the video, why can't the same be done to the producers of *Terminator 2* or *Halloween 5* or *The Wild Bunch*? You could go after the Road Runner cartoons, too, or *Hamlet* or the opera *Carmen*. In order to cleanse the American imagination, you would need to eliminate the works of Hemingway and Faulkner, along with hundreds of thousands of other novels and theoretical works that could make violence socially acceptable, thereby causing murder and mayhem. You would end up abolishing boxing, hockey and football. You would be forced to censor all war reporting, perhaps even the discussion of war, on the grounds that *Nightline* is the theory and war is the practice.

Obviously, this is pushing the argument to the frontiers of the absurd. But there is an absurd assumption behind the suppressionist argument: that men are a kind of collective tabula rasa on which the pornographers make their indelible marks. An innocent lad from Shropshire picks up a copy of one of the books that MacKinnon cites—say, *Enemas and Golden Showers*—and goes rushing out into the night, enema bag in one hand, cock in the other. That might have made a glorious scene in a John Belushi movie, but common sense tells us that it doesn't happen very often in what we laughingly call real life.

One minor problem with this theory of human behavior concerns MacKinnon and Dworkin. They've obviously pored over more pornography than the ordinary man sees in a lifetime. "Look closely sometime," MacKinnon writes, "for the skinned knees, the bruises, the welts from the whippings, the scratches, the gashes." If human beings are so weak and pornography so powerful, why aren't MacKinnon and Dworkin playing the Krafft-Ebing Music Hall with the rest of the perverts? There are two possible answers. The first is that MacKinnon and Dworkin (and other researchers for the New Victorians) are morally superior to all men and most women and are thus beyond contamination. The second is more likely: The material is so vile that it is a psychological turnoff to all human beings except those with a preexisting condition. Those people do exist. They have been shaped by many variables, none of which are excuses for what they do. But from the

"Are we saying goodbye to 1992, hello to 1993 or am I just being a nosy husband?"

experience of the Victorian era, we know that if such people can't find their preferred reading at adult bookstores, they will not give up their sexual fantasies. The fantasies will simply fester in the dark. And they will use what such people use in countries where pornography is now banned—their imaginations.

In such countries—say, Saudi Arabia, Ireland or Iran—the equality of women hasn't been established by banning pornography, but I'm certain that the sexual impulse, and the instinct to dominate, remains alive. Those instincts are part of human nature, and in spite of centuries of effort by archbishops and commissars and even a few philosophers, they are not truly alterable by the power of the state. The sexual impulse, including sexual fantasy, is not subject to the force of reason. Recent history teaches us that most tyrannies have a puritanical nature. The sexual restrictions of Stalin's Soviet Union, Hitler's Germany and Mao's China would have gladdened the hearts of those Americans who fear sexual images and literature. Their iron-fisted puritanism wasn't motivated by a need to erase sexual inequality. They wanted to smother the personal chaos that can accompany sexual freedom and subordinate it to the granite face of the state. Every tyrant knows that if he can control human sexuality, he can control life. In the end, every tyrant fails.

MacKinnon, Dworkin and their allies in the American right insist that they speak for freedom, for the liberation of women from the demeaning or disgusting images of pornography that motivate the male ruling class. They would not be the first human beings who limited freedom while proclaiming allegiance to its virtues. All of these utopians would benefit from a study of the first Victorian era. There was a legal ban on pornography, but women had no rights at all (they were later won by a coalition of brave suffragist women and liberal men). Pornography certainly existed, but it was rarefied, expensive and available only to rich "gentlemen." Official London adhered to the supermoral antisexual codes, but in *real* London syphilis and gonorrhea were rampant. Some 80,000 women were engaged in prostitution, virgins were sold to the highest bidders and the most infamous character of the era rose from the festering sexual underground and called himself Jack the Ripper. What reasonable man or woman would go back to that future?

In a way, the work of MacKinnon and Dworkin is some of the saddest writing I've ever read. It's narrow and sectarian, often vicious and totalitarian in its insistence on submission by other feminists. But it is also thoroughly without joy or wonder. In this bleak house, nothing else matters except the cruelties of sex and power. Not laughter. Not love. Not the simple luminous pleasure of a summer afternoon. There is no room in this dark vision for Fred Astaire or Buster Keaton, for Lucille Ball or Maria Callas, for Betty Comden or Willie Mays. There is no fantasy or magic, no awe in the presence of human beauty, no desire for spiritual or carnal union. Nobody closes the door for a night of joyous, heart-busting, time-bending, mind-obliterating full-out human fucking. Nobody goes to the racetrack, either. Nobody dances at the midnight hour. Nobody plays the blues. In this airless, sunless world, we don't encounter the glorious moment when a child learns to walk or to read. We hear nothing of decent husbands and loving fathers, of families that have triumphed over poverty, or mothers who have lived hard lives with their intelligence, heart, sensuality and pride intact. Such people exist, in the millions, but they are not in this fiercely correct world of rules and anathemas. Above all, in the sad and bitter world of Catharine MacKinnon, there is no wide tolerant understanding of a species capable of forgiving our endless gift for human folly. There are only the lacerated and the harmed and the odor of the charnel house. I don't envy their dreams. And I hope I'm never forced to live in their fearful new world.

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"He could not finish a meal, did not want to smoke or drink a martini. He could not feel passion for Lydia."

and now, lying helpless and in pain, he began to feel affection for the table. In the morning he opened his eyes to it; at night in the dark he looked at its shape in the pale light of the window as he waited for one drug to release him from pain and another to give him sleep.

The shock of the horse crushing his bones, then anesthesia, surgery, pain and drugs had taken his vitality. He could not finish a meal, he could not remain either awake or alert from morning till night, he did not want to smoke a pipe or drink a martini, and he could not feel passion for Lydia. One night in his third week at home, when she bent to kiss him good night, he held her to his chest, his cheek pressing hers, and all his feeling for her was above his loins, filling his breast, and one or two joyful tears moistened his eyes. Then he watched her cross the room to the stairs; she wore dark shades of brown: a sweater and skirt and tights and high-heeled boots. He watched her climb to the hall and disappear into the light she turned on at the top of the stairs. He listened to her footsteps going to the bedroom, then the hall was dark again, and his bedside table lamp was the only light in the house; it warmed his cheek.

He had not climbed the stairs for two months, and now he saw that all of the second floor was Lydia's: the bedroom, the bathroom with its sweet scents of things for her body, her room where she read and wrote letters and paid bills. Always she had paid the bills, and this had nothing to do with her inheritance; it was common for officers' wives to manage all elements of the household, so the man could be rushed off to war without pausing to brief his wife on debts, automobile maintenance and so on. Upstairs were a sun porch, two guest bedrooms and a television room with a wet bar. For three years he had inhabited that floor. But Lydia had given of herself to those spaces enclosed by wood and glass, colored by paint and light, and he felt they were mysteriously alive and female.

Then he realized this was true of the first floor as well. At cocktail hour he had mixed drinks in the kitchen, and sometimes cooked there or on the patio with charcoal; but certainly the kitchen was hers. So were the dining and living rooms and, down the hall, the bedroom and study and the bathroom, where he had showered after fishing or hunting or riding, lifting weights or running. Only his den, at the end of the hall, was truly his: the pipe stands and humidor on the desk, the ashtray always emptied, the desktop clear; the rifles and shotguns, pistols and revolvers locked behind wood and glass; the barbell and weights and bench; the closet door closed and behind it tackle boxes and boots, waders and running shoes on the floor and, on hangers above them, the clothing of his passions. His fishing rods hung on pegs on one wall, his hats and caps on pegs on another, above a bookcase filled with literature of war. His rear wall was glass and through it he could see nearly all of the back lawn and watch squirrels on trees in the woods, crows, gliding hawks; sometimes a doe suddenly appeared at the edge of the woods and Robert Townsend watched it with joy.

Every other room in the house was female. If he closed his den, removed his things from the downstairs bathroom and lowered the toilet seat, there would be no sign of a man in the house. In the warmth of the bedside lamp, he smiled: Probably he never would have made this discovery if he had not lost the freedom of walking in his home. They could not have built the house without her money, but her money had never been important to him; it had come with her, like her golden hair, and if she lost it, he would love her as dearly as he would when her hair yellowed and grayed and no longer shone in the sun. The money had spared him worry about the children's education and the nuisance of worn-out cars and appliances; but it did not touch what he loved in his life; his salary was sufficient for that. Reading *War and Peace* drew from him a comparison of himself and Lydia with Tolstoy's officers and ladies: Lydia's money had given them the ease, the grace, of the aristocracy, but it had not spared them the rigors and the uprootings of military life, the sorrow of two wars, and the grief for dead friends and their widows and children, and for the men he had lost: men who were like sons he was given when they were 18, boys whom he loved for only months before they died. Their names and faces stayed in his heart; if you looked closely at his eyes, you could see them. Lydia knew his grief well, and tenderly; were it not part of him, she might have loved him less.

He took a sleeping pill and turned off the bedside lamp. He liked this new way of seeing the house, as if the entire structure were female, and he entered it to be at its center with Lydia; and she had

"Gee, I don't know his name. We just refer to him as the lookout."

made a place for him, his den, as she gave him a place in her body. A great tenderness welled in him. He regretted his rebukes of Lydia through the years and also his infidelities when he was overseas. These were with prostitutes. He had acted in privacy and had never told anyone. Afterward, he had forgiven himself in the same way that on hung-over mornings he had absolved himself for being a drunken fool: He sloughed off remorse as he shaved his whiskers, then he put on his uniform and went to work. He did not justify his adultery; he believed a better man would have been chaste, but he saw it as an occupational hazard of soldiering. He was an active man, and his need for a woman's love was nocturnal, or it seemed to be. But during months of separation from Lydia, that need moved into daylight: a tender loneliness, a sense of being unattached, of floating near the boundaries of fear. Also, Robert Townsend loved women: A woman's eyes could move his blood as the moon pulls the sea. It was neither easy nor simple for him to live for a year without the nakedness of a woman; he had done his best, and on more than a thousand nights he had prevailed.

He wished this night, drugged in the living room, that he had been perfect, that he had made love with no one since he met Lydia on a blind date in La Jolla: He was a second lieutenant wearing dress blues, the date was for the Marine Corps birthday ball, and while his friend waited in the car, he strode up the long walk to the lighted front door; she was living with her parents still, and he was unabashed by the size of the stone house, its expanse of lawn and accumulation of trees. In his left hand he held his white gloves and her corsage. He rang the doorbell, then stepped back so she would see the height and breadth of him when she swung open the door. Behind him was the ocean, and he smelled it with every breath. Then she opened the door: She was in a silver gown with a full skirt, he was smelling her perfume, and he looked at her tanned face and arms and golden hair and felt that he was looking at the sun without burning his eyes.

•

In the hospital the surgeon told Robert that his knees would not fully recover, his left one would probably never bend more than 40 degrees, and he would live more comfortably in a one-story home. The surgeon was a trim young man with gentle brown eyes; Robert liked him and told him not to worry about an old Marine climbing a flight of stairs. One afternoon when Lydia was in the room, the surgeon talked again about stairs and Robert's knees, looking at her. He said there would also be atrophy of the legs because the casts would not come off for months. Then, until Robert came home, Lydia looked at houses and land, but she did not love any of it. She spoke to the building contractor and phoned orthopedic surgeons in Arizona, near her family's ranch.

Now she talked of their going to the ranch and staying there while the contractor removed the second floor and put those rooms on the ground. Robert believed his knees would be as they had always been until they were broken, and while Lydia talked about Arizona, he was eating without hunger but to gain strength, or pushing a urinal between the casts on his thighs, or feeling pain from his feet to his crotch. Every day and night he thought of men he had seen wounded in war. He had never told Lydia about them and did not tell her now. How many times had he yelled for corpsmen, controlling his horror, and done everything he could to help, and everything correctly? He knew now that his horror had kept him separate from the torn meat and broken bones that an instant ago were a man, strong and quick; and kept him, too, from telling Lydia. Now his own pain opened him up, and pity flowed from him, washed timeless over those broken men lying on the earth.

On a Saturday morning in his fifth week at home, while they were eating breakfast, snow began to fall. When Lydia walked to the store, he watched the snow through the dining room window, then slept. He woke to the sound of Lydia's boots on the front steps. He looked to his right and behind him at the door as she opened it: She was looking down at her gloved hand on the knob, snow was quickly melting on her shoulders and beret and hair, her cheeks were flushed and her brightened eyes were seeing something that was not in the room, some image or memory, and fear rose from his stomach, he felt shackled to the bed and suddenly he was sweating. Then she looked at him and came quickly to him, took his hand and said, "What is it?"

"My legs."

"Did you take something?"

"No."

Her brown shoulder bag was damp, bulging at her side; always he had teased her about crammed purses; now this one seemed filled with secrets that could destroy him. She placed a palm on his brow.

"It's passing," he said. "It'll be all right."

"Are you hungry?"

"No."

"Try something."

"I will."

She smelled of snow and winter air. She unzipped her parka and climbed the stairs. He shut his eyes and saw nothing, but nameless fear rushed in his blood. He listened to Lydia's footsteps going to the bathroom. She was wearing her

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moccasins. She flushed the toilet, washed her hands, and he watched the head of the stairs, focused on the spot where her face would appear; then it was there, descending, and in her eyes and mouth he saw nothing. He had been in bed for too long, this fear must be madness, and when she helped him into the chair, he looked away from her, at the dining room window, the snow falling.

He watched it while she was in the kitchen. She brought black bean soup she had made the night before, a green salad and hot rolls. He dipped a spoon into the soup and raised it to his mouth and swallowed; he put the spoon down and ate a piece of roll, then a slice of cucumber. He kept doing this, watching her smile and talk and chew, until he had eaten everything. She helped him onto the bed and then cleared the table; he listened to her putting the dishes into the dishwasher. He closed his eyes before she came into the living room; he felt her looking at him as she walked to the stairs, then she climbed them and went down the hall to her room. He did not want to be awake, and soon he slept. When he woke, snow was still falling; it was gathering wetly on the pine branches; the house was quiet and as dark as it could be in midafternoon with so many windows. He turned on the lamp. Pain squeezed his bones, and his heart was breaking. Lydia's face when she opened the door at noon was the face that for years he had given her: that blush of her cheeks and light in her eyes. He knew she had a lover.

He listened to the house. She was in it, but where was she? She could be in her room, the door closed, talking on the phone to—he could not imagine a man. He wanted to feel rage and jealousy, but all he felt was absolute helplessness and dread and sorrow. He held the phone and slowly lifted the receiver and listened to the dial tone as he stared at the snow. He opened the table's top drawer, got the bottle of Percodan and shook one into his palm. He saw himself as he would look to Lydia: a man in pain, lying on his back with casts on his legs, reaching for the glass of water beside him; a man whose stinking shit she cleaned from the commode and wiped from his body. For nearly three hours the images had waited, perched and watching just beyond his ken, and now they gathered and assaulted him, and he breathed deeply and fast, opening and closing his hands, and saw in the snow and the pines Lydia making love.

The hall upstairs was darkened; the only sound in the house was his breathing. All his life with her he had believed he knew where she was. When he was at a desk eight miles away from her or drinking coffee from a canteen cup at dawn in Vietnam, he imagined her in their home, or within its natural boundaries. She was at a wives' luncheon or tea, or in a restaurant for lunch with one or two women; she was walking, she had always loved a long walk alone and, since their courtship, had walked more miles than Robert, an infantryman, and this was a family joke; she was sitting with a cup of tea before the fire, or iced tea on the lawn; she was buying dresses, blouses, sweaters, bracelets, necklaces with the endearing pleasure he saw in his daughters, too, before they could spell what they wore; she was making peanut butter sandwiches for the children home from school; she was talking on the phone held between her shoulder and ear while she sautéed onions. In his three years of retirement, his view of her had not changed; he did not know that till now. He had been hunting and fishing with new friends, had bought the mare and boarded her, read books, written letters to friends, and waked some mornings feeling surprised, disoriented and tardy. He had worked each day with his body and mind, and at sunset had turned to Lydia's merry brown eyes and the mingled scents from her bath. He knew her face when she slept, when she woke in the morning, when she was pale and sick, when fatigue hung like weights from her eyes and cheeks. Yet when he handed her a martini and looked at her red lips and shaded eyelids and smelled her, he did not think of bottles and tubes and boxes on her dressing table. This face, these smells, were her at sunset. He called into the darkness, his voice soft and high, cresting on his fear: "Lydia?"

He could not bear the pain in his legs, not with this, and he called her name again and again and again, and the nothing he heard was so quiet, and he listened so intently to it, that he believed he could hear the snow falling. It would fall until it covered the house, until the power lines broke from their poles, and he would die here, not from cold or hunger or thirst but because he was alone and could not move. Then he was sobbing into his hands, and he heard only that and so was startled as by an angel of death when Lydia's hands gripped his wrists and strongly and gently pulled his hands from his eyes, then her voice was in his heart: "Bob," she said. "Bobby."

He held her. He pulled himself upward and groaned as the pain tightened and turned in his broken bones, he pressed his face to her breasts, and Lydia's arms came around him. Her hands moved up and down his back. He heard her tears when she said, "I fell asleep. I didn't hear you. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry this happened to you. I'm so sorry about your *knees*."

Grief shook her body in his arms. He wanted to stand and hold her face at his chest, stroke her hair, speak softly to her. He sniffed tears and moved his head from her breasts, looked up at her wet cheeks and eyes and trembling mouth,

and he lowered his arms and with a hand patted the sheet beside him.

"Here," he said. "Here. Lie down."

She lay beside him, and the first touch of her weight on the bed moved his legs, and he clenched his teeth and swallowed a groan and kept silent. Her head lay on his right bicep, and he brought that hand to her face and hair. His fingers lightly rubbed her tears. He closed his eyes and in that darkness saw snow and felt his legs; but above them he was emptied of pain, and now he did not see snow or darkness but sunlight in La Jolla, and Lydia as a small golden-haired child on that vast and shaded lawn; then he saw her gray and thin and dying in pain. In the orthopedic ward, people screamed, and many nights he had pushed the call button again and again and finally cried out for a nurse to give him morphine. He did not know whether or not there were atheists in foxholes; he believed now there must have been many in field hospitals, and in the naval hospitals afterward, and in the hospital he had come home from so long ago. In Korea and Vietnam, it was Lydia he prayed to, if turning in fear and loneliness to someone was prayer. Certainly it was hope and faith and love. He felt these now, with his eyes closed, holding Lydia, seeing her weeping above his bed, her body slowly falling toward him as he patted the sheet, seeing the lines of her face she said were from smoking and the sun, but they were time, too. She loved him; and if he had never known precisely where she was, she had finally always been here. Then her head and body jerked and she was keening, and he opened his eyes to immense sound, and the lamplight, the darkness in the dining room, the snow: "You won't be able to climb those fucking stairs. *You* can. But it'll be awful, it's awful, it's awful, you don't know how badly you're *hurt*, Bob, you don't know, because it's you, it's you——"

She stopped. He waited until she was no longer crying and her breath was slow again, then he said softly, "I know about you."

"You do?"

"I know you're having an affair."

"That's all it is. It just ended."

"Because my legs are broken?"

"I don't know. Yes. Because your legs are broken." She held her breath for a moment, then released it. "It's not my first."

"No."

"I need a cigarette for this."

His body started to sit up, to rise from the bed and climb the stairs to get her purse. Then she was gone, to her room, then the bathroom, and she came down with fresh makeup and her cigarettes, and lay beside him and looked into his eyes. She said, "I've never loved anyone else."

"I've cheated, too."

"I know."

"What do you know?"

"Japan. Okinawa. Hong Kong. Vietnam. Maybe some in the States."

"Not in the States. How did you know?"

"I'm your wife."

"Why didn't I know?"

"Because I'm your wife. How much do you want to hear?"

"I want to hear everything, and go to Arizona, and sleep in the same bed with you."

Now his heartbreak was like the pain in his legs: It was part of him, but he could breathe with it, think with it, listen and see with it. Until the light outside faded and darkness gathered around the lamp at the bed, her voice rose softly from the pillow, and snow moved outside the window. When she told him she had never had a lover while he was at war, Robert said, "In case I got killed?"

"Yes. I just didn't know I had to include riding a horse," and laughter came to them as suddenly as weeping had, it took their breath, it drew tears from them, it shook his body and hurt his bones, and he held Lydia and laughed.

•

A week later they were in Arizona, watching purple spread over a mountain range in the sunset. They were on the patio; she lighted coals on the grill and stepped back from the flames, then poured martinis from the pitcher and sat beside him. He looked at the mountain and sun and sky, then looked at her eyes and told her of maimed and dying boys, of holding them while their lives flowed out of them onto snow, grass, mud. He told her of terror that came like thunder after lightning, after the explosions and gunfire, after everything was done. He told her of his terror under the horse, and on the bed in their living room when he was alone in the house. He said, "I'm glad that damned horse fell on me. It made me lie still in one place and look at you."

"I hope you haven't seen too much."

"There's never too much. There's not enough time."

"No."

"Time makes us the same, you and me. That's all I know."

He knew this: sunlight on the twist of lemon in her glass as she lifted it by the stem and brought it to her red lips. On the day the snow fell till midnight, she had made no promises and had not asked any of him. He did not want any promises. They were words and feelings wafting about in a season he or Lydia may not live to see. He wanted only to know what had happened and what was happening now, to see that: brilliant as the sky, hot as the sun, bright as Lydia's eyes.

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Gates of Eden *(continued from page 152)*

"Miss Ohara pushed her body toward mine. 'Fussa yaw needs.' My privates had become swollen."

after a minute, in a different kimono, tightening the sash. I guessed it was the after-lunch job, maybe for the tea ceremony. Once again I tried to put across the theme of my business:

"Hello again, Miss Ohara. I gather you know that I'm responding to a call you made to Weights and Measures. I——"

"Come look a garden," she said, and spun on her heel.

What the hell; I was done arguing.

•

The garden was—well, it was nice. A nice little flagstone path led through nice beds tiered with flagstones. Some of the beds were dirt; some were crushed white rock. It was a hell of a collection of greens and flowers and little trees, but not all gaudy and overstated like some gardens you see. No, somehow it was all just right, just like lunch had been, all sort of pleasant, with a lot of thought behind it, careful thought. Somewhere I heard a fountain gurgle. Yes sir. It was one hell of a thoughtful arrangement.

The princess was leading me with her little mincing step, like a champion show horse. My feet were landing harder than hers—that's the thing with sake, it goes down so smooth you can forget how much you've drunk. The path rounded some low shrubbery and ended in flagstone steps leading down to a little rock pool. The eucalyptus trees rustled in a light breeze, and somewhere bees droned. I was feeling pretty damn good.

I stood there swaying. I watched Miss Ohara's shoulders work as she tugged at her clothing. Her broad satin sash fell away to either side, and when she gave a little shrug, her kimono slipped off her porcelain shoulders onto the ground. She was a naked little dolly. She stepped daintily into the rock pool, like some delicate creature slipping into a mountain lake to perform its natural bathing activities. When her steps cut the water, there was barely a splash.

I loosened my tie. The garden was fat with life, like a drowsy bumblebee at a pond in the woods on a scented summer day. But this man-made garden was more beautiful even than nature; it was perfectly composed, as if civilization at its highest had fused with nature, and each had made the other something higher still. I seemed in that moment to understand what Miss Ohara was trying to tell me, that she, too, was part of this nature, moving in oneness with the water, rolling in it and letting it roll over her. There was no shame in the garden, only beauty, beauty not just to look upon but to join in and be one with. Human beauty, natural beauty. I, too, could be beautiful. I could be part of the garden, perfect, just as she was. We could be man and woman, in the garden, without words, without shame. We could abide in beauty and be one.

With thick fingers I pulled off my tie, my banal tie. I pulled on my shirt buttons. It was slow going; I ripped the last few away and tossed the shirt. I sat to take off my stockings; they were too tight; I pushed hard, got my fingers jammed up, finally got them off. Back on my feet I unbuckled my belt, dropped my trousers, then stepped out of my shorts and was free. I was free in the garden. The warmth of the sun bathed my shoulders. A breeze played across my privates and made the eucalyptus rustle. Somewhere, far away, bees droned on.

Miss Ohara swam lazily, unself-consciously corkscrewing through the water. The water pushed unbroken over her body like a stream slipping over a smooth stone. I stepped into the pool.

The sun had warmed the water. Its warmth drew me in, tickling my flesh and drawing my weight away. As I immersed myself, I was as light and graceful as Miss Ohara, a creature of the water. She laughed and pushed her body toward mine. "Fussa *yaw* needs." My privates had become swollen, enormous, not from lust, as you or I know it, but as an expression of nature. Miss Ohara treated it not with dirty shame but with joyous love. "Help me, Miss Ohara." She smiled, and gasped a little when we first achieved oneness. The extent of my love surprised her; I guess they don't grow as big as mine in the shadows of Fujiyama. But then she moved with me in the shallows of the pool, and we obeyed the command of the garden. Our bodies swayed in the waves that we created. We were carried along by each other and by the gently rocking pool, and we performed the ancient act.

•

I opened my eyes.

I was lying facedown on the flagstones near the pool. My feet trailed into the water. The water was cold. The wind stirring the eucalyptus was chill now, and the garden gray. It was evening.

I was a beached whale. My body ached from its own weight on the flagstones. Shivering, I struggled to my knees. The flagstones dug into my knees; I pushed myself to my feet. The movement made my eyes pound and roused sumo wrestlers who blundered inside my head, slapping bellies, their weight tilting this way and that. As I looked for my clothes, my head swam about, adjusting late for

"Ladies and gentlemen, sometimes the one you love falls in love with another, and when that happens, it is very sad indeed. It happened to me, and I wrote this song. It's called 'Fuck You, Steve.'"

the wrestlers' trundling inertia. I realized how I must look, and cupped my hands over my privates.

"Miss Ohara?"

The wind made rustling noises in the trees. There was no other sound.

I pressed my hands against my head to stop its swaying. I saw my clothes nearby, where I'd dropped them. But stooping for them squeezed my stomach, which squirted acid into my throat. I tried by force of will to calm my leaping stomach, and clamped my eyes shut as I stepped into my shorts. I straightened slowly, but not slowly enough. The wrestlers were back into their stagger, my head swimming with them.

Things spun dizzily. The flesh on my back was tingling, yet numb. When I squinted down at my shoulder, it seemed far away, as if I were a giant looking down on someone else's body. The flesh was very red. I pressed thick fingers into it. It turned ghastly white around my fingers, then quickly red again when I stopped pressing. My chest and stomach were still pale, marked by flagstone ridges. My penis was small and gray.

My back had been roasting in the sun. That, and the alcohol, explained the dizziness. But what was the terrible ache thumping in my buttocks? I pushed my shorts gingerly back down and reached back with both hands. As I lightly grazed my buttocks region, the pulsing ache flashed into bolts of pain. My posterior was swollen and inflamed, skin stretched tight over irregular bumps, as if someone had sewn roasting chestnuts into the flesh. I remembered the drone of bees, now silent. That was it. Bee stings.

"Miss Ohara?"

Only the wind.

As I withdrew my hands, the stinging lapsed back into a throb. But the pain had reawakened my nausea, and now something else stirred deep within my bowels. I knew the feeling. Pressure dark and deep, it was the herald of an approaching stool. I tightened my buttocks. This recalled the stinging buttocks pain, but I needed to contain myself until I could dress and find a bathroom.

I aimed one foot at a leg hole in my pants, thrust desperately, missed. My hands were shaking with the rumble of approaching freight. I shouted at myself, words of calm, and guided my foot into the hole. The pressure was unbearable. My posterior muscles quaked with the effort of staying shut. I hopped into the second pants leg, convulsively clenching my buttocks against the onrushing tide. No longer rhythmic, it pushed steadily, mightily, it did not ebb. The pressure grew, pushed, ballooned—I was not going to make it. This was it; there was no denying the clamor at the gate; beating, roaring—this was it. I kicked away my pants and was dropping my shorts when the thing was upon me. I could only hunch forward, knuckles of one hand on the flagstone, buttocks thrust out behind me, in the three-point stance of the scrimmage line.

It came splushing out all liquidy and with a lot of fanfare, if you catch my meaning. There was no containing it, no way to let out just enough to ease the pressure. It blew, but good.

It had been cooked into a thin paste by bee poison and sun. Most of it blew back, but as it petered out, some dribbled onto my shorts and calves and ankles.

It smelled as if it belonged to someone else.

After the last of it had sputtered out, I stayed crouched, frozen there, for several moments, my sphincter quivering. I hunched there, hot yet cold, flushed yet clammy, until I became aware of my knuckles aching against the stone. I straightened up. I stepped out of my spattered shorts and turned round, trembling, to survey the damage.

My feces were all over the garden. They flecked the entire flagstone area, and some had even reached the bordering flower bed. They were a dark brown-black.

The expulsion had left me feeling weak and dizzy, dizzy and weak.

"Miss Ohara?"

Only the tree-rustling wind.

My buttock cheeks were slick against each other. I had to clean myself.

I picked up my soiled shorts and, holding them out away from my body, waded into the pool. The water was cold now; as it crept up, it pushed out gooseflesh and made my skin feel heavy and dead. When it reached my thighs, I paused, sucked in my breath and did a fast knee-bend. The ice water slapped at my anus, igniting the bee stings, and sloshed angrily around my testicles. I did several more knee-bends, then staggered, shivering, out of the pool.

I realized that I was no longer holding my shorts. I looked back at the pool. There they were, floating away like a lily pad in the failing light, a charcoal smudge on dull linen paper.

I stood there for a moment, trembling in the breeze. I picked up my trousers. Their texture, as I began hopping in, seemed terribly rough. I looked at my penis, and forced myself to look away. Still shriveled and gray, it had looked like a dead man's.

Miss Ohara's house was locked and dark; I left the garden by a side gate. I won't bore you with the details of how I managed to drive home. Leave it at this: that I was cold and hurting, and the whole way back I wept with shame.

•

That night I lay on my stomach, thinking. I had my fan aimed at my buttocks, besmeared with salves and unguents.

What did it all mean?

•

When I got to work the next morning, Marty Shechter was doing his Paul

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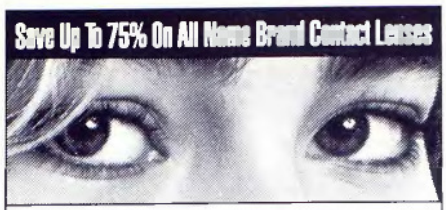

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Lynde. People were laughing. I went into my office and dialed the number I had for Miss Ohara.

No answer.

I drove the streets, a donut cushion on the driver's seat. I was sapped, listless, still weak from sunburn and all the rest. Over on Van Nuys I walked into a Happy Burger and ordered one. The bald counterman said, "Deluxe?"

"What?"

"Fries widdat?"

"No."

"Bevidge?"

"Just the burger."

He stooped to open a minifridge facing the counter and raised his voice over the grill fan: "How do you want it, medium?"

"Raw."

"You, huh?"

"Raw."

Slowly he straightened, eyes on me, holding a papered patty. "Real rare, huh?"

"Raw," I said for the third time. "And never mind the roll and pickle."

He looked at me, then down at the patty. Slowly, sadly, he slapped the patty facedown onto the plate. His hand came away with the paper backing. He shuffled reluctantly toward me, staring at the plate; when he reached my stool, he stopped but didn't put it down. He stood motionless, frowning at the plate, feeling the distress that any good counterman would feel on serving a naked raw meat patty.

At length he mumbled, "I put it on a bed of lettuce," and started to turn away.

I grabbed one elbow, snarling, "Give it here." He watched as I opened my kit and took out the scale. "Who owns the place?"

"Huh?"

"Who's the boss?"

"Mistuh Katz."

"He have a first name?" The burger weighed in at just under 6¼ ounces.

"I guess."

"This *is* Happy Burger, Home of the Seven-Ounce Bun-Buster?"

"I guess."

"You don't seem sure of much."

"I don't get paid but for knowin' how to cook."

I flipped him my card. "Tell your boss to call if he wants the padlock taken off the door."

•

I drove past the house in Brentwood, staring like a lovesick schoolboy. I thought of ringing the bell but couldn't picture what would come next. Where would we begin? *Could* we begin again? Could I ever explain the mess in her garden? The whole thing—had it even been real?

•

An 8″x10″ envelope was on my desk. It had been hand-delivered. On its face was handwritten my name and, underneath that, the word PERSONAL.

Somehow, I knew.

I closed the door to my office, put the donut on my chair and stared at the envelope for a long moment before I opened it.

They say that pictures don't lie. Well then, I guess I dreamed all of what happened between me and Miss Ohara. These pictures didn't show a man and woman celebrating their oneness. They showed a sagging middle-aged guy screwing a Jap. Shame, shame—all I felt on looking at those pictures was dirty shame, shame that Miss Ohara had seen me naked. I mean, hell, she looked pretty damn good. And I was—well, if I just had a month or so to work out a little, get back in fighting trim. . . .

But there were more than just the action shots. There were a couple of front angles of me with Miss Ohara, later stuff I didn't remember. She'd wrestled one of my arms over her shoulder and had me lolling in the pool next to her. Her gaze was cool and businesslike; I was grinning like Crazy Guggenheim. Jesus, I needed a brassiere worse than she did. Anyway, after these posed shots—meant to leave no doubt that it was me with the naked little missy—there was a picture that showed what had happened before I woke up. I was sprawled out facedown on the flagstones, mouth gaping like a fresh haddock's. Miss Ohara, in a kimono now, was squatting over me, along with a Jap guy in rimless glasses. Miss Ohara was holding a jar open-end down against my buttocks. The guy was tapping at the jar. The picture wasn't so sharp that I could see the activity inside the jar, but of course I knew.

Well, that was it. There weren't any pictures of my last adventure in the garden, the one I remembered all too well. They had probably left long before I woke up. There was only a short message, a slip of paper with an awkward scrawl: LAY OFF A YATSIMURA BROS.

Jimmy Yatsimura and his brother, Wa, ran a fruit stand in Santa Monica. I'd been looking into them since their scales never seemed to match their customers'. But so far, somehow, they'd spotted the DWM shoppers and we hadn't been able to pin anything on them.

The message was clear. If I didn't toe the line, these gyp artists would show the pictures to my boss, to the public at large, to whomever. Except for the last picture, the one with Jimmy Yats. They'd just thrown that in to twist the knife, so I'd know how the bee stings got there, that it wasn't just happenstance. It got my goat, all right—not just the pointless spite but the planning that must have gone into the whole thing. The act with Miss Ohara, whoever she was (Ohara probably being Nipponese for

Smith or Joe Dokes or what have you). The mickey finn in the sake. Hell, maybe they'd also slipped in some kind of Tokyo depth charge to help loosen my bowels. I slowly flipped through the pictures, again and again, at the end of every cycle coming to the slip of paper—LAY OFF A YATSIMURA BROS. I looked at them, at her, at myself. Again and again. Dirty shame. Again and again.

•

I don't know what I was thinking when I drove out to Santa Monica that evening. I hadn't planned anything. I was just going there. There was no plan. I was still in a daze. There was no plan.

I walked into the fruit stand and browsed along the table of iced lettuces. I thought, What the hell are all these different lettuces? Did the Japs bring them? The Koreans? Why did they bring so many? What kind of society has ours become, when one kind of lettuce is no longer enough? Isn't the need for variety, past a certain point, a sign of decadence? Why do we need to be teased with subtle flavorings and exotic strains? The kind of person who needs that much variety in his sex life, we call a pervert. The true man, who is hungry, eats.

The true man eats.

I ripped a plastic bag off the plastic bag roll and started dropping in navel oranges. When the bag was full, I ripped off another bag and filled it. I brought the two bags over to the register and put them down on the counter. "Two bags of navel oranges, please," I said.

Behind the counter, Jimmy Yatsimura picked up the bags and put them on his scale. He gave no sign of recognizing me. He punched in the price per pound and waited for the numbers to settle.

I looked at him looking at the scale. He stared through his rimless glasses, his tongue stuck between his teeth. I wondered if he was having a sex relationship with Miss Ohara. I felt certain that he was. I tried to picture it, Jimmy Yats and Miss Ohara. I wondered if they did it in the garden. I felt certain that they did. I could see him clearly, engaged in the act, wearing nothing but his Mr. Moto glasses, his tongue sticking out between his buck teeth, his face red, making soft oofing noises, people screaming.

My muscles were locked. I saw his face, at the end of my arms, turning from red to blue. My fingers were round his throat. I felt his fingers prying uselessly at mine. He was twitching. I didn't see any of the people screaming. I heard gibbering and did just see, out of the corner of my eye, Wa Yatsimura trotting toward me, raising a length of pipe. I turned and started—but only started—to raise my arm. Then I went visiting in a land where the trees hang with cauliflower and lotus blossoms fill the air.

•

"Joe," said the old man, sitting next to my hospital bed, "you're the finest field agent I've had in twenty years in Weights and Measures. You don't know how hard it is for me to say this."

"Then don't," I mumbled through my bandages. They'd wrapped my head up pretty good—and had needed to, as much as Wa Yatsimura had worked on it before the police had managed to drag him off.

"There were witnesses, Joe. They all said you attacked the Jap. You're lucky he's not filing a criminal complaint."

"Check his scales. They're piped."

"We already did. They're clean, Joe."

"Then he's a thumb weigher. The Yatsimuras are dirty, Fred. I can't tell you how I know, but I know."

The old man took off his glasses, breathed on them, started wiping them with his tie. He wasn't looking at me when he said, "You've taken state regulations into your own hands. I'll need your plastic, Joe." I thought there were tears in his eyes.

I know there were tears in mine.

•

When I checked out three days later, my head was still bandaged, but I was able to drive. The old man, or someone, had arranged to have my car brought over to the hospital in the Valley. I was fighting rush hour so it was early evening by the time I got to Brentwood, dazed from the drive, from being out in the world.

The neighborhood was cool. The palms and jacarandas rustled in the breeze as I stepped out of my car. The door slam echoed crisply up the street. I was sweaty from the drive and hadn't shaved in three days. I must have been a sight, had anyone been looking—my jaw dark with stubble, my head swathed in white.

I leaned against the car and looked at her house. The lights were just starting to go on along the street, though none did in her place. It was a Jap design, with rich, low-slung wood, its eave a long arcing brow. The house looked out darkly, placidly, over the gentle rise of its lawn, like a ship perched on a rolling wave. Redwood fence dropped away from either side to enclose its back garden. Faintly, very faintly, I thought I heard its fountain gurgle.

I folded my arms, leaning against the car, watching the house that seemed mutely to watch me. Under its bandages my head itched. But the breeze stiffened and crawled through my hair where it poofed out on top, and I heard the wind, the sound through my bandages like a seashell at the beach, and it was colder as I stood there and hugged myself, waiting, I don't know how long, I don't know what for. Maybe I was waiting for Miss Ohara, or for any woman, to open the door, invite me in, rub my feet and take the pain from my heart.

I stood there as it grew dark.

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SEAN YOUNG *(continued from page 117)*

"God won't allow me to be like just another actress, though that's what I am. I'm outspoken. I'm moral."

from him and asked, "What are you doing?" and he said, "I was just testing you." I said, "Well, are you clear on this issue now? I don't want to sleep with you, I don't want to suck your dick, I don't want to have anything to do with you on that level. I have enough problems." Two days later I got a call from the production assistant, who said, "Warren's rewriting the scene, you don't work tomorrow." I didn't hear from anybody for five days. Then my agent called and said I'd been fired from the movie and replaced with Glenne Headly. Then Warren issued a public statement about how concerned he is about me. Isn't he a sweet guy?

7.

PLAYBOY: This hasn't been easy for you, has it?

YOUNG: It hurts. It's never fun being a warrior, but it's better than being a loser. Those are the options. You gain courage by being willing to fight for what you believe is right. I got the job in *Batman*. I got the job in *Dick Tracy*. The issue is not my talent. The issue is whether or not my behavior is sound. My behavior isn't ordinary. I can't argue with that. But is it insane? That question comes from horrendously uncreative people. And that's not my problem. I don't have to make my creativity stop at the level of their lack of imagination. And that's what it's like being an artist.

8.

PLAYBOY: If things are so awful, why do you continue to act?

YOUNG: Believe it or not, I'm not trying to paint an awful picture. In all bad there is some good, and vice versa. I choose to act because it's something I can do and do well. And if I continue to get opportunities to do it, I will, and if I don't, I'll move on. But so far, enough people respect my abilities to put aside whatever they've heard about me.

9.

PLAYBOY: When asked why he lived in the desert, Lawrence of Arabia said, "Because it's so clean." Why do you live there?

YOUNG: The desert was the farthest place from Hollywood I could find and yet be close enough to show up when things get friendlier.

10.

PLAYBOY: As much as your reputation has hurt you, it has also thrust you into the public eye. Would you give up your notoriety?

YOUNG: I would. I told my husband, Bob, that I thought all this was ironic. My whole life I've always wanted to fit in, and yet my whole life has been one incident after the next where I couldn't. God won't allow me to be like just another actress, even though that's what I am, just another actress. I'm outspoken. I'm moral. I will always do what I think is right. If I have to be the first one to go down just because I'm willing to tell the truth, then I'm there. But sure, I would like to be able to walk into any office without having to prove all over again, every single time, that I'm not crazy. I could give that up in a second.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's the last thing you took from a hotel or restaurant?

YOUNG: I don't steal. I know that sounds straitlaced, but even little things matter. Bob and I even bought the bathrobes at the Royal Hawaiian in Waikiki.

12.

PLAYBOY: Tell us something about yourself that would really surprise us.

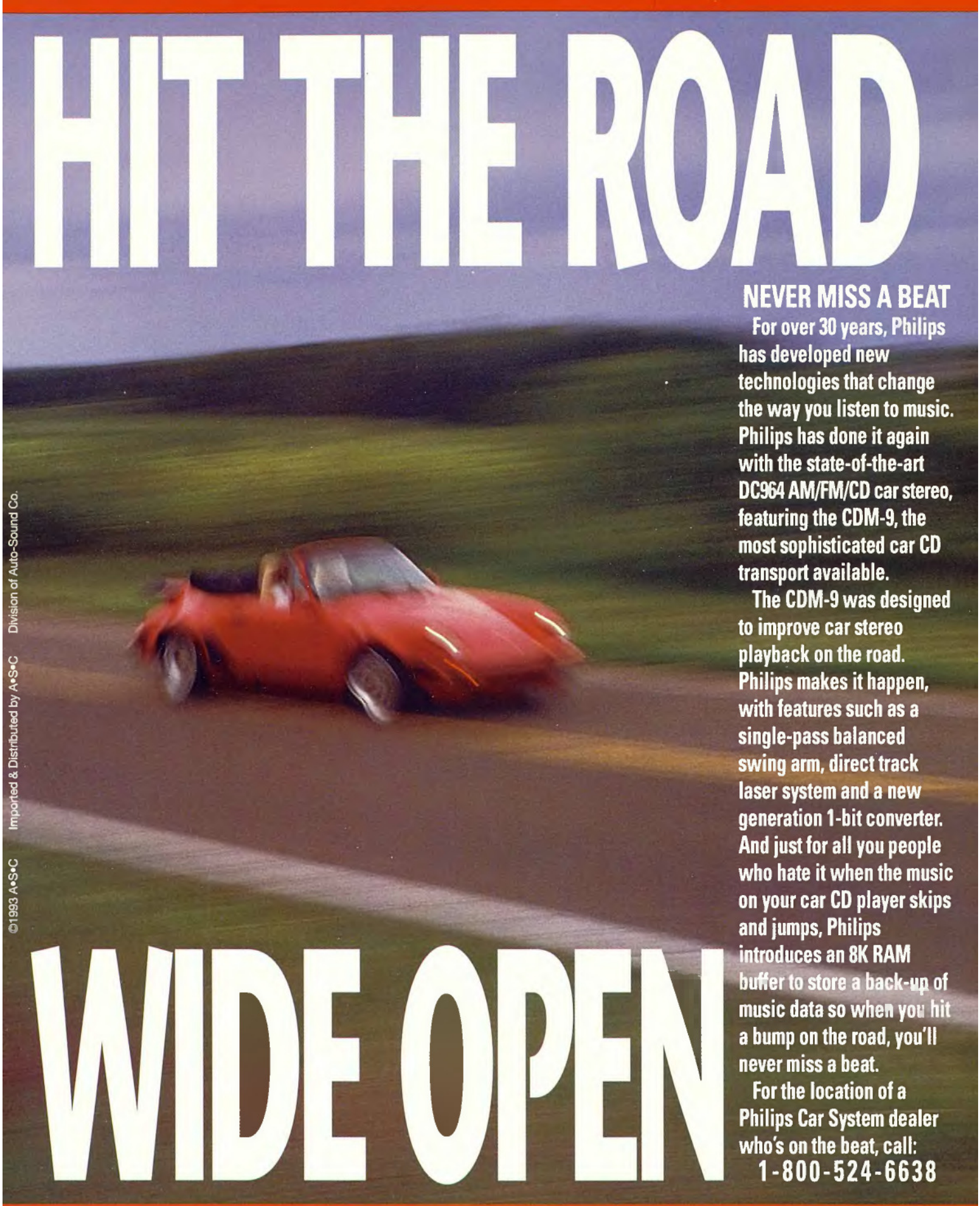
YOUNG: I'm a major trekkie. I love *Star Trek* and *The Next Generation*. I had a crush on William Shatner when I was growing up. I also really dug Spock. I like Picard and Data on the new show. I want to be on but turned down a script because it wasn't with my favorite character, Guinan, played by Whoopi Goldberg. I want to do an episode where Guinan is thrown for a loop. Maybe we could even tie in Rachael, the replicant I played in *Blade Runner*. She'd still be alive. Maybe a romance between Rachael and Data. Wild. I also asked about being a Vulcan, but they wanted to create a whole new species for me: a creature who can change gender at will. You're given as a gift and become what the recipient needs.

13.

PLAYBOY: On a similar subject, your love scene with Kevin Costner in the back of a

"Quite frankly, until I met you, I was determined to resist Christmas this year."

HIT THE ROAD



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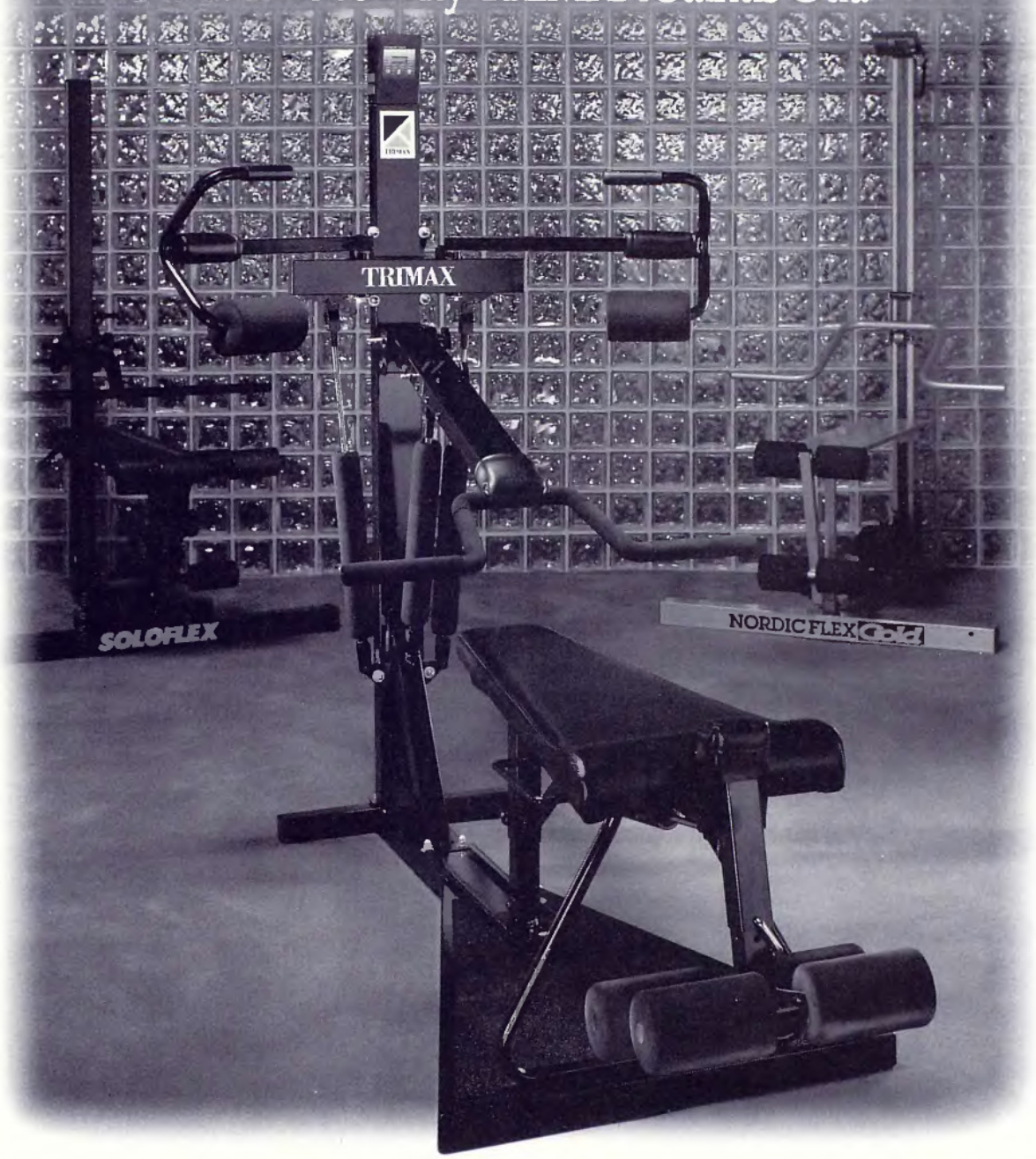

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PB193

limo in *No Way Out* was a gift to us all. We heard he was a little nervous. True?

YOUNG: It wasn't an extreme case. His heart was beating really fast and he was kind of flighty, that's all. Nicolas Cage is the only person I've intimidated, but he had this huge ulcer on his mouth that day. I didn't mean to intimidate him, I just informed him we wouldn't be kissing. The nicest guy I ever did a love scene with was Matt Dillon, because he suddenly became very generous. Ungenerous is when Nicolas Cage brought his girlfriend on the set during the scenes where we had to make out. I felt uncomfortable, though I didn't mention it. Now I find it important to ask, "Who's gonna play the guy?" I check things out. I don't just say, "Oh, OK," anymore.

14.

PLAYBOY: Jack Nicholson said that he approaches his characters through their sexuality. Care to comment?

YOUNG: [*Laughs*] I can see that being true for him. It's funny Jack would say that, because when Jack says it, it sounds like this really mysterious, wonderful approach to a character. But I don't know a man on earth who doesn't approach everything from a sexual point of view. Only Jack makes it sound so important.

15.

PLAYBOY: You're now married to actor Robert Lujan. What stops with marriage and what doesn't?

YOUNG: Sex doesn't stop. You don't stop arguing, you don't stop eating, you don't stop going to the grocery store. Marriage can be terrifying. You get so close to your spouse that often it's more than you bargained for. You see every flaw and every good thing, and he sees you. It's important not to lose your independence. It's very easy to let your molecules intermingle. However, marriage is terrific precisely because of the intimate challenge. It's teaching me empathy, which I didn't know I lacked.

16.

PLAYBOY: You keep a diary. Is there anything you won't tell it?

YOUNG: When I did *The Boost*, I kept a journal from the first day I read the script to the last day of the shoot. It's really intense. It's as if there were three people writing it: Mary—that's my real first name—the sort of withdrawn person; Sean, the actress; and Linda, the character. The writing jumps from one point of view to another. I called the journal "Dancing in the Woods." I even gave a portion of it to James Woods, as a friend. When I was sued by the pockmarked madman and his ex-wife, when they decided to blame me for all their codependent problems, they took that portion and used it against me in a deposition. He made me, through his lawyer, explain every line of writing. They tried to make it sound as though it was really weird that I would write so observant a journal. They tried to make me out to be a basket case. So I didn't write again until this year, because I couldn't. I was stunned. I couldn't believe someone would use my own writing against me.

17.

PLAYBOY: Did you attach James Woods's penis to his leg with Krazy Glue? Did you leave dolls and pictures of mutilation on his doorstep? Give us the final word.

YOUNG: What did I do? Sneak into his room in the middle of the night, creep over, pull back his covers and start squirting glue on his dick? And he didn't wake up until the glue had dried? Brian Dennehy says he heard that firsthand from James Woods. That tells me Woods is a liar who created the rumor. People believe it because James Woods is an excellent salesman. But intensity does not mean honesty. Woods is smart but connected with dark forces. If James Woods had the courage and integrity to get down on his knees and be honest about his participation in that bogus lawsuit he and his ex-wife filed against me, he might have the chance in this lifetime to be forgiven and to forgive himself.

18.

PLAYBOY: What matters in Hollywood?

YOUNG: Talent. Hollywood forgives people who are talented.

19.

PLAYBOY: You spent years studying ballet. What is the fuss all about?

YOUNG: Ballet was commissioned by conquerors. It's not a natural form of dancing. It's contorted, though beautiful. Ballet is a lot like the wrapping of feet in China. The big challenge is to make ballet look easy, to make something that is not easy look totally effortless. It's weird to turn your legs out. Dancers get problems in their shoulders, hips, knees, ankles, toes. All from over-turning. I remember thinking during ballet practice, This isn't any fun at all, this is all work and no play. And that's why, at twenty, I switched to tap dancing. It took me a good five years to get down from the clouds, because the whole concept of tap dancing is down-into-the-earth, like a tree—the opposite of ballet. Tap dancing is a hybrid, and it is the only form of dance indigenous to America that isn't tribal Indian dancing.

20.

PLAYBOY: Who's your favorite male Sean?

YOUNG: Sean Penn. He's good at what he does and he's not a bullshitter. Whether or not you like him, you get something real instead of prefab.

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TURNAROUND

(continued from page 78)

intelligence and the speed—the four horsemen of turnaround.

DON'T BET ON IT

In the age of turnaround, nothing is riskier than a sure thing. Betting that things will continue on their present courses is high-risk behavior. In the age of nearly perfect information, trends create countertrends. Nothing is forever, and in the age of turnaround, forever is less than 365 days.

Remember when oil was a sure thing? Finite supply, infinite demand. No way the price could go anywhere but up. This was what was being said in the oil patch ten years ago when sweet crude was at $35 a barrel. Before the end of the century it would hit $100, everyone said. Now the price is stuck around $20 and bumper stickers on the pickups say, "Lord, please give us another oil embargo. I swear I won't piss it all away this time."

And Japan was recession proof, IBM could never go anywhere but up, lending money to Donald Trump and Third World governments was risk free.

APRÈS MOI, LE DÉLUGE

Some individuals are strong enough to hold back turnaround all by themselves. But nobody lives forever.

- the Pope
- Deng Xiaoping
- Fidel Castro

RETURN OF THE WILD

Turnaround does not favor monocultures or extinctions. Wild things can come back, especially in the creases. The wolves are back in Yellowstone Park. There are bears in New Jersey shopping centers. And alligators are a menace on the water holes of Florida golf courses. Endangered, my ass. I'm going to eat somebody.

"Of course I love you! It's just that you're two—or is it three?—rungs below me on the corporate organizational chart."

SOME THINGS HAVE BEEN TURNED AROUND

The telephone

SOME ARE STRUGGLING . . .

Eastern Europe

. . . AND SOME ARE HOLDING OUT

- The CIA. The Cold War was its raison d'être. But the agency seemed, well, surprised by just about every major event of the Cold War, including its end. Now the boys at Langley say the CIA is more vital than ever. Observe the buzzards over Langley.
- Public education costs more every year for increasingly dismal results. The City of New York employs more educational administrators than all of what used to be called Western Europe. Johnny can't read and is too dumb to know it. Asian kids are eating his lunch, and if things don't change, the only job open to him will be cooking it for them. When Chris Whittle proposed a modest little network of competing private schools and hired Benno Schmidt of Yale to run it, the National Education Association (a lobby as powerful as the NRA) squealed like a stuck pig. Hark, it is the sound of turnaround.

FED EX

It has been around for a while, so we tend to take those little red-white-and-blue trucks for granted. The overnight mails have made literal turnaround possible. Business can be done in a day. Lobsters go from Maine to Minneapolis in time for lunch. A contract is out to the coast tomorrow. Fed Ex did more than move the mail, it raised expectations and demonstrated that even the most stubborn forms of gridlock can be broken. Time saved was important, but the sense of liberation was even more of a breakthrough. The fax was the inevitable next step. Things have to move and, sometimes, overnight is just, well, too *slow*.

NOTHING IS FOREVER

In the age of turnaround, it is impossible to make predictions based strictly on the way things are now. Apocalyptic prophecies are, at best, useless. The greenhouse effect, the spread of heterosexual AIDS, gridlock in Congress, the proliferation of nuclear weapons and lawyers—none of these evils is inevitable, no more than "progress," which we all once believed was our birthright. Things change, sometimes even for the better. But you shouldn't count on progress any more than you should expect Social Security to take care of you in your dotage. Be a good animal and pay close attention to the signs. Live for the short run because the long run is unknowable, and "In the long run, we are all dead," as J. M. Keynes said.

VESTED INTEREST

Funky conversational ties may have been the big thing last season, but these days, talk has switched to another menswear accessory: the vest. Available from virtually all of the top designers—Gianni Versace, Donna Karan and Paul Smith, to name a few—this once conservative fashion item is now the focal point of the holidays' hippest looks. Trendy? Perhaps. But the latest vests are also versatile, so you'll get more than your money's worth in wear. In fact, all of the colorful styles shown here team as well with a sports jacket and trousers as they do with a T-shirt and jeans. Some, such as the leaf-patterned look by Gaspar Saldanha, can even be worn in place of a cummerbund and braces when going black-tie. How's that for a wise investment?

The five slick styles shown here include, center: Multicolored six-button silk vest with hand-painted faces on front, by Dunford White for Paul Smith, about $500. Left, top to bottom: Four-button rayon vest with geometric- and line-pattern paneling, from Streets Ltd. Design Group, $60. Multicolored four-button sand-washed silk vest with explorer motif, by Silk Club, $60. Right, top to bottom: Five-button vest with silk twill leaf-patterned front and satin back, by Gaspar Saldanha, about $170. Multicolored silk Jacquard vest with fruit pattern, by Dunnington, $145.

STEVE CONWAY

Getting a Grip on Karen

KAREN RUSSELL is a dancer, in videos for Billy Joel and Bon Jovi, on TV and in shows such as Michael Jackson's and Alice Cooper's tours. She even danced her way through a Budweiser commercial. We'll two-step with her any time.

A Bit More of Whitney

After some serious harmonizing at home with her husband, singer Bobby Brown, WHITNEY HOUSTON expects to produce her magnum opus, a new baby, in the spring. Until then, Whitney can be found on the screen in *The Bodyguard*, costarring Kevin Costner.

A Fine Development

We suppose it's possible that you haven't heard *Tennessee* by ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT. If that's the case, get the LP *3 Years, 5 Months and 2 Days in the Life of . . .* and hear rap's brilliant future.

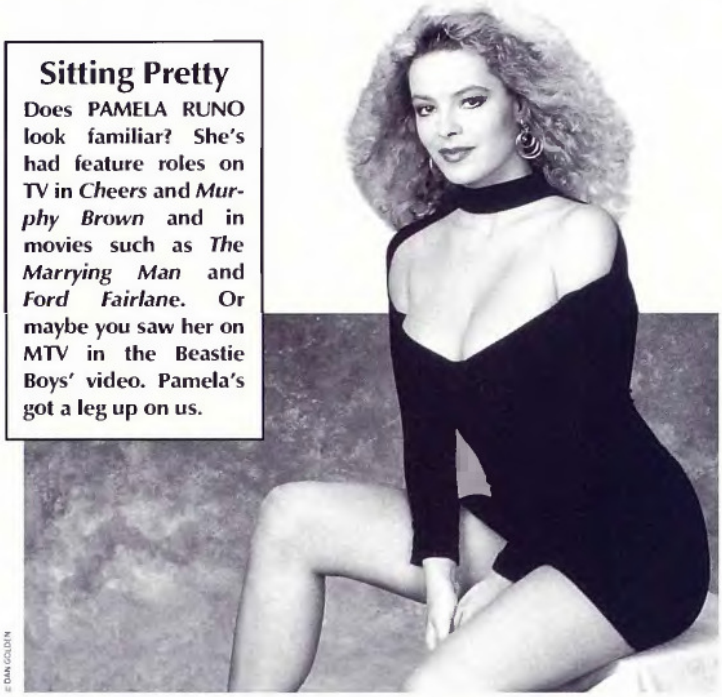
© ERET ROBERTS

Mirror, Mirror, on the Fence . . .

Who's popping gum and making sense? Singer JULIANA HATFIELD. With her solo debut, *Hey Babe*, the songwriter and singer of Blake Babies is going for a harder edge. "There are only a handful of women who really rock," says Juliana. And she does.

Sitting Pretty

Does PAMELA RUNO look familiar? She's had feature roles on TV in *Cheers* and *Murphy Brown* and in movies such as *The Marrying Man* and *Ford Fairlane*. Or maybe you saw her on MTV in the Beastie Boys' video. Pamela's got a leg up on us.



© DAN GOLDEN

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The Boss Man Goes the Distance

When a guy can take a few years off, come back with two LPs, *Human Touch* and *Lucky Town*, go on tour and get audiences rocking for four hours at a time and keep his own energy level high, he can only be the Boss, BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN. It's the glory days again.

Brown's Back

On her way to med school, DIANNA BROWN got sidetracked by a pageant made into a pay-per-view TV show, *The Girls of Hawaiian Tropic*. One close look is all you'll need to appreciate the career conflict. We do.

© MICHAEL LYNNE

HOLIDAY WITH THE HONEYMOONERS

Remember when it was the night before Christmas at the Kramdens and Ralph had to hock his new bowling ball to buy Alice a present? This show and vintage yuletide episodes from *I Love Lucy*, *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *The Twilight Zone* are all available on CBS Video's Christmas Television Video Cards—four episodes that each come in special wrapping with a greeting card attached. The price: $9.95 each at gift shops and video stores.

FOR SERIOUS SWINGERS ONLY

Fischer Travel Enterprises calls the $125,000 Global Golf Challenge the "ultimate gift for the golfing couple," and we understand why. For your money, the two of you get five nights and unlimited greens time at Turnberry Isle in Florida, the Phoenician in Arizona, Mauna Lani Bay in Hawaii, Gleneagles in Scotland and The Regent in Australia. Plus special meals, limos, golf clubs and much more pampering. Now the bad news: Airfare is extra. For more information: 800-533-4040.

TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT

Love Shots is a calendar that you create yourself. Instead of seeing one of the Chippendale dancers up on your girlfriend's wall, it can be you (or, better still, her picture on your wall). Here's how it works. You send 12 of your favorite prints (no slides, negatives or copyrighted photos) to Love Shots at 21 West 74th Street, Suite 2A, New York 10023, and you get back a custom 8½″ x 11″ 12-page calendar with a different photo featured each month, all for $36, postpaid. You can also get a six-page calendar (two photos per page) for $33. And all shots will be returned.

COLOR US RELAXED

Santa's elves aren't the only ones who get stressed out during the holiday season. At least that's what the people at Tools for Exploration, 4460 Redwood Highway, Suite 2, San Rafael, California 94903, believe. To combat the inevitable year-end burnout, they've created Stress Shield, an oversized pair of folding glasses that allow the wearer to choose an unobstructed field of green, red or yellow light to gaze into. According to some studies, certain frequencies of light have a beneficial effect on the human nervous system and emotions. Red counteracts depression, green reduces anxiety and yellow encourages creativity. The price for a Stress Shield is $150, postpaid, including a stand. Call 800-456-9887 to boost your spirits or color your thinking.

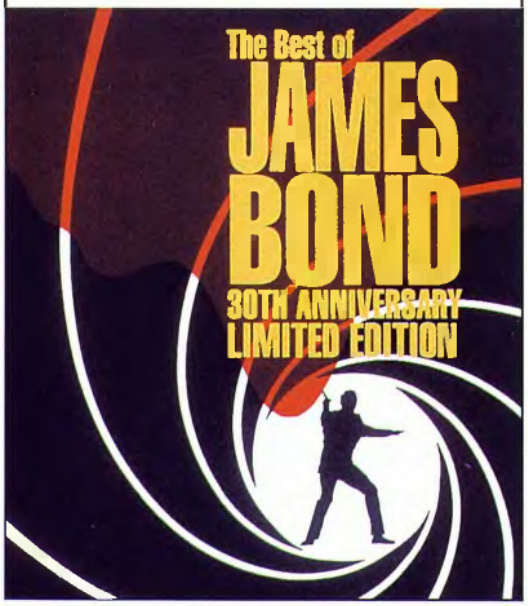
EXECUTIVE ETCHMANSHIP

The next time you're at a meeting and a fellow biggie begins to doodle with his Mont Blanc fountain pen, one-up him with a gold-plated Etch-A-Sketch. Yes, this snazzy-looking executive model is just like the one kids toy with, and its $30 price, postpaid, won't dent your bank balance. Place your order with Deutsch Luggage, 40 West Lake Street, Chicago 60601.

STEVE ROSSICK

NEW BOND MARKET

EMI Records Group has released *The Best of James Bond: 30th Anniversary Limited Edition*, a two-CD set that's a tribute to the James Bond films and their sound tracks. Matt Monro's *From Russia with Love*, Shirley Bassey's *Goldfinger* and, of course, the *James Bond Theme*, played by John Barry, are featured, along with several radio spots, plus 27 other cuts. The price: about $30.



THE JIGSAW IS UP

After wine, women, song and a good book, there are always jigsaw puzzles to while away the winter. But the latest from St. Clair Specialties in Sterling Heights, Michigan, aren't just more pretty pictures to assemble. These are houses, castles and even the U.S. Capitol in Washington, D.C., that go up piece by piece until you've put together a scale model that has width, height and depth. The Victorian house shown is $24. Other styles include: old mansion, $29; the Capitol, $38; and a 900-plus piece Bavarian castle, $43, all postpaid. Call 800-678-6789 to order.

ALFRED ARNDSEN

MORE BETTY PAGES

If our tribute to Betty Page last month whetted your interest in owning an original photo of one of the world's most famous pinups, contact Eric Kroll. A photographer himself, Kroll also represents the work of Bunny Yeager, Peter Basch, Weegee and other photographers from the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies. An 8″ x 10″ black-and-white print of Page, shot and signed by Yeager, costs $200; an 11″ x 14″ is $400; and a 16″ x 20″ version goes for $600. Kroll can be contacted at P.O. Box 464, Grand Central Station, New York 10017. Two dollars gets you an extensive list of his latest pinup catalogs, which sell for $10 each.

RETRO LITE

Scripto has introduced a line of disposable electric lighters featuring vintage matchbook cover art from the Thirties and Forties. Fire up the one depicting a bathing beauty in a tug-of-war with a Scottie while lamenting "Young dog—old trick" or the Big Chief Wahoo chewing gum lighter, and see if you don't get a nostalgic rush, even if you don't smoke. The series will be limited, and versions with different artwork will be released periodically throughout the year. Price: about $2 in tobacco shops and drugstores.

NEXT MONTH

LUSCIOUS LINGERIE

JUMPIN' JAMS

COOL CARS

SIZZLING STEPH

HIDDEN AGENDAS—THE BEAUTIFUL FIANCÉE OF RYAN'S BEST BUDDY WAS TEACHING HIM THE SECRET OF PICKING UP WOMEN. BUT WHAT DID SHE WANT IN RETURN?—FICTION BY **MARSHALL BOSWELL**

NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE: THE FIRE IN AMERICAN CITIES—WITH AN OUTRAGED EYE ON THE LOS ANGELES RIOTS, **VINCENT BUGLIOSI** DISSECTS THE NATIONAL AFTERSHOCK AND THE FAILURE OF PROSECUTORS TO CURB POLICE BRUTALITY

PAN AM 103—THE BOMBING REMAINS A TANGLE OF HYPE AND DECEIT. PLAYBOY UNVEILS THE FINDINGS OF **MORGAN STRONG'S** SIX-MONTH INVESTIGATION INTO THE MYSTERY

BOP TILL YOU DROP—PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ AND ROCK, PART FIVE, SALUTES CHARLIE PARKER, DIZZY GILLESPIE AND MILES DAVIS, FATHERS OF THE MOST INNOVATIVE ERA IN JAZZ—BY **DAVID STANDISH**

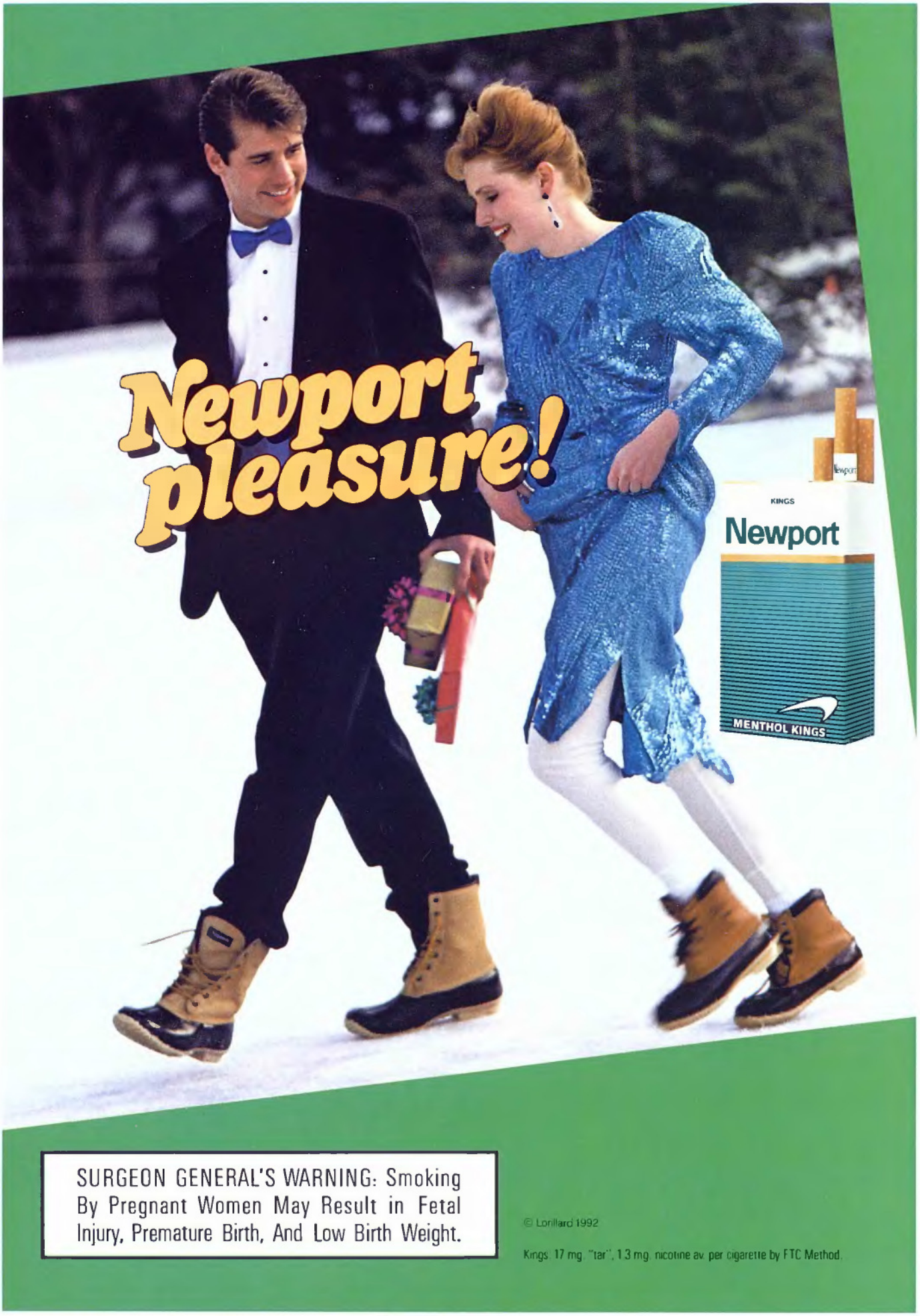
TIM ALLEN, THE SAWHORSE JOCKEY OF TV'S *HOME IMPROVEMENT*, SINGS THE PRAISES OF BRUTE STRENGTH, BAD JUDGMENT AND THE INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE IN A ROLLICKING 20 QUESTIONS

DANNY DEVITO, HAIRDRESSER TURNED ACTOR-DIRECTOR, DELIVERS THE LOWDOWN ON MICHAEL DOUGLAS, KATHLEEN TURNER, THE GREATEST SCENE FROM *TAXI* AND HOW HE CAME TO MAKE HIS OSCAR CONTENDER, *HOFFA*, IN A REVEALING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

STEPHANIE SEYMOUR, VICTORIA'S SECRET AND *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* SUPERMODEL, ATTRACTS THE ELITE—THE LIKES OF WARREN BEATTY AND AXL ROSE. YOU'LL SEE WHY IN A SIZZLING PLAYBOY PICTORIAL

ROMANTIC COUPLES—SOME VERY HOT HOLLYWOOD TWOSOMES RELAX IN LUXURIOUS STYLE FOR A VALENTINE'S DAY FASHION SPECIAL

PLUS: OUR LUSCIOUS COLLECTION OF SPICY LINGERIE, WITH SOME VIVID COMMENTARY FROM NOVELIST **HARRY CREWS;** PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT—THE WORD, AS ALWAYS—FEATURING OUR 1993 CAR OF THE YEAR; FORMER LOS ANGELES POLICE CHIEF **DARYL GATES** STANDS UP FOR WOMEN COPS IN MANTRACK; THE LATEST ON SONY'S BREAKTHROUGH MULTIMEDIA PLAYER; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE



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